

Over 750,000 Copies Sold Every Week

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

December 18, 1957

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper

PRICE

9

Reindeer
and friend

See page 2

A LOVELY GIFT

IN A SPECIAL
GAY JACKET

Look for the gay red-
and-gold container with
twist-type top and special
Xmas jacket at chemists
and stores everywhere ...

3/-



three flowers talcum

ALWAYS a delightful thought at Xmas, Three Flowers Talcum Powder has been made even more attractive as a gift through its special bright Xmas wrap. It is a gift you can make with confidence. Three Flowers Talc is really wonderful! Fresh and fragrant as

the flowers for which it is named ... as gentle as a caress, it smooths the skin with a lovely softness that makes you feel so cool and comfortable. It keeps you feeling fresh hour after busy hour or sends you to rest in comfortable after-bath luxury.

—and a happy companion gift is a box of

three flowers face powder



It is, indeed, a pleasant combination gift—Three Flowers Talc and Three Flowers Face Powder ... or, as a complete gift, a box of the Face Powder, in the recipient's favourite shade, is a happy one. Wonderful, finely textured Three Flowers Face Powder goes on so smoothly it blends perfectly with skin tones ... keeps the skin satin smooth for hours. It is the lightest powder you can imagine. So soft, so fine, it brings to the complexion a delicate, clinging veil of loveliness.

At chemists and stores everywhere 4/6.

SAY IT WITH THREE FLOWERS

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 188 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81, Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 34-36 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 34 Stirling St., Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

DECEMBER 18, 1957

Vol. 25, No. 2

FEAR THAT CAN KILL!

DR. RALSTON PATERSON, distinguished English cancer authority now in Australia, has stressed the importance of conquering the fear of cancer "that lies in everyone's heart."

This is so fundamental that it cannot be repeated too often—even at a time like this when thoughts switch to happier things like family reunions and presents and plum puddings.

Fear is the result of thinking that cancer can't be cured, and because of this misconception fear often keeps people away from their doctor until it is too late.

"I won't go to a doctor because I'm afraid of what he'll tell me."

How often have you heard, from friends and acquaintances, that statement which often carries within itself its own tragedy?

To stay away from a doctor when you have doubtful symptoms—of cancer or any other serious disease—is as suicidal as stepping in front of a tram.

As Dr. Paterson says: "The main responsibility of any cancer organisation is to teach people to act instantly if they suspect they may have cancer."

"More and more cancers are becoming curable, so our fears should diminish and our delays should disappear."

This is good advice, and from a man who knows.

Don't be like the woman next door, who, through natural fear, became her own executioner.

Our cover

● Bambi, the reindeer, happily shares his meal with his Australian friend, Josephine the kangaroo, in the garden of Mrs. Errol Alcock's home at Burraneer Bay, N.S.W. Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

CONTENTS

FICTION

The Little Miracle, Gloria Grant . . .	17
The Round Voyage (Serial, Part 4), John Rowan Wilson . . .	20, 21
Pieces of Silver, Nancy Bruce . . .	23
The Girl Called Desire, James Charles Lynch . . .	24, 25
Accusing Finger, Kenton Clarke . . .	26
Too Young To Be Married, Anne Hayward Cook . . .	28, 29

SPECIAL FEATURES

Dior Gala Parade . . .	4, 5, 7
Kirribilli House . . .	8, 9

FASHION

Hats From Royal Milliners . . .	30
At-Home Dressing . . .	36, 37
Dress Sense, Betty Keep . . .	39
Fashion Frocks . . .	49
Patterns . . .	85

FILMS

Turbulent Spanish Drama . . .	51
Film Preview . . .	52
Jennifer Jones . . .	53
Reviews . . .	79

HOMEMAKING

Gardening . . .	57	Decorative	
Christmas		Driftwood	69
Cookery 64, 65		Prize Recipes	71
Home Plan . . .	66	Glamorous	
Christmas		Wrapping	
Decorations 67		for Christmas	73

REGULAR FEATURES

It Seems To Me, Dorothy Drain 10	Beauty . . .	39
TV Parade, Nan Musgrove . . .	Worth Reporting . . .	42
Social . . .	Youth Feature	46
Readers' Letters . . .	Stars	47
	Sweet and Sour	76
	Mandrake . . .	81
	Teena . . .	87
	Crossword . . .	87

THE WEEKLY ROUND

Among many other decisions, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace decided during their stay in London to have a typically English Christmas dinner this year.

PLUM pudding sent specially to Monaco from England will be lit with brandy and brought on fire to the table, and there will be turkey, stuffed and cooked the English way.

Princess Grace has bought records for Princess Caroline—records of English nursery rhymes and Christmas carols.

Incidentally, Anne Matheson, of our London staff, who saw the Rainiers in London, tells us that Princess Caroline is a "bonny little girl, sturdy-looking, and more like her father than her delicately featured mother."

"She is independent, with a happy disposition and a will of her own."

"Prince Rainier's household assured me she is the apple of her father's eye," Anne adds.

AXEL POIGNANT, noted Sydney photographer, sat silently for three hours waiting to get the photograph on the opposite page.

He found the trogs in a pool near Woy Woy, N.S.W. Poignant, whose photographic work is well known in Australia and overseas, has won many awards.

He was the photographer for the film "Down in the Forest," with which the Films Division of the Department of the Interior won the children's section in a Venice Film Festival.

The film was screened in Australia.

Axel Poignant is at present travelling overseas.

★ ★ ★

SINCE the publication of the six prizewinners in our short story contest we have had a great number of congratulatory letters, as well as an enthusiastic response to our Readers' Choice Contest.

One reader, Mrs. S. Greene, of Brentwood Lodge, Falls

Creek, N.S.W., was particularly impressed by the illustrations.

"I would like to say a word of praise to the artists who illustrated these stories," she writes.

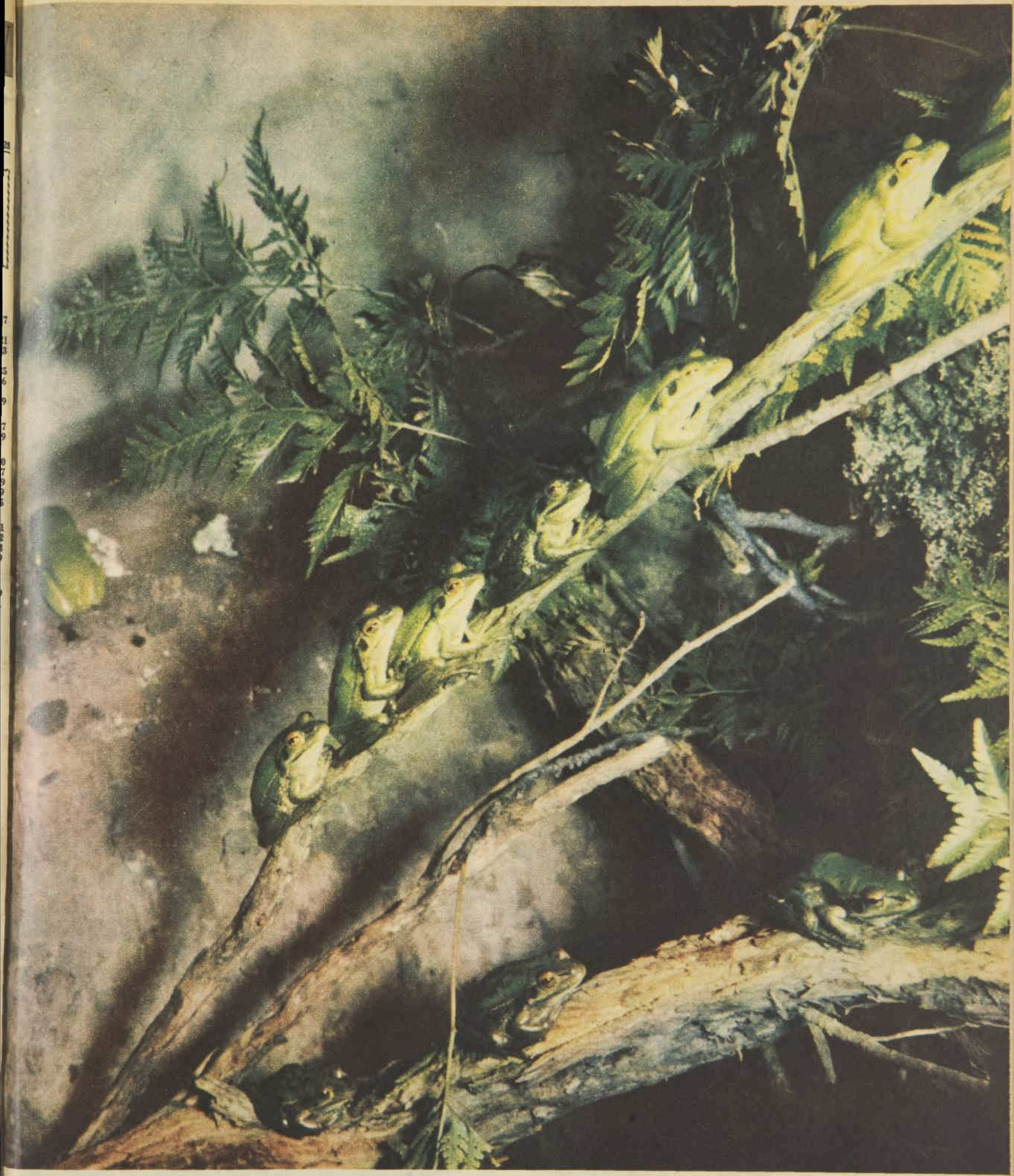
Her favorite was John Mills' portrayal of the children in "My Mother Said I Never Should," by Dorothy Hewett.

We quite agree with her that the artists—Wep (a well-known Australian portrait painter), Laskie, Phillips, Boothroyd, and Mills—created splendid portrayals.

Our Fiction Department tells us that, when choosing the stories for the artists to illustrate, they gave each man the story they felt was most suited to his temperament and special talents.

There were scores of entries for our Readers' Choice Fiction Contest, which closed on December 9.

In this contest, readers were asked to choose the story they liked best and write a 50-word letter saying why.



THESE ARE AUSTRALIAN:

● The frogs on the branch are Green Swamp Frogs, perhaps Australia's best-known species of frogs. They are common in southern Queensland, N.S.W., Victoria, South Australia, and south-west corner of Western Australia. They frequent reed beds and marshes. The Green Tree Frog, in background at left, is found in eastern, northern, and central Australia. Frogs lay their eggs in water. These hatch into tadpoles, which live on vegetation and breathe under water by means of gills. Picture by Axel Poignant, Sydney.

TRIUMPH OF OUR DIOR PARADES

● Australian women acclaimed two new lines that will revolutionise their 1958 wardrobes at our Dior parades this week. The new lines are the sack and the bloused look. The sack line is the new sex line, moving fashion's focus from the bosom to the legs. The shorter skirt, beautifully cut, is suspended from the shoulders to girdle the hips. The bloused look is the easy look, with its pouched top resting loosely on the hips.



DENYSE, the youngest of the mannequins, in Dior's bridal gown, which he called "Embarquement pour Cythere." Cythere is the ancient Greeks' "Island of Love."



LEFT: SIMONE in "Australia," short evening dress in brown faille, shows the disappearing bell-line. The dress was covered with a huge coat of brocade.



ABOVE: Brilliant scene at our Dior parades, arranged in conjunction with David Jones Ltd., when the parades opened in their Great Restaurant.

The shape of things to come



THE BLOUSED LOOK

IN A SUIT, above, made in next winter's high fashion "woolly look" tweed. Below, in a dinner dress in Dior-red. The dress has a matching coat.



THE SACK LOOK

FASHION CO-ORDINATOR of David Jones Ltd., Mr. Frank Cox, described this sack of beige tweed (back and front, above) as the model he believes is destined to become the most copied dress in the world in 1958.



ABOVE: Odile in "Fusain," late-day sack in black satin, worn with a black satin coat. Odile has a personal collection of twenty Dior dresses.

RIGHT: The all-day sack in flannel worn with a Tibetan cap of mink. Dior insisted that Odile wear tight dresses.

LEFT: Odile in the evening sack of satin encrusted with white beading. Dior called the sack "the spindle," the Americans call it "the chemise."



ALL DRESSED UP FOR CHRISTMAS

(and no extra cost for the Christmas dress). What nicer gift than Gemey Talcum or Perfume... always a graceful compliment, but more especially so at Christmas. This year there are three special Gemey gift packagings for you. These are illustrated below—but you must see them at your favourite chemist or store to realise just how attractive they are. Remember, you pay no more for the special packaging—only the normal price of the contents. See also Gemey Talc in the new "Jewel" container—it's a most colourful present. And, of course, exquisite Gemey Perfume always proves a most appropriate gift at this time.



Gemey Talcum and Perfume... a lovely combination gift set! Standard-size Talcum and handbag-size Perfume. A present you'll be proud to give... **10/-**.



Gemey "Spray" Talcum... a plentiful supply of this loveliest of all Talcs in a graceful, refillable, plastic atomiser... **9/-**.



Gemey "Jewel" Talcum... a generous-size container of delicately fragrant Gemey Talc in a unique, colourful, "gem" design container... **5/11**.

GIVE A

Gemey GIFT!



Gemey Talcum... always a handsome gift in its standard container—now, even more so, in this special gift package... **4/9**.



Gemey Perfume... the fragrance that lingers—a gentle reminder of you! Three sizes: handbag size, **5/3**; pedestal bottle, **16/6**; special de-luxe gift size, **67/6**.

Creations of Richard Hudnut

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

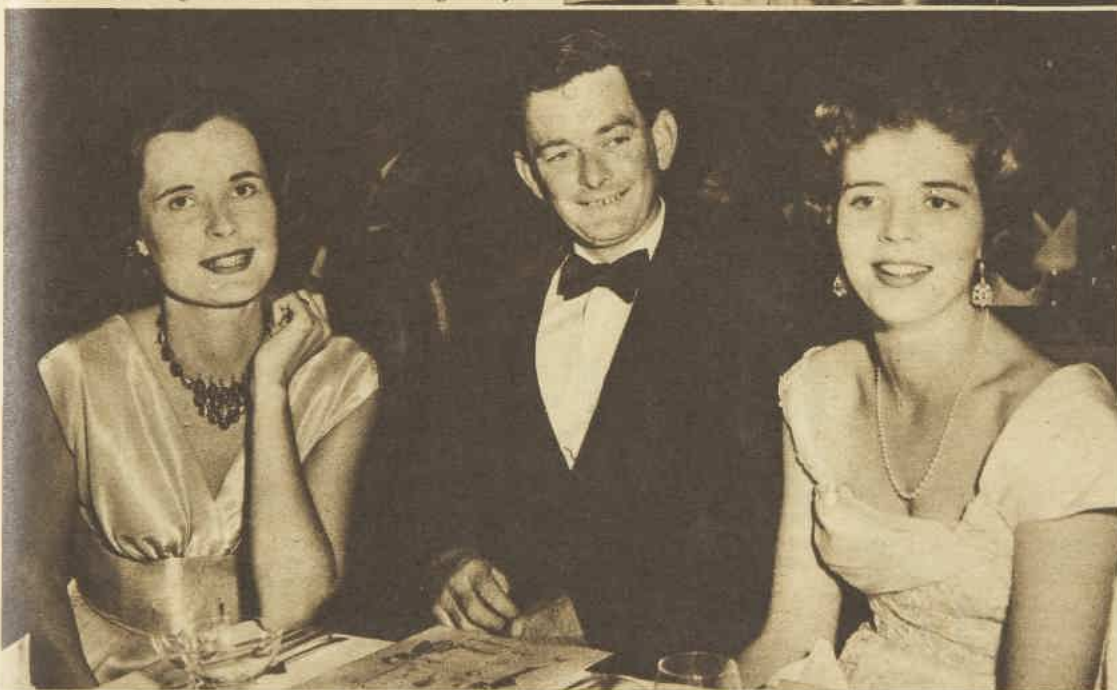
Dior parades gala opening



ABOVE: Lady Lloyd Jones and Mrs. Frank Packer both wore white wrap dresses — Lady Lloyd Jones' marine-blue and Mrs. Packer's gunmetal.



AT RIGHT: Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere in a cocoon-style coat of acid-yellow silk and Mrs. Lennox Bode in black taffeta collared off-the-shoulders in white organdie fichu.



TRIO OF GUESTS (from left), Mrs. Austin Chapman, Major Chapman, and Mrs. Michael Jones, were among the five hundred at the champagne dinner preceding the gala parade in David Jones' Great Restaurant. Applause greeted the seven mannequins as they paraded.



AT LEFT: The French Ambassador, M. Renaud Sivan, and his wife at the Dior gala. He opened the £100,000 parades officially.

ABOVE: Two pretty girls, Mary-Anne McDonald (left) and Helen Duncan, chose white dresses and added tiny coiffure-caps.



HARVEYS Fabulous Xmas GIFTS.

Yes! We welcome mail orders
C.O.D.'s accepted, please add postage.

BEAUTIFUL MARCASITE ORCHID WAS £9/17/6 NOW 80/-

GRACEFUL MARCASITE BIRD WAS £8/19/6 NOW 60/-
MATCHING EARRINGS WERE 75/- NOW 30/-

MATCHING EARRINGS WERE 45/- NOW 25/-

MARCASITE BIRD OF PARADISE WAS £8/12/6 NOW 35/-

DELICATE MARCASITE BOW WAS £4/17/6 NOW 40/-
MATCHING EARRINGS WERE 75/- NOW 25/-

SMART MARCASITE BOW WAS 75/- NOW 20/-
MATCHING EARRINGS WERE 75/- NOW 20/-

MARCASITE MAPLE LEAF WAS 45/- NOW 20/-
MATCHING EARRINGS WERE 45/- NOW 20/-

ULTRA SMART SPRAY BROOCH WAS 75/- NOW 35/-
MATCHING EARRINGS WERE 42/- NOW 20/-

ALL FASHION COLOURS BROOCH WITH LEAF SURROUND WAS 25/- NOW 12/-

WERE 17/- NOW 9/-

WERKMEISTER COAT-OF-ARMS COMBINATION BROOCH AND PENDANT WAS 22/6 NOW 8/-

MATCHING EARRINGS WERE 15/- NOW 7/-

Stylish with All Imported Marcasites

MATCHING EARRINGS WERE 52/- NOW 20/-

MARCASITE LEAF DESIGN BROOCH WAS 8/- NOW 30/-
MATCHING EARRINGS WERE 75/- NOW 30/-

SCROLL DESIGN MARCASITE BROOCH WAS £5/12/6 NOW 35/-
MATCHING EARRINGS WERE £5/12/6 NOW 20/-

ALL FASHION COLOURS BROOCH WITH RINDESTONE SURROUND WAS 20/- NOW 12/-
MATCHING EARRINGS WERE 17/- NOW 8/-

ALL FASHION COLOURS OVAL BROOCH WITH LEAF SURROUND WAS 22/- NOW 12/-

MATCHING EARRINGS WERE 16/6 NOW 8/-

ALL FASHION COLOURS BROOCH WITH DELICATE METAL SURROUND WAS 25/- NOW 12/-

MATCHING EARRINGS WERE 16/6 NOW 8/-

Chain Necklet to match Metal Brooches, 18", 4/-

HARVEYS MAIL ORDERS — C.O.D. (ADD 2/- POSTAGE)

327 GEORGE ST. (Near Wynyard) AND BRANCH
139 LIVERPOOL ST., SYDNEY, Phone BX 4717

GUEST-HOUSE OF THE NATION FOR V.I.P.s



MAIN BEDROOM on the ground floor of Kirribilli House is cool and restful, with a dressing-room and bathroom opening off it. A major part of restoring the home was construction of private bathrooms and shower-rooms for five of the seven bedrooms.



DRAMATIC COLORING is the highlight of the main upstairs bedroom. The moving of the staircase to a new position allows Kirribilli House to be subdivided into two separate suites, in case two groups of guests should ever stay there simultaneously.



SINGLE BEDROOM on the ground floor has curtains showing Cedric Flower's adaptation of "Toile de Jouy," a famous French material featuring small scenes, which was widely used in the 18th century. The adaptation shows early Sydney scenes and aborigines.

● **KIRRIBILLI HOUSE**, on Kirribilli Point, Sydney, the Commonwealth Government's only official guest-house for V.I.P.s, has recently been restored at a cost of between £50,000 and £60,000.

For more than 100 years the home has stood on its magnificent site overlooking Sydney Harbor. It was erected about 1855 by Adolphus Feez on an acre and 23 perches of land, for which he paid £200 to J. L. Traves, who also owned the adjoining Admiralty House, now Sydney residence of the Governor-General.

Through the years Kirribilli House has been sold and rented to many people. In 1919 the late Mr. Arthur Allen bought it for £10,000.

Then, following a report that the land was to be subdivided, the Rt. Hon. W. M. Hughes, at that time Prime Minister, gave his approval to the purchase or compulsory acquisition of the property, and in January, 1920, the land was resumed by special Commonwealth Gazette.

The Prime Minister and Dame Pattie Menzies were the first guests at Kirribilli House after its renovation. Next was the Japanese Prime Minister, Mr. Nobusuki Kishi.

Architects Fowell, Mansfield, and MacLurean carried out the plans with Mrs. Gregory Blaxland as their consultant in the furnishing and domestic arrangements.

Requirements for running the household were worked out by an officer of the Prime Minister's Department.



DINING-ROOM at Kirribilli House opens from the main reception rooms. The Regency mahogany chairs are Irish, but the table and sideboard were bought in Australia. These color pictures by staff photographers Robert Cleland and Derek Brooke.



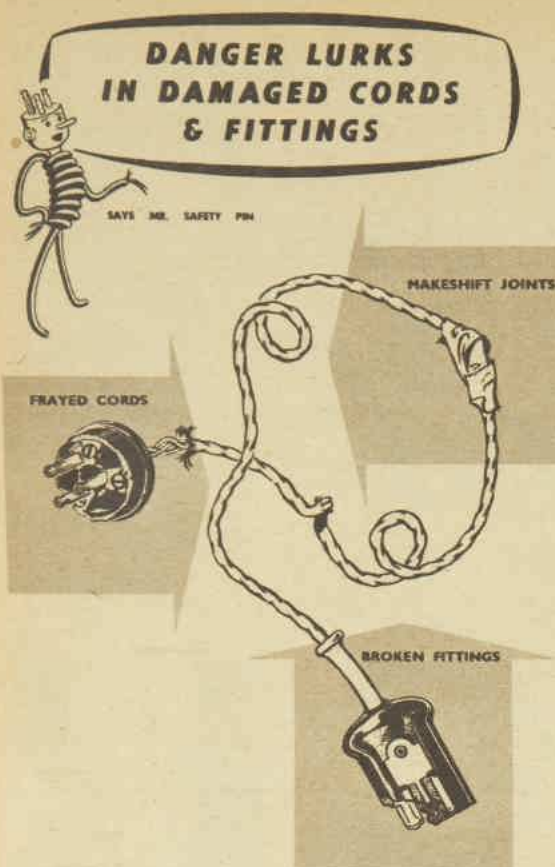
THE STUDY on the second floor is a cool, airy room with a magnificent view of Sydney Harbor. The Federal Government decided the house should be decorated and furnished as though it had been lived in continuously, and not preserved as a museum.



ABOVE: Kirribilli House, which has stood for more than 100 years on Kirribilli Point, overlooking Sydney Harbor, and was recently restored and redecorated by the Commonwealth Government as a residence for overseas guests of the Commonwealth.

BELOW: Reception-rooms of the lovely old home face the Harbor, and french doors lead out to a stone paving and sweeping lawns. The Queen Anne walnut secretaire was originally from Dublin Castle, and matches two now in Windsor Castle.





Frayed or worn cords, chipped or cracked fittings, makeshift joints
ALL THESE ARE DANGEROUS
 Have all damaged fittings or cords
 in your home replaced

ISSUED BY
**THE ELECTRICITY AUTHORITY
 OF NEW SOUTH WALES**



**"Washdays are easier
 than I've ever known
 with Surf and my
 Turner machine."**

Mrs. L. Gardner,
 Lower Mount Hicks, Tasmania, writes:

"My husband is a farmer — and his clothes get really dirty! My wee toddler is also hard on clothes, so by the time washday comes around I've got a back-breaking dirty wash to contend with!
 "However, since I've changed to Surf, a lot of the hard work's gone from washdays. Surf helps in so many ways — only one rinse, yet whites are dazzling — coloureds much brighter.
 "Indeed, it's a joy to see the clothes on the line!
 "Surf is a blessing for my hands, too! Before Surf came to Tasmania my washdays were a misery of chapped and sore hands. With Surf, my hands are smooth even after the biggest wash. I can personally recommend Surf for washing machines. There is no doubt in my mind Surf is the most wonderful washday powder on the market."

Surf gives you the
WORLD'S CLEANEST WASH!



SF.28.WW62g.E



It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

AN unusual arrangement for incompatible temperaments was described in a London court last week.

Husband and wife, finding they couldn't get on, arranged to continue living in the same house without ever seeing each other.

Husband slept on a kitchen armchair, rose early, and came home late. Wife rose later and went to bed early.

It is only fair to add, in the interests of truthful reporting, that a chance encounter on the front steps led to a charge of disturbing the peace, which is how the whole story was made public.

This reminds me of a couple who used to live in Sydney.

I had heard a good deal of the husband, and was surprised to learn that he was married.

One day a friend mentioned that he had a wife, and I asked, "Do they live together?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "but they have separate flats in different suburbs."

"In that case," I said, with the tiresome literalness that comes from the Scottish section of my ancestors, "they don't live together."

"What I mean is," she said delicately, "they're quite friendly."

"You can't say it's friendly for a married couple to live apart," I persisted.

"Oh, well," she answered, "they've been married for years and years and they say it's a much more satisfactory arrangement."

It appeared that her version of the story was correct. I never heard of a divorce.

Unlike the London couple, they met occasionally and attended parties together, never disturbing the peace.

Money, of course, is the point of difference. The London pair may have managed to be civil, too, if they had been able to pay for separate establishments.

★ ★ ★

THAT perfumed rice on sale in America and designed for throwing at brides must seem rather tactless in Asia.

Reading of this rice reminded me of that grisly Grimm's fairy-tale about the girl who trod on a loaf to keep her shoes clean, and sank right through the mud into hell. The brothers Grimm pointed their morals with a pretty heavy hand.

The notion of using bread for a doormat was shocking to German peasants. In Asia, where rice is a staple and millions never have enough of it, scenting it to fling round must appear equally astonishing.

★ ★ ★

PEOPLE would be better off if they ate smaller amounts eight or nine times a day instead of three square meals, so a physiology professor at the University of Iowa, U.S.A., told an audience recently.

The professor may know a lot about physiology, but he doesn't know much about washing up.

NO doubt the organisers of next year's Ampol National Fishing Contest in the Clarence River, N.S.W., know what they are doing.

They plan to release a tagged black bream in the river and award £10,000 to the angler who catches it within a set 12 hours.

It is almost impossible for a pessimistic angler to believe that anyone will catch the fish.

The last time I saw the Clarence it was in flood, which possibly gives me an exaggerated viewpoint on the proportion of water to one black bream.

But even with this river's water decorously confined within its normal banks, the chances of winning a £10,000 lottery seem infinitely brighter.

Argument on the effect of tagging a fish has already arisen among fishermen.

Some say the creature, taking fright, is likely to go for its life towards the sea. Others, more optimistic, think that the result will be to bemuse the usually cunning bream and thus make it less tricky than the common, untagged kind.

Anglers are usually regarded as harmless, law-abiding people who do nothing worse than tell lies.

However, a friend of mine who has had some association with other less spectacular fishing contests tells me that when a prize is at stake respectable anglers become quite fishy.

He says that in competitions where weight was the deciding factor a few enterprising types used to push lead-shot down the gills of the catch.

It therefore became necessary to stipulate that the prize-winning fish must be cleaned in the presence of an inspector.

He can't figure out a way of nobbling the tagged black bream. But he thinks it is worth some thought between now and June.

★ ★ ★

A DOCTOR recently told nurses: "Your male patients will fall in love with you, but you mustn't fall in love back."

Nurses have a splendid chance

To consolidate romance,

Though they learn, if they are wise,

Early, how to recognise

Symptoms which can be confused.

Therefore they are not bemused

By a far from gay deceiver

Who imagines love through fever.

Such a girl distinguishes

What he means from what he says.

If he cries "I love you, nurse,"

Thinks, "Poor thing, he's getting worse."

Give your
 furniture this
**FRAGRANT
 BEAUTY
 TREATMENT**



Lavendo
 FURNITURE POLISH
 Perfumed with Lavender

POLISHES — See your furniture glowing with soft, deep tones — enriched and beautified by Lavendo's fine waxes. Lavendo is so easy to use. It rubs up quickly, polishes gloriously and proves so economical. This is the polish all England raved about . . . you, too, will vote it the finest polish you've ever used.

PERFUMES — Lavendo imparts an enchanting old-world fragrance of lavender. It's the only polish that can do this for you. Every time you use Lavendo you give your home a clean Spring-freshness, a delightful garden fragrance.

SO MANY USES
 Lavendo brings beauty and fragrance to . . .



NEVER BE WITHOUT

Lavendo
 AVAILABLE AT ALL
 GROCERS AND STORES

**Mmmm! SMELL THAT
 LAVENDER FRAGRANCE**



Time is the gift of the Swiss

THERE IS NO MORE ELOQUENT GIFT than a fine jewelled-lever Swiss watch. For someone you love, it is a gift for life; a gift that stands for constancy and friendship.

More, it is the ultimate in truly *modern* gifts. Behind the unfailing accuracy, the meticulous workmanship and great beauty of every Swiss jewelled-lever watch lies nearly 400 years of skill and ingenuity. And all this knowledge and experience is constantly devoted to producing the newest and best in the design of fine watches.

There are Swiss-inspired watch ideas for every need

and for all occasions. Watches that resist water, dirt, shock and magnetism; watches that measure speed, sound and distance. There are tiny, gem-studded watches for ladies and elegant, wafer-thin watches for the discerning man. They all have one thing in common. Every Swiss jewelled-lever watch is the most modern of its kind. Each model embodies the finest workmanship and skill of generations of masters in the fine art of watchmaking.

Rely on your jeweller or watchmaker to help you choose this gift of time for someone dear. He will show you his selection of Swiss jewelled-lever watches. *His knowledge is your safeguard.*



THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND





Headaches go . . .

DISPRIN DISSOLVES . . . acts rapidly

Because Disprin really dissolves (and does not merely break up), it is easier for your system to absorb. Disprin passes quickly from the stomach into the bloodstream. Its pain-relieving action is rapid and thorough.

FAR LESS ACID . . . better for the stomach

Because Disprin is substantially non-acid, as well as

being soluble, it is far less likely to cause dyspepsia or stomach upset.

PLEASANT . . . easy to take

Disprin is palatable and agreeable to take. And that, combined with its comparative non-acidity, makes Disprin particularly suitable for children.

Ask your Chemist for Disprin



DISPRIN
dissolves pain
quickly and safely

Scientists find safe, easy way to remove facial hair at home without electrolysis

Leaves skin velvety smooth

Hair on a woman's face is an unsightly blight to her appearance. But fortunately women can now be free from embarrassing hair on the face, as well as the arms and legs, because two scientists have developed a most simple, easy and medically-proven way to remove excess hair at home . . . Neelo, a cosmetic creme.

Thanks to Neelo, women no longer have to resort to electrolysis which is so expensive, often painful. No longer do women have to resort to the vicious habit of shaving, which keeps bringing the hair back so coarse.

This highly successful

method of removing hair is used by more women today than any other. Do not confuse Neelo with old fashioned, evil smelling depilatories which irritate and take so long to use. Neelo is a pink, odorless cosmetic creme and so easy to use. Just smooth Neelo on like a face cream — then wash hair off in a minute. Neelo gently dissolves hair below the skin's surface. That's why the skin always feels so velvety smooth without coarse regrowth.

Don't let unwanted hair ruin your appearance. Buy new, odorless Neelo at your chemist today. KY223

BRASSO
strikes a bright note

Give your brass and copper a friendly glow with quick and easy Brasso.



AFTER THE FIRE



STARK RUINS of Leura public school—and home of headmaster Jack Hartcher and his wife, who lost everything while evacuating 200 children.

● Damage in the Blue Mountains fire disaster is estimated at more than £1,150,000. At least 174 homes and 15 schools, churches, and other buildings were destroyed; 500 men, women, and children are homeless. Relief funds have been formed to help victims, and The Australian Women's Weekly has given £2500. Here, a staff reporter tells the pathetic story of the aftermath of Black Monday.

By ANNETTE FIELDING-JONES

"SANTA'S going to be very poor this Christmas, love—don't you go and lose that."

"Love" is five-year-old Stephen, dressed in another little boy's slightly-too-big pants, clutching a rather battered toy car. Talking is Stephen's mother, 27-year-old Mrs. Don Faucett, trying to explain to her son that the family have almost no possessions now.

The Faucetts and their three children lost their home at Leura and everything they

owned on Black Monday, the day the Blue Mountains burned. They're five of the 500 or so "dispossessed"—mountain people who have no home other than charred dead ruins on a patch of black scorched earth.

If you've never seen a bushfire sweep through a town, you won't understand the meaning of scorched earth.

The day I went to the mountains there was still the smell of burning in every

breath you took, the bare earth was still warm.

Fire seemed to have painted the ground with a coat of dusty black; there weren't even stubs of grass to show what had been gardens.

It's difficult for a mother to explain a bushfire to her children. She can say that their home is burnt, but she can't make them understand that gone with the home is everything they knew, played with, and loved.

When your home is destroyed in what seems like a terrible minute extended for ever—and you've had to stand watching, unable to do anything—it's not

the walls and ceiling that you miss. It's the things inside that made it home.

You can rebuild bricks, put on new paint. But you can't replace the wedding presents that helped make your home; or the family album that recorded your baby's childhood; or a Bible that was left to you by your mother; or a much-loved teddy-bear with one ear missing that went to bed with your small son each night.

"We didn't have very much. Now we've got nothing," said Mrs. Faucett.

Home to disaster

Mrs. Faucett doesn't like to let Stephen and his younger brother, tow-haired Danny, out of her sight.

"I have to keep seeing that we're all together," she explains, looking across to her baby, three-month-old Malcolm, who sleeps peacefully in his Moses basket.

Being together means sharing two bedrooms in an annex of the Ritz Hotel, Leura, a luxury tourist resort that railwayman Don and his wife, Eileen, have walked past dozens of times but never visited.

On the morning of Black Monday, the Faucetts packed a picnic basket, a bag with a bottle and six nappies for the baby, and on a concession pass caught the train down to Sydney to attend the Railway Picnic at Bronte. Stephen had the day off from Leura Public School and Mrs. Faucett dressed the boys and herself in light cottons for a day at the seaside.

"We didn't hear about the fire till we got in the train to come home. When we got there, nothing was left," said Don.

Six years married, the Faucetts hadn't saved enough from Don's £13 basic wage for a

MICHAEL ELDRED, aged 5, found his charred kiddie-car under a heap of twisted, corrugated iron—all that is left of his bedroom.



... A BLACK CHRISTMAS

"A terrible minute - that goes on for ever"

house of their own. They lived in a furnished flat, one of a terrace of five flats that burnt to the ground in half an hour.

"I had to take Stephen away while Don went in to look," said Mrs. Faucett. "We'd left his dog, Digger, tied up and Stephen wanted to know where he was."

"We thought he'd gone because Don couldn't find even his chain. Then our neighbor, Mrs. Clifton, came to say she'd gone in and got the dog out."

The first thing the Faucetts had to find was some napkins for the baby.

"I didn't have even a bonnet or booties for him, and it was getting cold. I came from Lithgow and Don came from Orange and we don't have many friends up here."

"I kept thinking of my mother's bible—she'd had it when she was a little girl and gave it to me when I was married. And I'd done my Christmas shopping, too—a big Christmas cake and tinned fruit and things for the kiddies."

With 120 other homeless, the Faucetts spent the night at the Ritz Hotel, turned over to bushfire victims by brothers Don and John McNiven.

Next morning early they went to the Katoomba Town Hall, where the Blue Mountains City Council, the Red Cross, and townsfolk set up a relief centre and where several hundred other homeless had slept the night.

Downstairs in the supper-room was a gigantic bargain sale, but nothing was being sold, everything was being given away.

Helpers, some in blue V.A.D. uniforms, others in ordinary clothes, took care of each family.

Mothers were handed big cardboard cartons into which went the clothes hastily held up for size against each member of the family. Fathers collected cartons of groceries and applied for the number of blankets they needed.

"Can't believe it"

Children, who weren't at all sure what was going on, were given toys—second-hand toys mostly, but nice things to replace the ones they had loved and weren't going to find again.

In the shock that showed on tired faces as families went back to search the ruins of what was once a home there was disbelief.

"I know that this wreck was my home. I see it. But I can't believe that there is nothing left of it," said Mrs. Keith Eldred.

Mrs. Eldred and her family—husband Keith, who runs the Leura newsagency with his brother Neville, and children Jannine (13), Merrilyn (11), Pamela (9), Michael (5), and Jayne (2½), and her mother, Mrs. A. M. Pike, lived together in a big old house on top of a hill overlooking Leura.

Mrs. Eldred was alone in the house with her baby, Jayne, at one o'clock. Her husband had taken the car to Sydney on business and the older children were at school.

"The fire was below us, and I stood in the garden to look," said Mrs. Eldred. "Next thing, the fire rolled over the front fence like a wave coming up the beach."

"Merrilyn saw smoke from the school and came running up the hill with the younger kids. I couldn't do anything but try to get them away fast."

"Earlier I'd rung my husband in Sydney and told him to hurry back. But he couldn't make it in time. The house and the garden went like that!"

"We tried to find Silky, the children's cat, but she'd disappeared."

Only the bricks

The Eldreds were luckier than some. They bunked for the night with friends, timber merchant John Lambert and his wife, while a couple of the children and Mrs. Pike went to her son's house in Leura.

After their visit to the relief centre they went to inspect the ruins of their home.

Nothing is left of the timber house except its brick foundation piles, the lounge-room chimney, and the kitchen chimney where Mrs. Eldred's new stove sits, blistered and blackened.

Under sheets of twisted corrugated iron in what was once his bedroom, Michael found what remains of his kiddie-car; the girls delved into the ashes to find some cracked and broken bits of "Mummy's best dinner-set."

Mr. Eldred identified a few strings of the new grand piano he had just bought because he's having all the children taught to play.

But it was her garden that stopped Mrs. Eldred.

A single white Christmas lily, quite whole but with black flowers on a black stem, stood up from the completely bare black earth.

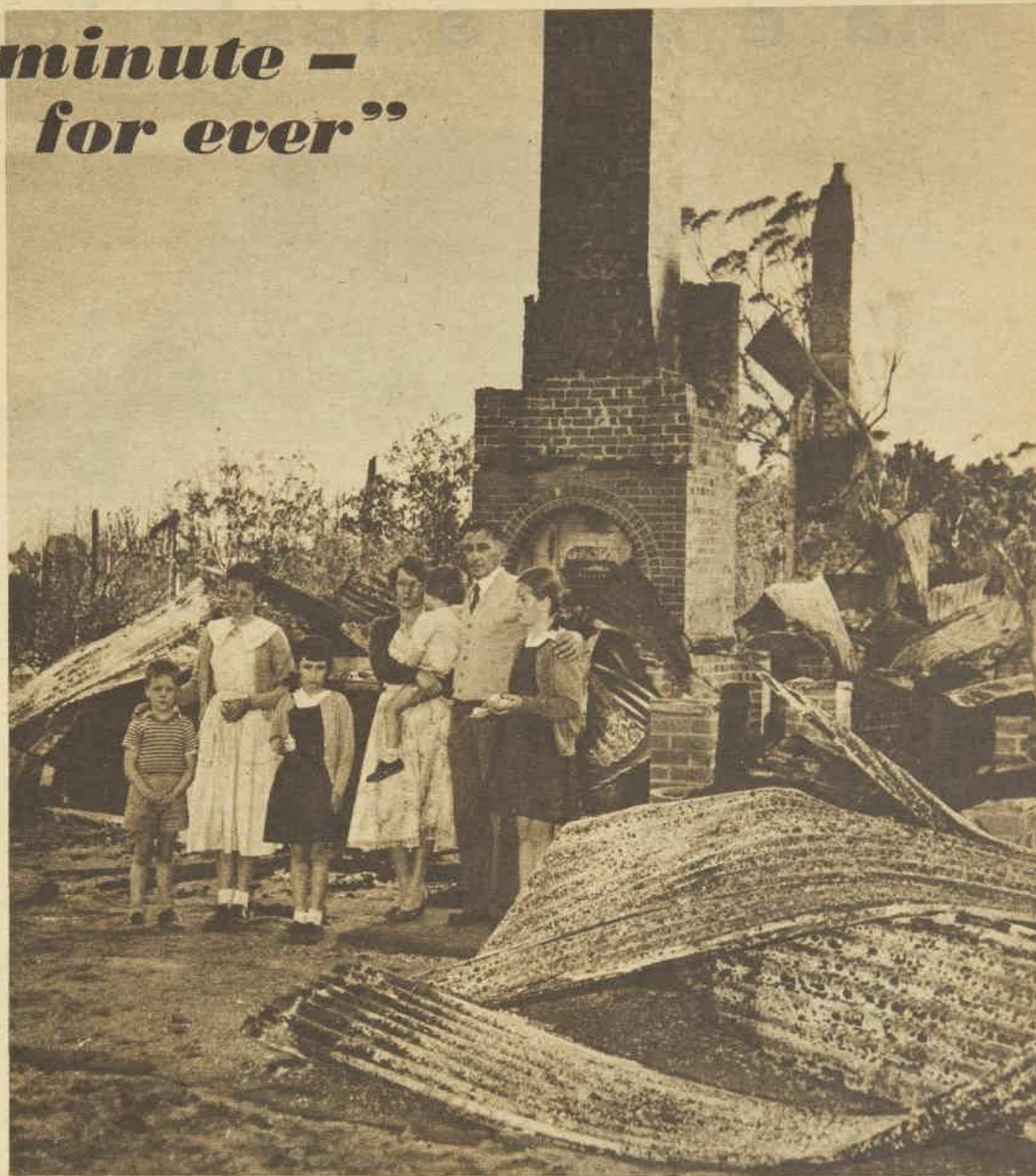
"Not even a stub of grass left; it's scorched earth, all right," Mrs. Eldred said.

Farther down, past the remains of the garage and laundry, was what looked like a long black snake, and was the blackened remains of the garden hose Mrs. Eldred had started to bring to the house.

Then the orchard—the trees still standing but their trunks, leaves, and hard little apples all black.

Past that, a gust of wind blew cinders across from another shell, the burnt-out house of their neighbors, widower Mr. A. Mahoney, who'd got out with his teenage sons and daughter Carmel minutes ahead of the flames.

"We'd been married 17 years and you accumulate a lot in that time," said Mrs. Eldred. "I don't know if I'll have the heart to build another home here."



ONLY THE CHIMNEY stands of what, a few hours earlier, was the home of Leura newsagent Keith Eldred and his family. He is pictured with his wife (holding baby Jayne), and children Michael, Jannine, Pamela, and Merrilyn

Down the road at what was once the weatherboard school-house of Leura Public School, six-year-old John Ross stood looking a little lost, watching some of his teachers digging among the debris.

John is rather shy and he speaks with a gentle Scots accent, and he tells the story of the fire as he saw it:

"The teachers took us into the yard and then we had to run over the road and up the railway bridge. And the fire burnt up the school."

School rescue

A woman with bandaged arms and a too-big cardigan that was obviously borrowed also stood dazed in the yard.

Mrs. Jack Hartcher and her husband, the headmaster, had to shepherd 200 children out of the school as the fire raced up. There wasn't time to collect any of their own belongings at the school, where they lived waiting for their house to be finished.

Mrs. Hartcher had been flooded out of her Muswellbrook home some years ago. This was the second time she has lost all her belongings.

She didn't have much heart to talk about the fire.

She stood by while teacher Robert Bellis, in a sports shirt blackened with ash, handed her one vase and a buckled object that might once have been a silver tea-tray—all he could find in the ashes—then went off to her husband, who's in bed with a burnt face and hands in the nearby home of Mrs. Stead, schoolteacher there since 1933.

A family to whom the word "bushfire" had little meaning before are Rudolph Weiss, his wife, Jenny, and 11-year-old daughter, Marion, born in Berlin, Germany.

The Weisses came to Australia and chose the mountains so that Mr. Weiss could work as a landscape gardener.

The house they rented at Leura and the garden Rudolph was turning into a showpiece burnt in 20 minutes. But they are deciding that Australians make pretty good neighbors.

Billeted with Mrs. Dockett, of Katoomba, they are already looking ahead.

"We shall try to build our home; we want to stay here," said Jenny Weiss.



THE FAUCETT FAMILY lost their home and everything they owned. They are billeted in two rooms of a luxury tourist hotel in Leura.

have you a taste for luxury?



du Maurier Cigarettes, a Peter Jackson product.

say **du MAURIER**

*Filter
tip*

What pure pleasure the world enjoys in du Maurier — the full richness and satisfaction of a superb blend of the finest of fine Virginia. Plus a subtle coolness and smoothness, thanks to du Maurier's ever-vigilant filter. Try du Maurier today — taste for yourself the enjoyment that has made them the world's favourite filter tip cigarette. Smoke to your throat's content.



In the
flame red package
3/2 for twenty.

With the multi-strand filter—as modern as tomorrow

TELEVISION PARADE

● The Channel Ninepins of TCN, Channel 9 are certainly a bunch of lucky kids. Installed for their delectation and education over at Channel 9 is a super, ninepin-size swimming-pool. With it goes ex-Olympic swimmer Frank O'Neill as coach.

O'NEILL was the captain of the Australian Olympic Swimming Team at Helsinki in 1952, and for some years was the world-record holder for the 440 yards medley swim.

(A medley swim is two laps each of butterfly, breaststroke, backstroke, and freestyle.)

The pool, 16ft. x 20ft. long, completely surrounded by a board walk for the promenades, and 4ft. 8in. deep, is a steel one that sits beside the ramp that leads to the parking area. Because of its situation with the ramp rising alongside it, it gives the impression of being sunk into the concrete.

The coaching goes on camera every Friday night at 5.30, and really is a wonderful example of teaching by TV, as O'Neill demonstrates, points out faults, and suggests improvements to the young swimmers.

O'Neill believes that if a child watches him, "swims on the carpet" as he instructs, then practises in the local pool, he should, within a week or two, be able to swim to save himself.

"He wouldn't be able to swim overarm," O'Neill said, "but he'd be confidently afloat."

The pool holds 8000 gallons of water and has its own filtration plant, which continuously and automatically pumps the water out of the pool, purifies it, and pumps it back again.

Painted white inside, it has been specially fitted with underwater glass panels on the sides and special lighting for underwater shots, a kind of portable Florida Gardens right here in Sydney.

★ ★ ★
If you're an ATN viewer on Saturday nights, required clothing is definitely an oilskin slicker and sou'wester. Lashed to your chair, you'll battle through the seas for 30 minutes with Capt. John Herrick in "Waterfront" at 7.30.

At 9 o'clock you'll be back on the bridge with Capt. Ralph Baxter (Wendell Corey) for half an hour in "Harbor Command."

"Harbor Command" is a series produced in collaboration with the U.S. Coastguards, and tells dramatic stories of the waterborne



AUSTRALIAN Shirley Abicair, one of the big TV personalities of the B.B.C. Shirley and her sister feature folk-songs old and new. When she first went to London she was known as "The girl with the low-cut voice." This picture shows Shirley in her London flat with her French poodle, Bimini.

gangsters of Los Angeles and San Diego harbors.

★ ★ ★
TENNIS is a wonderful sport to watch on TV, and the big Christmas holiday treat is the telecast of the Davis Cup. The big Christmas holiday beef is, of course, that Melbourne is getting the live telecast, and Sydney is seeing only telerecordings.

Channel 9 will show highlights of each day's play, as will Channel 2, each night at the close of normal pro-

By
NAN MUSGROVE

grammes. Channel 7 will do the same each night at a time not yet scheduled.

Channel 9 will also show a round-up of the big moments of all the matches at the end of the round.

Channel 2, however, is also showing the complete play in each day of the Challenge Round.

On December 26, 27, and 28 at the close of the day's programmes, viewers will see highlights of that day's play. On December 27 at 1.30 p.m. they'll see a telerecording of the whole day's play on the 26th; on December 28 at 2.00 p.m. they'll see the complete matches played on December 27, and on December 29 (Sunday afternoon) at 1.30 they'll see the whole of the last day's play.

At the A.B.C. they've got very definite views about how

sport commentating should be done. Mr. Dick Healy, acting Federal Sporting Supervisor of the A.B.C., says it has been very neatly described as "the art of knowing when to keep quiet."

"A commentator must have the art of knowing when the action is telling its own story," he said. "Quite often, unnecessary comment upsets viewers."

He believes that a tennis expert, in the case of a Davis Cup, can add to the viewers' enjoyment by assessing tactics and strategy.

He thinks that ordinary commentators in tennis telecasts—apart from the experts—have the very necessary role of identifying players constantly. As he pointed out, mostly you can hear the umpire calling the score.

Talking of sport commentating generally, Mr. Healy said that Australian sporting fans demand something different from the B.B.C. technique and the American style.

"TV commentators, generally, are trying to find a style suitable for Australian viewers, keeping in mind the example and high standard set by sound-broadcasters in radio for so many years.

"Australian sporting fans," he concluded, "demand a knowledgeable commentary that gives them an accurate assessment and background of the sport they are watching."

DR. ALLEN KEAST, Curator of Birds and Reptiles at the Australian Museum, whose fortnightly segment of the Channel Ninepins show on TCN, Channel 9 every second Thursday at 6 p.m. is the outstanding TV naturalist programme. Dr. Keast has the happy knack of inspiring the studio and viewing audience with his enthusiasm for his subject. The two baby hawks, three-week-old kestrels, were rescued when they were only 10 days old from their nest in a hollow tree in the path of one of the disastrous mountain bushfires. The birds will be on Channel 9 at 6 p.m. on December 12.



Tact deodorant soap
safeguards your freshness,
all over, all day
all year round
as no ordinary soap can...



New miracle
Tact deodorant soap
actually keeps perspiration

Odour-Free

★ PROVED BY LABORATORY TESTS
to wash away up to 95% of the germs
which actually cause perspiration odour

Even in COOL weather, people perspire—but gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past!

Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery—miracle ingredient G11, known to science as hexachlorophene.

G11 HEXACHLOROPHENE

Perspiration odour is caused by germs! Perspiration has no odour—at first—but the germs which live on everybody's skin quickly cause it to decompose, become offensive. Tact, with G11, washes away up to 95% of these odour-causing germs and stands guard against new germs on your skin.

You can wash over and over with

ordinary soap and thousands of these germs stay—but, when Tact's miracle ingredient has removed these odour-causing germs, you can't offend.

Wonderful for complexions, too!

Tact helps clear up surface blemishes and minor skin infections, is ideal for teen-age skin problems. G11 is so gentle it's used in baby lotions.

**BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP
IN THE BIG BATH SIZE...
and SAVE MONEY!**

REGULAR SIZE 1' - BATH SIZE 1'5

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

A Christmas dish to fill every wish



Mayfair is cured from selected pigs
It's the very best ham your money can buy,
Carving the joint is not my strong point
but I can slice Mayfair as easy as pie!



There's no bone and no waste
every scrap good to taste

Serve it cold...
serve it hot, Mayfair Ham beats the lot



On a sandwich or savoury
there's nothing so flavoured

It's the children's delight —
Take home the big tin tonight

Unexpected guests dropping in

Open the small tin



A Mayfair ham gives your Christmas the traditional touch of something extra special —without the traditional work and bother of elaborate preparation. And a Mayfair ham is so versatile; it's delicious so many ways that you will bless it as one of the best Christmas presents a family can give—or get!

Bring home the Christmas Bacon
—Mayfair, of course.

Simple truth is there's no other bacon half as tasty as Mayfair! Buy it in the white windowpak with rind, or yellow windowpak without rind. Fry it, try it and give yourself a treat!



Mayfair Boneless Cooked HAM

IN HANDY FAMILY SIZES, FROM 2 LBS. UPWARDS

THE LITTLE MIRACLE

Nothing could shake Peter's belief
that Santa Claus would grant his
wish . . . A charming Christmas
story by Australian author

GLORIA GRANT

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

FROM the corner of his eye, Joe Matthews, dressed in Santa's rig of white beard and wig and flowing scarlet gown, saw the woman and the boy standing on the edge of the crowd.

They were very quiet, Joe noted, standing off there a little shy and aloof, in contrast to the excited press of youngsters who clamored about his knee. But presently the crowd began to thin out as each child moved off, reassured with promises of what Santa would be bringing them this Christmas.

Then Joe saw the woman and the boy move a little closer. On a sudden impulse he held out his hand to the boy: "Well, sonny, going to say hello to Father Christmas?"

The child came forward slowly and laid a small, obedient hand in Santa's own. He raised serious eyes to the other's face. He was very grave; not from fright, but from the tremendous importance of the moment. He was dressed in a faded shirt and a pair of knickers that were patently out-

downs. His shoes were scuffed at the toes and his socks sagged down untidily above them. He was, perhaps, five years old.

Again that grave and intent scrutiny: "I'm Peter," he said.

"Well, Pete, we've got lots and lots of fine things for little boys this Christmas. Tell me, what would you like best?"

The child looked down. One finger traced some inscrutable pattern on Joe's scarlet-clad knee. It was a minute or two before he replied—then the words came out with a breathless rush.

"I want a horse," he said.

"Why, that's fine—I think we've got just the right thing here for you, Pete." Santa reached into the bulging pack by his side and drew out a smart, grey-dappled horse, complete with red saddle and bridle. "Now, what do you think of that?"

The child remained, staring, making no attempt to take the toy. Joe's eyes sought the woman's in silent inquiry.

She shook her head slightly and her smile was a little strained. She moved forward and touched the boy's arm.

There was some gentle sort of entreaty in her voice as she bent to whisper: "Won't that do, darling? It would be almost as good . . ."

Pete still looked down. His head moved slowly in negation. He had not touched the toy.

"But this is a fine horse," said Santa, anxious to smooth and placate. "Just look at that mane—and that handsome tail."

The boy looked up at him then with a fearlessness born out of some inner desperation.

"I want a real horse," he said.

The woman's shoulders lifted in a little gesture of defeat. Joe felt in some way he must keep things in hand. He was used to all sorts of unusual situations. But a horse—well, that wasn't a small thing to explain away.

He cleared his throat: "Well, now, Pete, that's rather a big order. Santa hasn't all that much room, you know. There

To page 18

*The little donkey was left alone with Peter,
who pressed his arms around its neck.*



The world's deadliest killer of flies, mosquitoes and other insect pests

25% MORE KILLING SPRAY FOR THE SAME MONEY

Now you can kill more flies, mosquitoes and other pests more surely and more quickly for less money. Only Kan-Kil contains the miracle ingredient STROBANE, proved to be

the most active insect killer of all. Bring this deadly, new insect killer into your home to bring instant death to the insect pests that menace health and peace of mind.

KAN-KIL IS SAFE TO EVERYTHING EXCEPT THE PESTS IT KILLS!



COLGATE'S NEW SUPER KAN-KIL

KILLS MORE FLIES, MOSQUITOES, ANTS, FLEAS, COCKROACHES AND ALL INSECT PESTS FOR **LESS** MONEY

Continuing

are toys to be brought for boys and girls living in every house—and a real live horse would crowd everything else out. Tell you what: I'll bring you along something really nice this Christmas, and perhaps next year we might be able to make room for that horse."

He was a fake. And he knew it. He read his failure in the child's pale set gaze turned up to him. There should have been something he could say to meet the situation. But somehow it had got out of hand—and there was nothing he could do about it. His glance took in the woman, her shabby coat and cheap felt hat. No, there wasn't a hope there, either. Joe felt an irritation born of his own helplessness. He had a soft heart and a genuine liking for kiddies, and it was rarely he sent them away unsatisfied.

He made a last attempt to retrieve the situation: "You do see that, don't you, Pete? You'll have your horse all right—but not, perhaps, this Christmas."

The child's head had dropped again. With one finger he tentatively touched the dappled grey of the horse's head, then silently turned away.

Joe watched them go. The woman with her arm round the boy, her head bent to him, comforting and explaining. The child's feet dragged in the way that expresses for children the world over their most crushing defeats.

That Christmas morning dawned fine and clear. It was going to be a good day. With sudden awareness of the busy hours ahead Mrs. Powell thrust the bedclothes resolutely aside and reached for her dressing-gown. Jim had not stirred. Let him sleep, she thought—it won't be for long.

Already from the passage-way and the children's bedroom she could hear the excited clamor that accompanied the discovery of filled stockings. Soon they would be running in to show their toys. Her mind was with the thought as she made her way out to the bathroom. Such a pitiful little collection there had been as she and Jim worked the night before filling up empty spaces with bags of boiled sweets and long colored sticks of peppermint candy.

She sighed now as she bent her face over the tap. To have Jim on sick relief was bad enough, but for it to happen at Christmas made everything so much more difficult.

She wasn't really worried so much about the other children, but Pete was different. He felt things so acutely. That business of the horse. Even as a baby he had been crazy about animals, and she had filled the need in his earlier years with all the toy animals that ever came out of Noah's Ark.

But this year he was five and he could no longer be fobbed off with shams. A month or two back he had written a letter to Santa asking for a real horse as his Christmas gift. She shook the water from her eyes and reached for a towel.

Her mind was still with the problem as she started to dress. You couldn't explain things in the ordinary way to Pete. It didn't do any good to say that even rich little boys couldn't get a real horse—or that there was no place to keep one, anyway. Whatever you said, Pete's desperate need was there, silencing you and shouting you down. She remembered that day in the store with Santa Claus. The poor man had been quite uncomfortable about it all—but there was nothing he could do about it, either.

With Pete, when his heart got set on something, the need grew bigger and bigger till it shut out everything else. She and Jim would have to do something about that. It wasn't a good start to any boy's life.

The Little Miracle

[from page 17]

In the future he'd have to face up to knock-backs and disappointments . . .

The children rushed in as she was finishing her hair. They crowded excitedly about her displaying their little gifts, then clambered over Jim's groaning and protesting form. Pete brought up the rear. He held under one arm a rather cute-looking felt puppy. She had hoped he would like it and that it would make up a little for his disappointment about the horse.

But she had the feeling now that he carried the toy only out of politeness. He came across and lifted his face to her and repeated mechanically his "Happy Christmas." She had a sudden impulse to shake him—and caught him close to her instead.

"Happy Christmas, darling," she whispered against his ear. "We're going to have many more wonderful ones—much better than this one." He was touching the puppy's nose with a thoughtful finger. She felt his mind was a long way away from her.

Breakfast was a cheerful but sketchy affair in view of Christmas dinner—that would be ready at one o'clock. Mum was coming over and Auntie Gert and Fan. Mum's gift of two ducks had been heaven-sent. She could never have managed without them. And Aunt Gert had insisted on contributing her share with a Christmas pudding.

After the children ran out to play and she and Jim between them tidied up the house and arranged the flowers. Church bells were ringing and there was a happy sense of festivity in the air.

It was eleven when she washed up the morning-tea cups, had packed off the kiddies with rockcakes, and had the kitchen to herself. The next hour passed quickly. The ducks were coming along beautifully, their skins pale gold and crackling. Now for the potatoes—and then there were only the peas and the apple sauce . . .

She was aware of a clamor of children's voices outside, mingled with the yaps of the next-door puppy and then some unusual note that halted her as she was slipping the pan back into the oven. Beth's flaxen head appeared at the open window: "Mummy," she yelled, "come quickly. Pete's got a horse!"

Mrs. Powell felt a stab of irritation. That horse again. She called: "All right, I'm coming." She wiped her hands and slipped off her apron. She came out through the back door along the flagged pathway that led to the front of the house. Then she stopped short.

There, its head hanging docilely over the gate, the centre of reaching and excited arms, stood—not a horse—but a small donkey. She wanted to laugh—and was puzzled instead. How on earth did a donkey get there?

The children turned and saw her. They ran forward, incoherent with excited explanation. The little donkey was left alone—except for Pete. He pressed close to the animal's side as it turned to face the road, one arm reaching up about its neck. And on his face was a look of such pure joy that he appeared for the moment transfigured.

Mrs. Powell's breath caught. She had the most extraordinary feeling that the finger of God had reached down and touched her. Once she had seen a picture of the Child Jesus standing in that identical way by the side of a little

donkey. The Child had been painted wearing a long blue gown girdled about the waist. And if Pete had been garbed in the same way the picture would have come to life.

The children were pulling her forward to the gate. Pete turned his head and saw her. He said, the happiness spilling over with his smile: "Santa has sent me a horse."

She felt like tears. She laid a caressing hand on the donkey's neck. She said: "It's not a horse, darling. It's a little donkey. But who does he belong to? Where did he come from?"

Pete ignored the latter part of the question. It was impossible to spoil the sum of his happiness: "It's nearly a horse," he said. "It's mine." Both of his arms went up about the donkey's neck. He laid his face close and pressed in an ecstasy of possession.

She heard Jim come out and call to them from the porch. She hurried across to him: "It's Pete," she explained. "He's found a donkey. He thinks it's the horse he's been asking for." Her eyes were worried. "I can't think what will happen when the owner comes along. It must belong to someone. But how did it get here?"

Jim, too, was puzzled: "I didn't even know we had one in the neighborhood—I haven't seen one in years. What a funny little critter he is, and just look at Pete. You'd think heaven had fallen into his lap."

Again she experienced that odd sensation of being touched by some ghostly finger.

Pete now had the gate open and was leading the little animal forward on to the lawn. He walked proudly, his eyes alight with ownership.

Jim said: "Let them be for a bit. The animal can't do any harm. And Pete's having his Christmas. I'll go down the street and see if anyone knows anything about it."

A few minutes later Jim's mother and sisters arrived, and in the excitement of greetings and the remainder of dinner to be completed, Mrs. Powell had to retire into the house.

Jim himself arrived back half an hour later. "Well," he announced, "I got to the bottom of the mystery. The donkey just strayed across from the new vet who has moved in opposite. It belongs to an old joker who used to run a bottling-cart."

"But Pete?" The question was an appeal on her lips.

"Pete's all right. I had to take the animal back across to the vet, of course. And Pete went with me. I left him over there chumming up with the vet; a new young chap just starting up. I explained a bit about Pete and his horse, and Granger—that's the vet—asked Pete if he could help look after the donkey till it is well again. Pete's to go over there as often as he likes. He's perfectly happy about it all. I doubt very much if the real owner will ever get his donkey back . . ."

Mrs. Powell was smiling; the lifting of a burden that had laid heavily on her heart. Then she said quite seriously, "There is one thing none of us can explain away. Why did this little donkey have to come here—to this house—to Pete on this one day in the year?"

Their glances met and held. Jim's voice was gentler than usual: "Let us be thankful for small mercies and little miracles. It's Christmas Day, remember, and anything can happen when old Santa's around. Anyway, it has made Pete's Christmas."

As she bent to the oven and spooned fat over the birds her heart lifted in a silent prayer: "Thank you, God."

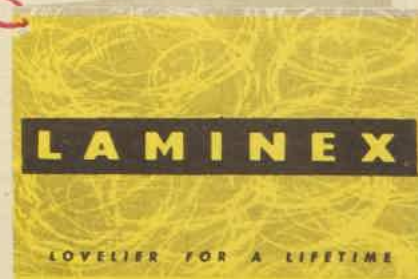
(Copyright)



Laminex has no equal

Laminex, with its amazing "secret in the surface", is the *only* surface material which will remain gloriously beautiful and smooth under all types of conditions. Test after test has proved that Laminex is the most durable . . . the most colour-harmonised surfacing in the world. That is why Laminex is chosen to beautify furniture in yachts, launches and ships throughout Australia. In the home, Laminex gives your work and furniture surfaces a

new, lasting luxury look at really low cost. Laminex will "take it" year after year, yet stay as new and bright as the day you bought it. Laminex is stain-resistant, cleans with just the wipe of a rag, is heat-resistant to a full 275 degrees F. Find out what Laminex can do for your home—see the gay new range of Laminex patterns and plain colours, at your Neighbourhood Laminex Dealer's. See them today.



Only genuine Laminex carries this tag. Look for this guarantee before buying any surfacing material.

It's
almost
cheating...



to
wear
a
Saville
perfume

but all's fair in love... and
there's nothing so sweet as surrender.
With the magic of your favourite
Saville perfume, it's so easy—
almost cheating...

TUTU—new and disturbingly different
MISCHIEF—daringly provocative
SEVENTH HEAVEN—the very breath
of romance
JUNE—the heart of a thousand
flowers—with a hint of the
Garden of Eden

Saville

SAVILLE • PICCADILLY • LONDON

YOUR SHOES NEED
MELTONIAN
CREAM & SUEDE SHOE DRESSINGS
So good for shoes

All Fashionable Colours
... ALSO IN HAND-TUBES

WHEN the luxury liner s.s. Capricorn left Sydney on its voyage to London, deputy-purser DAVID HOWARD saw it would be an eventful trip, for he was attracted to beautiful JULIA RAYMOND, a passenger with her father, SIR EDWARD. His shipboard duties increase when he replaces the sick purser, ROSS. He also has to mix more with the new commander, HUME, who is disliked by CAPTAIN SLADE. David is uneasy about MARTIN DILLON, whom he signed on at the request of mystery man JOHNSON, for whom he has been smuggling in order to earn extra money to start a new life ashore.

Julia tells him she knows the identity of the sailor and that he is the steward for the group of cabins where her own is situated.

One night David is awakened by the ship's nurse, ANN BELLAMY, who tells him that a passenger, MRS. KATINA CRANSTON-SMITH, has been attacked in her cabin. At a brief inquiry held by Hume, MRS. UPJOHN says she heard screams and when she ran into the passage saw Julia standing there. Julia says she saw a man disappear upstairs, but it was too dark to see him plainly.

Also present at the inquiry is aggressive, trouble-making barrister FLOYD. When Hume tactlessly infers Mrs. Cranston-Smith may have been expecting a visitor, Floyd says he will advise her to take action for slander, as her character has been damaged by such a statement. NOW READ ON:



THE ROUND VOYAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

THE next morning David sat in the purser's office after breakfast, waiting for developments. Hume would certainly make a report to the captain as soon as possible about the events of the previous night. David regretted that he would not have the opportunity to be there—it would have been interesting to see how the commander presented his version of what had happened.

Floyd's dramatic outburst had left them all in a state of stunned bewilderment, but presumably Hume had managed to pull himself together by this time. Once the facts were put before Slade, it was up to him to make the next move, which might or might not involve calling the purser into conference.

It was half-past eleven before he received the expected summons. This indicated that there had been a lengthy discussion before his arrival. Already present in the captain's cabin were Hume and Bateman, the first officer. Slade had lost a little of his usual equanimity. The corners of his mouth were turned down, giving a petulant expression, and he had a tendency to drum his fingers on the edge of his desk. He greeted David perfunctorily.

"Good morning, Howard."

"Good morning, sir," said David. He turned to greet Hume, who nodded sulkily back.

"Have a seat, will you?" said the captain. He made no attempt to offer drinks, as he would have done if this had been an ordinary conference. He paused for a moment, frowning, as if it required an effort to mention the subject. "Mr. Hume has been telling me about this wretched affair of last night." He paused again. Not looking directly at either of them, he added, "It might have been better if I had been notified."

It was not clear who was the target of this particular piece of criticism. From the wording it might be either or both of them. Or, perhaps, more likely, it was an expression of general dissatisfaction, not specifically directed, since Slade wished to avoid listening to any excuses or arguments. David said nothing. Hume had taken charge—it was up to him to justify any decisions.

"Naturally," said Hume, reluctantly taking up the challenge, "nobody wished to disturb you..."

"Yes, yes," replied Slade impatiently. "I understand that. But, as it turned out—" He waved the subject aside. "However, there's no use crying over spilt milk."

That was all very well, thought David. But who was responsible for spilling the milk? Hume largely, of course. Yet Slade was not entitled to disclaim all responsibility. He handed such administrative matters over to Hume, giving always the impression that he was too busy to be bothered with them. His own indolence was at least partly to blame.

Slade went on:

"Incidents of this sort," he said, "are, of course, nothing new. The unfortunate aspect is the behaviour of the fellow—what's his name—?"

"Floyd," said David.

"Yes." The captain shook his head irritably. "I still can't quite understand why he was present at all. I believe he wasn't a witness."

"No," said Hume. He looked pointedly at David.

"He's the sort of man," explained David, "who isn't easy to get rid of. If we'd shut him out he'd certainly have created trouble and said we were trying to hide something."

"Possibly. But he wouldn't have had much of a case, would he? Whereas now..." Slade deliberately refrained from finishing the sentence.

"He was just throwing his weight about," said Hume, in an attempt at reassurance. "Nothing will come of it."

"I sincerely hope you're right. I can't say, because I've no knowledge of the man myself." He turned to David. "You know him fairly well, I believe, Howard?"

It was almost an accusation.

"He sits at my table," said David.

"What sort of a person would you say he was?"

David thought for a moment.

"A difficult type, on the whole. He likes to bother

Fourth instalment of our serial
By JOHN ROWAN WILSON



Julia answered Captain Slade's questions listlessly, occasionally shrugging her shoulders as if unable to understand all the fuss.

people. Sometimes he means it and sometimes I fancy he has his tongue in his cheek. How far he's serious about a matter like this I wouldn't like to say."

"It isn't entirely his decision," pointed out the captain. "Mrs. Cranston-Smith is the person directly concerned."

"He has a pretty strong influence over her."

"Even so . . ." Slade frowned, throwing the dry brown skin of his forehead into a multitude of tiny wrinkles. It occurred to David that he was anxious for reassurance rather than an impartial assessment of possibilities. "Most people don't want to make unnecessary trouble. Men like Floyd are the exception."

"That's true."

"She may well refuse to take the matter any further."

"Yes," agreed David reluctantly. Without wishing to contradict the captain, he could not bring himself to subscribe wholeheartedly to such an optimistic view. "But he's liable to put it to her in such a way—"

Hume broke in, "I don't think there's much to worry about." He was the sort of man who gained confidence as he spoke. The sound of his own voice had a reassuring effect on him. "I know that type — all bluster. He just wanted to attract attention to himself."

"Perhaps," said Slade, with some loss of buoyancy. It was as if the prospect of being in agreement with Hume caused him to doubt his own judgment. "We shall see. In the meantime, it's important that we clear up as quickly as possible the question of who attacked Mrs. Cranston-Smith. For my part—" he glanced coldly at Hume,

"—I'm convinced that some sort of an attack did take place."

"Oh, yes," replied Hume defensively. "I agree with you —now. After what Redwood saw—"

David looked up with sudden interest. This was something new. Redwood was the second officer, a brooding, taciturn young man who carried out his rather unexciting duties with great solemnity and a total lack of imagination. Any observations made by him were likely to be reliable.

Slade said to David, "You won't have heard of this yet. Redwood was on the twelve to four watch last night. He saw a seaman moving around on the boat-deck at about the time the trouble occurred. Evidently there was something rather furtive about the man's movements and he shouted to him to come up to the bridge and report. Instead of doing so he immediately turned tail and disappeared below."

"Did Redwood recognise him?"

"Yes. He says he's quite sure of that. It was a deck-hand named Kinder."

"Kinder?" David could not conceal his astonishment. "You know him?"

"Yes."

David looked at Bateman, who nodded unhappily. "Yes," he said, "it was a bit of a shock to me. I'd have said he was one of the best boys we've got."

He hesitated, as if about to say more, and then fell silent. The truth was that Kinder occupied a rather special position in the life of the ship. He was small for his age — more like a schoolboy than a man of nineteen — and this, together with an attractive manner, had made him into something of a personality. The older men treated him as a sort of mascot.

"I wouldn't say," said Bateman, "that he was particularly well behaved. He tends to exploit his popularity and get up to silly tricks occasionally. But nothing of this sort."

Hume wriggled impatiently in his chair. "You can never tell with some of these nice boys. Get a few drinks inside them — and the hot weather—" He left the sentence unfinished. To him, it appeared, the hot weather was an adequate explanation for all forms of anomalous behaviour.

The captain spoke almost to himself. "The fact of his running away is very bad, of course."

"Didn't Redwood send anybody after him?" asked Hume.

"He didn't know anything about the incident on A deck and consequently didn't realise how serious it might be," said Bateman. "He didn't think it necessary to report it until this morning."

"A pity."

"One can hardly blame him." The captain paused. They heard the sound of footsteps coming towards the cabin. "I haven't had Kinder up yet myself. I thought it best to wait until I had a clear picture from Mrs. Cranston-Smith and the others. It sounds as if she's here now."

The steward opened the door. "Dr. Fellows, sir."

Fellows came in anxiously, like the bearer of bad news. "I have a message from Mrs. Cranston-Smith, sir."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. When she got your message asking her to come up here, she called me in. She says she can't possibly come today."

"Why not?"

"She says her nerves are shattered."

The captain regarded him gloomily. "Are they?"

"She's certainly managed to work herself up into a state. She's lying there prostrate, with the blinds drawn."

"Surely there's no necessity for that?"

"I shouldn't think so. On the other hand, in the present ticklish situation I wasn't going to tell her to snap out of it or anything like that. I thought the less I said, the better."

"Yes. Quite right. Quite right." The captain frowned. "Has she seen Floyd?"

"I couldn't tell you, I'm afraid, sir."

"Yes," Slade paused, drumming his fingers on the table. "Well, the only thing for us to do is to carry on with the investigation without her. Perhaps you'd tell her that, would you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And say that I should be obliged if she would come up and see me as soon as she feels fit."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, there we are," said Slade, when Fellows had left. "That doesn't make things any easier. But we shall just have to wait and see what happens. Meanwhile"—he braced himself a little—"we might as well be getting a story from the others. First, Mrs. Upjohn . . ."

Slade had arranged for all the witnesses to attend at short intervals, and with each one he went through the whole story again. His confidence in Hume was obviously at a low ebb, and he was determined to hear everything for himself. As the morning dragged on, David found his attention wandering. The evidence made tedious listening for the second time.

Only when Julia came in was his interest revived. She was the last of the passengers to be called. She answered questions in the same listless manner as she had adopted the night before. Occasionally she would give a little sigh and a wriggle of the shoulders, as if unable to understand why so much fuss was being made about trivialities.

Slade began to bristle perceptibly—he was not accustomed to being treated in such an offhand manner. But he

To page 63



JUST SAY

Medesa

... only Medesa has the gentle softness and absorbency combined with the firmness and strength you want in Toilet Paper.

Each crepe-finish sheet is specially perforated and guaranteed ideal for use in Septic Tanks. Yet, for all its luxury, Medesa is amazingly low-priced . . .

30 sheets cost you **1^p**
only about
EACH FULL ROLL CONTAINS 400 SHEETS

FOR SO MANY GOOD REASONS DON'T SAY TOILET PAPER, SAY MEDESA

PIECES OF SILVER

A short short story

By NANCY BRUCE

THE fog came down early, slithering in with the unhappy dusk, and in the young hours of the morning it was still there. When he left the looming bulk of the newspaper offices the streets were vast canyons of mist, the buildings that flanked them distorted to twice their normal size. Streamers of fog trailed in limp scarves from street lights and the clammy air seeped deep into the lungs.

He hunched his shoulders and shrugged himself closer into his heavy overcoat, so that the collar stood up round his ears. What a night for a murder, he thought; the stage could not be better set for the shadowy form of the assassin, the dull thud of the blackjack, of the shot muffled in the fog, the body crumpling silently into the dimmer cavern of a doorway.

Stirred by the force of his own imagination he crossed to the edge of the footpath and strode along it, his ears alert for the pad of a footstep behind him.

The lights on the approaches to the bridge gleamed mistily, as though shrouded in kapok. He knew that the river was a wide expanse of oily blackness, a limitless area of nothingness out beyond the curtains of the fog.

The wharf lights made ghostly lemon blobs ahead of him and he could see the brighter eye of the night-watchman's little brazier struggling against the blanketing mist.

So light was the footstep when it came that he felt rather than heard it, his eyes catching only the momentary flicker of the brazier's light as the dark figure flashed across in front of it. He hesitated, swinging on his heel, and, cursing himself for a fool, turned, and plunged after it.

The wharf was transformed into a strange no-man's-land of shadows, the huge bulk of cranes and trucks enlarged by the mist to terrifying proportions. He picked his way delicately among them, straining to glimpse again that vague, speeding figure.

But there was no movement, no sound but the swish of water against the weedy piles below the wharf and the distant mournful hoot of a foghorn far out in the estuary. He stood still in the shadow of a rake of trucks, waiting and listening.

Something stronger than himself held him there when he would have turned on his heel and gone back to the street. It had happened to him before, so that he was not surprised so much as resigned to the inevitable.

The familiar exhilaration was starting its prickling rise up through his veins and he felt the tingle of it in his hair. Somewhere not so far away there was the beginning of a story. There was something about to happen, some drama that would be enacted out there in the fog.

He could smell it, as he had used

his bloodhound sense to smell out other such stories before. Well, here it was again. He clenched his fists far down in his pockets and stood still, scarcely breathing lest he missed he knew not what.

It was small enough when it came, the mere shadow of a movement, but his hearing was acute now, part of his strange awareness, and he stole forward in the direction of the sound.

Someone was walking ahead of him across the wharf, walking with light yet dragging steps towards the vast blackness that was the river. With all a cat's caution he followed.

A few yards farther and the shadow in front of him would have to pass the first of the wharf sheds, and on the front of the shed there was a light, misted by the fog to an opaque glow, but giving a patch of pale yellow brilliance to the wharf below it. He quickened his pace so that when the light was reached he was close enough for his purpose.

The figure in front belonged to a woman. A young woman, little more than a child. He saw her smallness and the bare blonde head before she was swallowed up again in the mist. She was making for the wharf's edge with a directness that sent him surging forward across the space between them.

But even as he quickened his steps, priding himself on his silent advance, his arm was grasped from behind and he was dragged suddenly to a stop.

Furious, he swung round on the owner of the hand, and found himself face to face with the night-watchman. He tried to pull free, cursing the man in a whisper, but the night-watchman had a grip like a bulldog and a whisper to match.

"Whist!" he said in an urgent hiss. "Hold hard, can't ye, mate?"

"Let go, you fool! That girl, can't you see? She's going for the river. She'll be over the edge!" He tried once again to tear his arm from the maddening grip.

The night-watchman nodded. The peak of his tweed cap shaded all of his face except for his mouth. And his mouth was smiling. The man was a fool, a simpleton, he didn't realise what could happen, what was probably happening almost now. Instinctively he waited for the splash and the thin, desolate scream.

The night-watchman smiled again and jerked his head in the direction of the river. He brought up his free hand, jabbed his thumb out in a gesture of explanation, as though words were things that he used only in an emergency.

The edge of the wharf was visible now, the posts and bollards looming blackly in the grey of the fog. The girl had made for the edge, as he had known she would. She was there; at any moment she would climb on to the wet wood edging and the slight body would go hurt-



ling down into the oily blackness of the void out there.

He tore himself free and started forward, but the night-watchman's foot tripped him neatly so that he sprawled over the uneven decking, murder in his heart.

"What the devil . . ." He scrambled up awkwardly and caught the infuriating fool by the collar. "You stupid nitwit, don't you get it into your thick skull that it's a suicide?"

He turned to run, but the night-watchman was before him, dragging him back again into the shadows.

"He's there," he said in his piercing whisper. "No call for no more to be interferin'."

"Who's there?" What were the Harbor Board moguls about to have a lunatic guarding their property by night? "Who's there? What on earth do you mean?"

"Him," said the night-watchman succinctly. The tweed cap was inclined towards the river and the grip on his prisoned arm tightened. "Him," he said again. "See?"

This time he saw. The girl, hesitating there on the wharf's rim, had begun to climb up on the wooden edging. And from the shadow of a black mass that was a post stepped another figure, a taller, thicker figure that moved swiftly to catch the smaller one and draw it safely back.

"Ahhh!" breathed the night-watchman. The quality of his sigh, the sudden relaxing of his whole body suggested that he had anticipated this exact movement of events, had indeed been instrumental in engineering it. He loosened his iron grip and stood back a little, rubbing his hands. "Good old Hooky!" he murmured caressingly into the fog.

His companion narrowed his eyes and stared at the blur of figures on the wharf edge. His resentment was dying, though he rubbed his arm where the bulldog grip had dug into

Just as the girl climbed on to the edge of the wharf, poised to jump, a pair of strong arms pulled her back to safety.

it. Powerful for his age the night-watchman; hands of steel. But he said merely, "Who's Hooky?"

The night-watchman turned to go back to his little shed and the warmth of his fire. He seemed to take no further interest in the drama behind him.

"Hooky?" he said, waiting for the other to step along beside him. "Why, he's . . . well, he's just Hooky." His powerful hands came up in a curiously helpless gesture. "He — happens along," he said lamely.

"Just when somebody's about to high-dive over the wharf? Mighty convenient! Or does he go sentry down there? Look, I'm a—I've been around. You can't hand me stuff like that."

The night-watchman snorted. "You don't have to tell me," he said, affronted. "I knowed the cut of yer jib. An' you don't get none of your stories out of me, reporting bloke!"

They had reached the fire now and held their hands to its warmth. The night-watchman produced a handful of sausages and threw them into a battle-scarred black pan.

"Look," he said. "You write about Hooky, an' that's the finish, see? Puts him right out of business." "What business? Looking for suicides?"

"You can laugh," said the night-watchman sombrely. He dropped some grease into the pan and frowned at the sizzle of it. "I don't know, and I don't know as Hooky knows, how many he's pulled back from the big jump."

"And did they stay pulled back? Maybe they just try another night. What then?"

The night-watchman gave him a curious glance. Most of 'em stay, I reckon. It's the moment, see?

Once the moment goes, they just don't screw up to it again. Feelin' somebody cares, and the few bob rattlin' in their pocket, well, it's different."

"Few bob? Is he a millionaire, this Hooky, handing out few bobs right and left?"

The night-watchman's face, bent over the sausages, was inscrutable. "Like nothing!" he said shortly. "Four bob's all he ever has to give. But it's enough. It's the feelin' that counts."

The reporter stared at him curiously. "They wouldn't get too far on four bob," he said.

The night-watchman turned the sausages. "Half of it buys 'em a hot bite of supper." He fished out two enamel plates and pushed over a box for his guest.

The reporter sat down on it and looked closely at the night-watchman, at his shabby tweed cap, his powerful, knotted hands, his thick coat hanging open to show his waistcoat and the worn muffler round his neck.

"What do they do with the other half?" he said. "Keep it for luck?"

The night-watchman bent his head and skewered the sausages on to the plates. He handed one over in silence and without looking up.

"O.K.," said the reporter, accepting it. "Old Hooky's safe enough from me. Here's luck!" And he bit the head off his first sausage.

The fog was still there when he went home. He walked through it thoughtfully, thinking about the night-watchman and the shabby silver watch-chain that straddled his waistcoat. Dangling on its end in place of a fob there was a worn two-shilling piece.

(Copyright)

The girl called DESIRE

FOR the first time since being rotated home from Korea, Terence Malloy felt limp with the prospects of peace and the right to pursue happiness—and make money at the same time—by sailing his auxiliary-powered ketch, the Sea Rover, from cove to cove, with paying guests aboard.

The Sea Rover now swung at her old permanent mooring in Emerald Bay. Terence lounged indolently against the mizzenmast and peered dreamily at the pea-soup fog that had rolled in to obscure the moon. So engrossed was he that when the hatch slammed back and his sister, Midge, popped angrily into the cockpit, he straightened too quickly and banged his head on a mast cleat.

"Damn!" said Terence.

"Damn the fog!" Midge stated impatiently.

"If I didn't know better, I'd say you did it deliberately."

Recovering, Terence managed to smile at Midge. She was a lovely sight to behold in slacks and sweater; the main reason, Terence readily admitted to himself, why they used to keep the Sea Rover booked solid with guests the whole season. But something was wrong with Midge. The last few days she had taken to staring blankly into space.

"Even if I did do it deliberately, what's wrong with a nice fog?" Terence wanted to know.

"What good would it do a girl to swim around a single man's yacht in her birthday suit on a night like this? The poor fish wouldn't even know the bait was there."

"Midge!" gasped Terence, shocked.

Midge rattled on. "For that sort of business you need bright moonlight and just enough phosphorescence to reveal—"

"Midge!" Terence yelled. "What's come over you?"

"A nice, wonderful feeling around here," Midge told him, thumping the region around her heart. "I want a husband."

"A husband?" exploded Terence. "Look, you've been ashore too long. What you need is a few days of rough water and high winds to blow this nonsense out of your head. Besides, what would I do with mixed sexes on a cruise, without you along?"

"You could marry you a wife. A loving helpmate who would be willing to explain things to inhibited females and hold hands with males who can't keep their balance on a slanting deck. At least not when there's a girl to hang on to."

"When I want a wife, I'll have one," Terence announced. "And it won't be one I can snag with a gaff as she goes by in a little phosphorescence. What's more," he told her, "don't let me catch you swimming around."

"Don't worry," Midge sniffed. "In weather like this, about the best a girl could do would be to bring her own yacht alongside and leap aboard in a strapless evening-gown with—"

"That's enough!" snapped Terence. "No woman in her mind would ever think of doing—"

"Well, don't look now," Midge warned him, "but I think one's about to try it. At least it looks that way to me."

Midge had a pixie sense of humor and Terence looked around just to make her feel better. But what he saw made his hair stand on end and sent him leaping to the rail.

A ghostly white schooner yacht, sails furled, the mutter of her auxiliary engine muffled by the fog, bore down upon them in spite of the fact that the Sea Rover's riding light glowed bright enough to be seen at this distance.

"Hey!" bellowed Terence. "Sheer off! Sheer off!"

A shadow in the schooner's bow called aft, "Steady!"

"No, no!" roared Terence. "Watch it!"

From a socket in the Sea Rover's rail a boat boom reached out, guyed fore and aft, its outer end held up by a line reaching down from the mainmast head. Under the end of the boom the Sea Rover's dinghy danced at its painter, clearly illuminated by a brightly burning lantern hanging near the boom's end.

The schooner came on, caught the end of the boat boom in its foremast shrouds and kept right on going. There was a screeching strain, the boom's forward stay and topping lift parted. That let the boom swing away from the schooner and the boom's lantern dropped, hissing, into the dark water.

"You blundering idiots!" shouted Terence.

An accusing male voice lifted from the larger craft. "What do you mean, barging around in this fog without your running lights on?"

"You dumb numskull!" howled Terence.

"I'm anchored!"

A shrill feminine voice said: "That's a lie!"

The schooner was now disappearing in the mist, and Terence lost all restraint. Cupping his hands, he condemned the schooner and its people to a place where no one ever heard of salt water; then he turned and confronted Midge. "Did you see that?" he wanted to know.

"It was pretty foggy where I stood," said Midge. "But I did hear a nice male voice. I wonder what he looks like."

"I don't care!" raged Terence. "If that schooner's still here in the morning, he won't look like he does tonight, anyway! I'll clobber him!"

"You do before I investigate him, and I'll clobber you," Midge threatened. "He might just be the man I'm looking for. Handsome. Strong. Rich. Wealthy. Muscular. Handsome."

Terence took a deep breath to try to calm himself. "Look, sis," he finally said. "Why don't you turn in? I will, too, as soon as I rig another boom. We'll talk in the morning. Right now you're upset. In fact, you're mighty near irrational. Good night!"

"Good night yourself!" Midge hissed at him. "I hope you dream you're marooned on an island, alone, with seven thousand ugly women! I guess that will teach you!"

With that, she popped below, and Terence, after making repairs, went forward and climbed down into the privacy of the tiny forecabin. Once stretched out, he could not go right to sleep, so he did not dream about being marooned with any women. He was too concerned about what would happen to his future and his income if Midge got married. In the morning he would have a heart-to-heart talk with her. Later, he slept.

When he finally awoke, everything was all wrong. He felt disgruntled and out of sorts. The sun was bright and two hours higher than his usual waking time, but he still could not hear Midge fussing around in the galley.

Dressing, Terence went on deck and wandered back to the main cabin hatch, noticing a large white schooner anchored about three hundred yards off, where there had been no schooner before the fog last night. That made him feel worse.

When he banged on the hatch, no one answered, so he went below. Midge was not there, but she had left a note.

Ten feet below Terence found Miss Whetherby, who seemed determined to get to the bottom of the bay.

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON

Midge.

"Thank you," said Terence.

"Sounds like common sense on such a foggy night," Miss Whetherby observed thoughtfully.

Page 25

ACCUSING FINGER

A short short story

By KESTON CLARKE

INSPECTOR HIGGS had no need to wear boots. But he'd preferred them ever since his years as a constable; and now his weightily clad feet looked uncouthly out of place on Mrs. Ferister's expensive lounge carpet.

"An unfortunate time to have to call," he agreed. "The day before the funeral. Taking place at Tegham, I understand?"

Mrs. Ferister dabbed her eyes, and put the tiny handkerchief away as though confident that she'd finished with it. Higgs noted the gesture.

And because he rather liked to docket things in his mind, he wondered whether the widow of Rodney Ferister would be described as attractive or handsome, or distinguished. Something of each, maybe; with the addition of style: important, at forty-something.

He waited tactfully, then: "You'll be travelling to Tegham tonight?"

"Tomorrow, early, by car."

The inspector's big hands were turning the pages of the notebook on his lap. He seemed to have all the time in the world.

Mrs. Ferister glanced impatiently through one of the tall windows, on which lights flashed and flickered as cars turned in the square; then she rose, blotted out London by pulling a curtain-cord, and said, "Surely, these formal inquiries could wait until after the funeral, Inspector?"

"This isn't exactly formal," murmured Higgs. "In a sense, I am inquiring into the—fall of a sparrow."

Mrs. Ferister returned to her chair, staring at him.

"Sorry," said the inspector, more briskly. "I'll explain the phrase in a minute. Literary touch. Comes of the bad habit of book-reading. Anyway, I've an idea that a sparrow has fallen—a chap who, not knowing his name yet, I'll call Gaily."

"Gaily?"

"Gaily the Troubador."

There was a cold little pause and then Mrs. Ferister, with proper dignity, said: "I don't understand you in the least, Inspector, and I must ask you to . . . to . . ."

"To come to the point, and not try to be funny," Higgs nodded. "Let me assure you, ma'am, that I never felt less amused in my life. And you're in no mood for jokes, with Mr. Ferister's funeral taking place tomorrow. Any particular reason why at Tegham, by the way? Old family connection with the place?"

"No. Only that Rodney liked the fishing. That's why we bought the bungalow, years ago."

"Quite." A page was flicked. "Timber bungalow for holidays and weekends. Picturesque and spacious. Went up like matchwood on the night of the fog. Reduced to ashes, practically, while the local firemen were still striking lights to read signposts. And while you were playing bridge a mile away. Dreadful."

"I ought never to have gone," sighed Mrs. Ferister.

"You're sure to feel that," agreed Higgs, sympathetically. "But you'd no reason to suspect that your hus-

band might make away with himself on that particular night."

"If I'd suspected for a moment—"

"Quite, quite. All the same, his sudden decision to leave town, to go to earth, so to speak, in a country bungalow at a time when only his hour-to-hour presence in London could avert a crash."

Pride and loyalty revealed themselves in Mrs. Ferister's firm tones. "My husband was not running away, Inspector. We always went to our Tegham retreat when he had problems. He said he could think better. This time—I realise now—it was the wrong move. Things on the markets moved too quickly. Rodney must have panicked. Perhaps there was a phone call from one of his business associates."

"There was no phone call," said Higgs.

He said it casually as one shuts, in passing, an open door that may tempt a straying child.

"I see," said Mrs. Ferister. "I suppose the police have ways and means of checking such things. I was only trying to suggest some explanation."

"Of why your husband shot himself while you were out?" said Higgs, with calculated directness. "But surely we know?"

"I know—now—that his companies' accounts were in a mess; that Rodney might have been charged."

"Might have been charged?" Inspector Higgs' untidy eyebrows went up. "You know quite well he'd earned a ten-year sentence. And he knew it. He said himself, in his farewell note, that he . . ."

Higgs stopped, for the handkerchief had come out again. But only for a moment. "You might have spared me this," she gulped. "It's all been gone through—and I can't see where it's leading."

Mrs. Ferister looked puzzled as she studied the photograph which Inspector Higgs had handed to her.

"Back to that sparrow," said Higgs.

From the back of his pocket-book he took a photograph and passed it to her. "Does that say anything to you, ma'am?"

Mrs. Ferister took the picture and frowned. "Nothing whatever," she stated, genuinely puzzled.

"Ah," said Higgs. "Was your husband musical at all?"

"He hated music. Couldn't understand a simple tune."

"Never played, say, a mouth-organ? Concertina?"

"Never. But what—?"

"Now, me," said Higgs, "I like music. Popular stuff. And I don't mean crooners and such. I mean the tunes that used to make folks feel jolly. Barrel-organs and buskers in pubs. Always had a soft spot for 'em, though it was often my job to move them on. When I was on a London beat I used to think those chaps were like the troubadours of old, doing their best in a harmless way, picking up the crumbs like . . . street sparrows."

"I have to be a hard man, Mrs. Ferister," he added. "But I don't like to think of a troubadour, or a sparrow, getting a raw deal."

"This is simply beyond me."

"Let me talk," said Inspector Higgs, with an edge to his voice.

"Your husband was ruined and facing grave charges of fraud, embezzlement. He knew that; the victims are just learning it. He skedaddled to his country retreat, shot himself while you were conveniently out for the late evening, and fell forward on to the electric fire; an old one without a guard. Rather oddly, his farewell note was under the body and was not destroyed in the resulting blaze; but, you, ma'am, had the distressing task of identifying the remains . . ."

She shuddered. "You needn't remind me."

"I won't, any more," said Higgs, "because those are only the incidents of the night as we know them, or thought we did. And all very convincing. Each year, unfortunately, a number of financial wizards cheat justice by finding that kind of end to their golden journeys. I'm not heartless, ma'am, but I'm not much moved by the fates of such men. Not nearly as much as I am when a sparrow falls."

"One such sparrow—a broken-down Cockney busker passing by the name of Jud—took to the road some weeks ago. Nobody knows and nobody cares who or what he was other than Jud, but I've called him Gaily because he was a troubadour. He didn't do very well."

"He slept, the night before your fire, at a doss-house in Melhampton, fifteen miles from Tegham. He had just enough for his bed. Next day he was seen eight miles from Tegham and, just at dusk, three miles away. I've witnesses. But where is he now?"

"How in the world should I know?"

"He could be," stated Higgs, woodenly, "still in Tegham. Waiting for the funeral. His own. Look: suppose Jud came knocking on your door, in the fog, asking for a hand-out. Or Ferister, a quick thinker, might have met him in the lane. You take him in. You give him a meal. You give him a complete outfit of your husband's cast-off clothing and even allow him to take a bath before he changes, while Ferister burns the old clobber in the kitchen stove."

"Jud was much the same shape and size as Ferister. Then you go off to your bridge session while Ferister does the rest, writes his note,

makes his getaway—though you still have the grim job of identifying the wrong remains."

"It's false! It's fantastic!"

"Look at that photograph again, Mrs. Ferister. It's an enlargement of a portion of a finger. On the dead man's right hand. You get that sort of corny growth through sweeping the strings of a musical instrument and in no other manner."

"Poor Jud had to pawn his only friend the day before he died and . . . what's a troubadour without his music? Nothing. A sparrow . . . but there's a line in the Book that says not even a sparrow falls . . ."

The woman sprang up. "Lies! It's all lies! You can't prove a thing. I won't listen to another word of this nonsense."

"Don't shout," said Inspector Higgs quietly. "I fully expected to find Rodney Ferister somewhere in this house, so I've brought a warrant. And my men are watching all the exits. And it's no use tearing up that photo either. I can get plenty more, and, anyway, it wasn't the only clue. There's also just one thing more—"

He was fishing something from his pocket.

"What is it?" Mrs. Ferister croaked.

"Must have been in Gaily's jacket pocket," muttered Higgs. "Didn't burn. We raked it out of the stove. Nothing much, but a lot may hang on it. It's the G-string of the troubadour's guitar."

(Copyright)





LADYSHAVE electric shaver—for satin-smooth skin in a moment. Vibration-free... gentle as a powder-puff... pink and pretty... smartly travel-packed. It's bargain priced at only 8 gns.



TOWN AND COUNTRY PORTABLE. Magic-eye tuning, 6 valves, automatic switching from power-point to battery operation. Smart, unbreakable. 42 gns. Battery-only 5-valve model 37 gns.



GRAND. Luxury 8-valve, 3-speaker radiogram—lifetime gift from — or to — all the family. Superb hand-built Glide-o-matic cabinet; 3 "Featherweight" jewel pick-up heads 185 gns.



QUINTET. Fashion-model 5-valve radio in smart new shades. Rich tone, wide range 25 gns.
CHRONORADIO. Greatest-ever 5-valve automatic clock radio. Ivory, walnut, burgundy 39 gns.



PERSONAL ELECTRIC FAN is completely safe; all-plastic, silent, with sturdy precision motor. Next-to-nothing running cost. For kitchen, office, bedroom, etc. Priced at only £5/17/6



AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAM DE-LUXE. "Power-to-Spare" for dancing, etc. Rich tone. Changes up to 10 records, all speeds and sizes. Three 2-tone colour combinations, 53 gns. Single-play model 41 gns.



SUPERB. High-fidelity, world-range radio and multi-speed record player combination. 7 valves, 3 speakers, "Featherweight" twin-sapphire pick-up. Hand-built cabinet. Radio, 69 gns.; with record player 99 gns.



DISC JOCKEY. Plugs into pick-up terminals of your radio for radiogram reproduction. All record sizes and speeds. Unbreakable, portable case in silver, mushroom, blue, red 20 gns.



STOCKHOLM. World-range, 6-valve, twin-speaker radiogram — contemporary-style, hand-built ash blonde or summergegold cabinet. Multi-speed changer, "Featherweight" twin-sapphire pick-up 129 gns.



PHILISHAVE rotary-action **ELECTRIC SHAVERS.** Standard Philishave, £9/17/6 and £10/17/6; "Sportsman" (battery-operated), 14 gns.; "Diplomat," 15 gns. De-Luxe case (illus.) 16 gns.



CHRISTMAS LAMPS

Make a cheery Christmas tree; available in sets of 12 or 16, together with one spare lamp; bright mixed colours, assorted shapes. Simple one-plug connection.

PHILIPS

- none better

NEW SUPER SPRAY DEODORANT BY ARRID

ONE SQUEEZE
makes you bath-
sweet in seconds!
Gives you safe
protection from
perspiration and odor.

You'll love the way
this new kind of deo-
dorant sprays on with
a fine mist that dries
almost instantly. You'll
love the way it keeps
your underarms dry
and sweet. Now, a
new active ingredient
builds an ANTI-ODOR
BARRIER that stops
both perspiration and
odor—quickly, safely,
more effectively—at
all times.

Kind to your clothes and skin. You can wear
your best dress and never worry for a moment.
Anything you wear is safe from stains and odor.
New Arrid Super Spray is kind to your skin, too.
It's easy to use—and delightfully perfumed. Only
6/11 everywhere.



Throughout the world, more men and women
use Arrid than any other deodorant.

GIRLS—

USE ARRID TO BE SAFE!
Arrid gives you day-long,
night-long protection

If you prefer a cream
deodorant, then here is
the one for you—Arrid.
Here is guaranteed pro-
tection from perspira-
tion and odor. Arrid is
smooth and soft, with a
fragrant perfume. Safe
for clothes, and delicate
skins, too! Ask for
Arrid Cream. Sold every-
where. Regular 3/9,
Large 5/10.

"The Most Irritable Woman Ever known," Mother says

"I'm quickly becoming the most irritable woman in this
neighbourhood," said a young mother, last week. "I don't
know what's wrong with me. I've never been like it before.
I adore my husband and kiddies yet I find myself snapping
their heads off, just because the children get healthily
hoisterous at times. I'm starting to get really worried about
it."

Someone should tell her. She's suffering from nervous
tension; suffering as far too many other men and
women are. Her body and nerve cells need concentrated
nourishment. They need Sanatogen. A course of
Sanatogen would nourish her nerves back to full health.
Sanatogen contains concentrated amounts of protein
together with phosphorus. These essential nutrients
exercise a high, lasting tonic action, not only on the
nervous system, but on the body as a whole.

Get a tin of Sanatogen from your chemist today and
from the start you will begin to respond to its
strengthening effect. Sanatogen is recommended by
doctors the world over.

Sanatogen

The PROTEIN
Nerve Tonic.

SAN 1-57

Too Young to be

KIRSTY knew that the alarm
had already rung. Its noise
had registered in her subcon-
scious mind and left the nagging cer-
tainty of another Monday morning at
seven; but she had kept her eyes shut
as if that might stop time doing any
more about it. Now, as she stared
drowsily, she realised that she would
have to run for the bus.

Her husband's head was still bur-
rowed deep in his pillow. She leaned
over him, cupping her hands to his
right ear, and shouted:

"Martin! Get up!"

But she did not stay to see whether
he answered. It was all very fine for
Martin, she thought, as she waited for
the bath to fill. He worked only a short
distance from home. He could afford
the luxury of oversleeping.

When she went back to the bedroom
Martin was groping into the dressing-
gown that he refused to throw out,
though it was going grey at the seams.
This morning its uninhibited squalor
made Kirsty feel quarrelsome.

She had tried, from the very first,
to be the kind of wife they wrote about
in magazines: no soiled housecoat, no
unwashed morning face, no bedtime
curlers. The eternal mystery of woman
might have worn a little thin in two
years, but she still persisted. Martin
ought to have followed her example.

"The cord's come out of my pyja-
mas," he said with a yawn as they
passed at the door.

"Oh?" Kirsty asked with the extreme
politeness of resentment. "Can it wait,
or are you wearing them to work?"

Martin peered at her, rubbing sleep
from his eyes, and grinned. "Shrew!"
he said affectionately, rasping his chin
against her cheek.

She heard him whistling above the
splash of bathwater, with cheerful un-
concern for time, or the weather, or
his wife's moods. There were moments
when she longed for a black-browed
man who would lose his temper, too;
but then he would not have been Mar-
tin, and she was too much in love to
want an exchange.

They had married very young, but
it had seemed pointless to wait, when
they were both so sure. There had
been plenty of heads shaken about that;
but it had been perfect. Just how per-
fect only she and Martin could possibly
know.

She smiled at her reflection in the
looking-glass—the small, impudent
face, the slim body still patched with
tan from last summer's holiday in
France. Martin was untidy and mad-
deningly stolid, and he would eat bi-
suits in bed; but when she lay in his
arms her feelings melted into a strange,
suffocating tenderness.

Downstairs there was a comforting
smell of coffee and frying ham, and
her father was sitting with his feet
stretched towards the stove as if he had
nothing better to do.

"Just coffee, please," Kirsty said
breathlessly to her mother. "I daren't
stop to eat."

Tina Davidson sighed. "It's so silly
of you, going without food."

"It keeps me slim," Kirsty took
another look at her father, who usually
travelled into Hillington by the same
bus.

"Is it earlier than I thought, or . . .
Daddy, you're not going to the office
in tweeds?"

He lowered the newspaper that for
years had been a ritual part of his daily
journey.

"Correct; nor in anything else, unless

wild horses drag me," he said with a
reflective smile. "I've retired, my dear.
You saw my presentation clock."

"Yes, of course. I'd forgotten,"
Kirsty stared at him, her cup half-
raised to her mouth. "What on earth
will you do to pass the time?"

"We wanted to talk to you about
that," her mother said quickly. "You
see—"

"Not now, Mummy, or I really shall
miss the bus," Kirsty gulped the rest
of her coffee. "Tell me tonight," she
called from the stair cupboard where
she was rummaging for her raincoat.
"Oh, and remind Martin that he's got
to decide today about that car at the
garage, or they'll have sold it to some-
one else. Bye!"

The front door slammed. Tina David-
son looked at her husband with raised
brows. "You're right," she admitted
as if they were reopening an old argu-
ment. "But I'm not sorry to put it off
for a few more hours. She'll think
we're the most callous parents alive."

"At present she doesn't think at all,"
he retorted. "Why should she, when
we save her the trouble?"

"She's so happy," Tina pleaded.

"Certainly she is. She's barely
twenty-one, life's a picnic, and her
young husband is as daft about her as
we are. But look ahead ten or fifteen
years. Irresponsibility's tiresome in a
teenager, but it's infuriating in a
wife."

Lost in unhappy thought, Tina did
not answer. She started at his touch
on her hand, and smiled ruefully.

"I know, Hughie."

"Then don't let me down," he said.

"Old men have to be humored,"

She looked at him, and her eyes were
a little less troubled. "No wonder
Kirsty has the knack of twisting us
round her little finger," she remarked
with seeming inconsequence.

Since Kirsty's firm had moved out
to Hillington she was seldom home
earlier than six-thirty, and tonight, be-
cause the morning's rain had turned to
thick mist, the buses were late.

"It's all very well for you," she
grumbled to her father as they sat at
their evening meal. "You don't have
to do that journey any more. You've
turned into one of the idle rich."

He laughed. "Well, idle if you like.
But I agree about the journey." He
looked at her thoughtfully. "Could
you find a job nearer home?"

Kirsty was startled. "I don't know.
Probably not one that would pay me
so much—for doing so little." She
wrinkled her pert nose. "All right,
Martin, I've said it for you."

"I wasn't even thinking it," he said
placidly. "Just the same, it might be
a good idea."

Tina Davidson glanced at him and
pushed back her chair. "Suppose you
talk about it in the other room," she
suggested, "and let me clear this table.
I expect Martin wants it for his books."

Martin was taking a course at the
Technical College and usually had
work to prepare. He emerged from a
cloud of thought. "No; not tonight."

"Leave it for now," Hugh Davidson
looked at his wife meaningfully. "Kirsty
can help you with the
washing-up later on."

Kirsty looked back
from the doorway, her
eyes wide with con-
cern. "Are you feeling
ill, Mummy?"

Her mother's smile
flickered. "No. I'm
quite well."

"Oh, is it just Daddy fussing again?"
Kirsty said tolerantly. In the living-
room, in the glow of firelight, she
opened her handbag and spilled a med-
ley of travel booklets on to the floor. "I
got these on my way through town.
Poke the fire, Martin, and let's be warm
and cosy."

"I haven't known you seven years,
yet," he said seriously.

She looked at him in surprise, as if
she did not quite believe it. Martin was
so . . . so inevitable. Their eyes met
and exchanged a secret or two.

"Where shall we go?" she asked,
leaning on his shoulder. "To Spain?
Daddy's lucky—he'll be able to have
a change of scenery whenever he likes."

"Within limits," her father protested.
He began to concentrate on filling his
pipe. "I've one change in mind,
though. Your mother and I are going
to Cowal tomorrow, to look at a house
that's for sale."

"Cowal?" Kirsty asked. "Where the
Firth's live. Daddy, it's miles from
anywhere."

"Very likely," he agreed. "But that
need not worry me. I've handed in my
season ticket."

"But what about Martin and me?"
Kirsty demanded. She felt Martin's
shoulder grow rigid, as though he had
checked an involuntary movement, but
he said nothing.

Hugh Davidson pressed the tobacco
firmly into the bowl of his pipe and lit

ILLUSTRATED BY
RON LASKIE



e Married

Kirsty and Martin had taken their carefree marriage for granted, but suddenly they had to meet their responsibilities and they were afraid . . . a short story by

ANN HAYWARD COOK

it. "When I said it ought to be suitable, I meant for your mother and myself," he said. "It's just a cottage—I'm afraid there isn't room for us all."

Kirsty looked at him like a small, bewildered kitten that had been turned out into the rain. "But, Daddy—"

Martin reached for her hand, and she obeyed its silencing pressure.

"How soon would you want to move, sir?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, I can't buy the other place until I've sold this," Hugh Davidson explained. "I haven't enough capital to spare." He leaned back in his armchair, watching Martin shrewdly. "I thought you might like to take it on."

"This house?" Kirsty burst out. "We couldn't afford it."

"Oh, I don't know," her father said. "The Building Society would make quite a reasonable advance—I spoke to Lamond about it this morning. Of course, you'd have to find the balance in cash, but your savings ought to cover that."

Kirsty and Martin looked at each

other self-consciously. Living with Kirsty's parents had been a temporary measure until they saved for a home of their own. They had started bravely with a plan to bank Kirsty's salary; but somehow the money had been spent . . . on Kirsty's clothes, on holidays abroad, on gramophone records and magazines . . .

"And I might help you a little," Hugh added, feeling like the largest size in brutes.

Martin turned, his face stiff with boyish pride. "I see no reason why you should."

"Kirsty happens to be my only child," Hugh said mildly.

"Oh!" — Martin flushed — "I'm sorry, sir. That was uncivil of me."

"Nonsense!" Hugh muttered, on the point of capitulation. If Kirsty started to plead with him . . . "Suppose you think it over," he suggested.

"Yes—we will." Martin glanced at his watch. "I've a message to do. Come with me, Kirsty?"

They walked hand in hand, intermittent rain stinging their faces. The streets were quiet, reflecting an occasional light on their wet surface.

"Where are we going?" Kirsty asked in a small, sad voice.

"To the garage," Martin said curtly.

"It's only fair to tell them—they may have had other offers."

Kirsty stared at the hazy lamplight. They had spent Saturday afternoon testing a second-hand car that Martin liked, but she felt as though that had happened in someone else's lifetime.

"I wasn't too sure about it," he added without conviction.

"Martin, you wanted that car," she said vehemently, too indignant to realise that she was merely emphasising his disappointment.

"I ought not to have wanted it yet." He sounded grim and unhappy. "That money was meant for a home of our own. We promised when they let you marry me. They could have made us wait."

Kirsty did not answer because she was trying to ignore that side of her conscience that wanted to admit he was right.

They came to the main road and stood waiting to cross.

"The garage will be shut," Kirsty said.

"Yes," Martin stared at the poster outside the local cinema. "Shall we see this?" he asked

as if it did not very much matter what they did.

"It doesn't look very interesting," Kirsty objected. "Do you really want to?"

"Well, I'm not anxious to face your father again tonight, and it's too early for bed. We can't just walk around in the rain," he argued.

Kirsty stepped into the lighted vestibule. She had nothing left to say. They had suddenly joined the forlorn company of lovers with no other place to go.

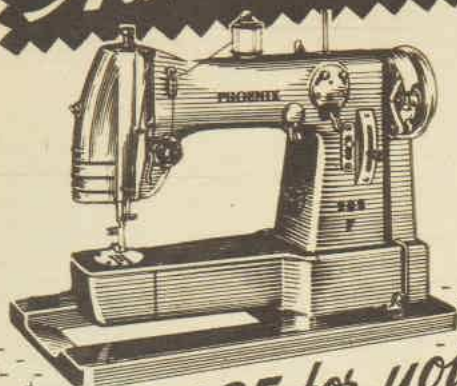
But though, once inside, they held hands in an absent-minded way, they were preoccupied with the continuity of their own thoughts. It imposed a lasting silence until, when they were

To page 34

"But if you and Mummy go away, what will Martin and I do?" Kirsty asked her father, with a catch in her voice.



PHOENIX *Automatic*



does **MORE** for you!

YES... this Modern Phoenix Automatic (guaranteed by Phoenix manufacturing experience since 1865), is a dream machine which does ALL your sewing...

Truly Automatic Fancy Stitches

Distinctive embroidery stitches just flow out to give beauty and individuality to dresses, blouses, table linen, pillow-slips, etc. So simple you'll be always using them. For there are

Unlimited Variations.

Although the push button changes designs instantly without having to change cam-discs every time, yet you are not limited to a few designs... new cam-discs (from the ever-increasing range) can be inserted in a few seconds.

Zigzag, Buttonholes.

Sewing on buttons are other features that are child's play with Phoenix Automatic, yet features so necessary to every woman or girl. The

Free Arm

gives undreamt-of ease to darning socks, embroidering sleeves, etc.

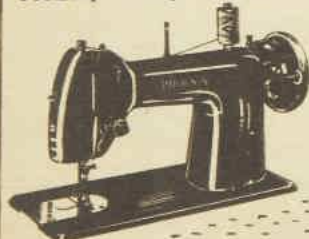
Tangle-Free Shuttle

gives true sewing simplicity, by making cotton tangles absolutely impossible.

A Full Range of Models

is offered by Phoenix, traditional Sewing Machine Specialists, in Library Tables, Cabinets, treadle or electric, in 240 volts or even 32 or 110 volts.

THEN, TOO, THERE IS



PHOENIX
PLAIN-SEWING
MODEL 350

Low priced, yet incorporating all the traditional quality and craftsmanship as found in the dearer Phoenix Models, the 350 sews forward and backward, hems, fells, quilts, sews in zips, in fact does all a plain sewer can do. The shuttle is the time-proven central bobbin type. Available in Portable Carrying Case or in Cabinet Models for electric or treadle, in 240 volt or even 32 or 110 volts.

There are **PHOENIX Dealers EVERYWHERE.**
City, Suburbs, and Country,

so that Lessons, Service, and Spare Parts... though rarely needed... are always available.

Write us for details and name of our nearest dealer:

J. PIERRE COUVE & Co. Pty. Ltd.

162 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

Established 1913

Phone BM 6874

Summer hats from Royal milliners . . .

... show fashions newest flight of (millinery) fancy. Shaped with potent flattery, the hats are worn back-swept, forward over the eyes, or side-tilted.



● Hat for formal occasion is named "The Oaks" by the designer, Madame Vernier, who is milliner to the Duchess of Kent. It is straw with a trim of flowers and ribbons.



● Dramatic effect is achieved with shaded blue crinoline straw in the wide-brimmed summer hat designed by Madame Vernier. The hat is worn tilted to shade the wearer's eyes.



● Upward-curling white ostrich feather trims the tiny navy-blue velvet half hat (above) by Kate Day. It is worn to show the hairline.

● Summer version of the boater (right) is made in crisp spotted tulle and coarse straw. It is from the Mount Street salon of Kate Day.



● Kate Day, who holds the Royal warrant as milliner to Her Majesty the Queen, designed this wide-brimmed hat made in white silk, spotted, lined, and banded in green.



● Simone Mirman, milliner to Princess Margaret, designed the high-crowned cloche (above) made in white shantung printed with an outside coin spot. The crown is draped.



● "There is nothing prettier than a chignon hat," says the Queen's milliner, who designed the one above made in yellow straw with a trimmed bandeau of white field daisies.





Getting Married

A GUST OF WIND caught the veil of Mrs. Philip Gibson as she left St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with her husband, and (from left) Mrs. Reg Moses, jun., Mrs. David Canning, Mrs. John Atwill, and Diane Greaves. BELOW: The bride, formerly Marcia Moses, arrives at St. Mark's with her father, Mr. Reg Moses.



MOTHER OF THE BRIDE, Mrs. Reg Moses, of Woollahra, arrives with Mr. Gavin Coboerft for her daughter's wedding to Philip Gibson, elder son of Mr. Lang Gibson and Mrs. Norman Hardy. The newlyweds will live on the bridegroom's property, "Kalonga," Keith, S.A.

LOVELY Gay Crawford, daughter of the Ken Crawfords, of "Nooroona," Holbrook, is wearing a sparkling diamond ring, the gift of her fiancé, John Vestey, who is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Vestey, of Kingston Russel House, Dorset, England.

The young couple met in London when Gay was on a two-and-a-half-year working holiday in England and Europe — she returned home about six weeks ago.

John arrives from London on February 25 and the wedding is to take place in Sydney on March 8. Gay will have four bridesmaids — her younger sister, Hilary, Sarah Gosse, of Adelaide, Robin Linsley, of "Harben Vale,"

Blandford, and Elizabeth Hughes.

The newlyweds leave a few days later for Venezuela, where they will live for about twelve months. And on March 28 Mr. and Mrs. Crawford sail for England to visit their eldest daughter, Margaret Ann, and her husband, Squadron-Leader Anthony Caillard, who were married in London in August.

A ROUND of pre-wedding parties is in full swing for fair-haired Charlie Scharf, who will marry Graham Bosch at All Saints' Church, Woollahra, on December 18. Her sister, Mrs. V. Hammond, who will be matron of honor at the wedding, gave a shower tea, Faye Elliott, a kitchen tea, Sue Primrose will give a linen tea on the 14th, and bridesmaid Judy Robb will be hostess at the spinsters' dinner.

ON a motoring holiday, touring through Canberra to Melbourne, are newlyweds Diana and Malcolm Ebbick, who will return to make their home at Point Piper.

THAT popular young couple Janette King and Jim Bain have chosen February 11 for their wedding — they'll be married at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse. Janette is the daughter of the R. M. Kings. *Anne*



WED AT ST. PHILIP'S. Dr. Graham Smith and his bride, leaving St. Philip's, Church Hill. Mrs. Smith was formerly Kerry Brockhoff, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Brockhoff, of Neutral Bay. Graham is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Smith, of Seaforth.



NEWLYWEDS. Richard Treweeke and his bride, formerly Robin Meikle, of Elizabeth Bay, leave the Scots' College Chapel, Bellevue Hill. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Treweeke, of Point Piper.



ARRIVING at the bride's home for the reception are Mr. and Mrs. Tom Reynolds (the former Jennifer Roche), followed by Roddy Meagher and Mrs. Michael Jones. The bridal party walked to and from St. Joseph's Church, Edgecliff, just along from the Roche home.

On Christmas Morning

Knight

INA—In Wine, and Royal with cushion-soft rubber soles, 18/11



Knight

NOLA—Pure wool felt in Wine, Royal and Black with leather soles, 19/11



Knight

SABINA—Moccasin Suede in Royal, Coffee and Black, 29/11



Knight

HARLEQUIN—Rainbow striped "Lurex" with black platform, 29/11



Take your pick of the Knight Slipper range. Glamorous Knights... practical Knights... homely Knights... casual Knights. They're all comfortable, and there's one for every Eve.

Knight

LOAFER—In "Hop-steppe" cloth with long-wearing rubber soles in red, pink and sage, 19/11



Knight

LORETTE—In Quilted satin in Burgundy, Royal and Black, 29/11



Knight

SAN TOI—In rich chinese brocade, available in Wine, Royal, Sage and Black, 29/11



FELT AND TEXTILES TV FEATURES — "Professor Browne's Study", GTV Channel 9, Tuesday, Thursday 6.52 p.m.; Sunday, 10 p.m. •

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 18, 1957

Give a Christmas *Knight*



Come home to Knight

Look for the name "Knight" on inside sole.

Available at 9 out of 10 stores throughout Australia

For all enquiries on Knight Slippers write to:
KNIGHT FOOTWEAR, C/- J. GOLDBERG FOOTWEAR AGENCY
 N.S.W.: 101 Clarence Street, Sydney. BN2041.
 VIC. & TAS.: 136 Flinders Street, Melbourne. MF3241.
 QLD.: King House, Queen Street, Brisbane. B0232.
 TOWNSVILLE: 65c Sturt Street, Townsville. 3550.
 SOUTH AUSTRALIA: 242 Pirie Street, Adelaide. W6275.
 WEST AUSTRALIA: 19 Gordon Street, Perth. BA2502



the final touch

So necessary to every woman, every girl. Anyone can offend through perspiration odour. There's nothing unusual about it—nature decides that you will perspire and that means perspiration odour. Don't be complacent because perspiration odours are not apparent to YOU, they are to others. You must use a personal deodorant to preserve after-bath freshness.

*Mum is no ordinary deodorant

Mum's exclusive ingredient M3* actually destroys the germs that make perspiration offensive . . . eliminates entirely all body odours for a full 24 hours.

Completely safe and delicately perfumed, Mum gives that minute-by-minute protection that lasts right from one shower to the next.

Mum is the deodorant you can be sure of.

The world's most successful deodorant, Mum never irritates normal skins . . . never rots your clothes.



*M3 is known to science as hexachlorophene—the wonder ingredient which destroys odour-causing bacteria without harm to skin and clothing.

MUM KEEPS YOU NICE TO BE NEAR—24 HOURS A DAY

MU1



OUR GAY GONDOLIER
Crisp Straw, alive with sunny colours.

MILLINERY. 164 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

Also Manly and Bankstown. Country customers please add 2/6.

Continuing . . . Too Young To Be Married

[from page 29]

nearly home again, Kirsty suddenly said:

"Don't worry, Martin. Daddy can't turn us out. He wouldn't, in any case. I'll soon talk him round."

Martin stopped short and looked at her. "D'you think I'd let you, after this?" he said with the first flash of anger she could remember knowing from him. "He's reminded me that I should be supporting my own wife. And he's right."

He strode on at a pace that had Kirsty breathless by the time they reached their gate. There was a light in her parents' room. She waited, shivering, while Martin felt in his pockets for his latchkey.

After a moment she murmured, "Don't be angry, Martin."

He turned, leaving the key in the lock. "I'm not," he said, his voice gentle with remorse.

He put an arm about her. It was strong, familiar, and reassuring. Kirsty pressed close, like a small creature taking shelter and, forgetting, Martin held her suddenly, intensely, as if they had slipped back into the days when their goodnights had been said here.

Martin pushed open the door. "We'll manage," he promised, switching on the light. He sounded buoyant, but Kirsty looked at his serious young face, his eyes, wide as an excited child's, his hair rumpled and soft because of the rain; and it was suddenly she who felt protective.

"Oh," she breathed, "why couldn't we have gone on as we were? We aren't ready. They must have known . . ."

Martin was unbuttoning her raincoat, one of the small, unnecessary ceremonies that she loved him to do because it made her feel cherished. She saw his hands slacken, his face grow expressionless.

"Martin," she faltered, realising that she had hurt him, not knowing how.

He straightened and smiled without looking into her eyes. "It's all right," he said quietly. His cheek touched hers, his lips were gentle, as if he were saying goodnight to a child. "Don't wait up for me."

Kirsty was in bed when he came, and pretending to be asleep, though she had left a light burning. She lay still, watching him surreptitiously as he emptied his pockets of keys and small change and chewed stubs of pencil. She made a drowsy counterfeit of waking, and Martin glanced her way. It was worth pretence to surprise that look of secret delight.

In a moment or two, out of range, she heard the stealthy sound of a drawer being opened and shut. And only then she remembered Martin asking her to fix his pyjama cord. It was one of the trivial details of living that crowded each other out, but Martin might think she would not bother to do him even that small kindness. She would have minded less if he had stormed at her.

Martin picked up his dressing-gown, and somehow that touched a conscience that was already raw from her own in-expert probing.

"Not that dreadful object," she burst out irritably. "Unless you want me to think I've married a tramp."

She longed to unsay it. The words brought her no respite. Martin stood very still, looking at her strangely.

"Sorry," he said. "I didn't know you hated it."

When Martin came back from the bathroom she had already switched off the light. Darkness magnified the sound of his breathing, his stumbling efforts to move quietly. She waited, her body a complex of love and resentment, deter-

mined that he should not guess it.

If he had said the most tentative of goodnights she would have answered, but he did not speak. Neither of them slept for a long while. They were proving a new truth: that lying awake together in unfriendly silence was far lonelier than any solitude they had ever known.

Next morning Kirsty was dressed and down to breakfast by a quarter-past seven. Her mother raised her brows, but said placidly:

"I'm glad you're early. We want to have a long day out as it's fine."

"Is it?" Kirsty asked with a listless glance from the window. She fidgeted with the curtains. "Mummy, do you really want that house?"

"Of course," Tina said briskly. "I shall like being nearer the Firths; and, then, it's a small place and will mean less housework." She laughed. "I think I've earned my retirement, too."

"Oh!" Kirsty stared. "I see."

"So don't think we're sacrificing our comfort," Tina picked up the coffee pot and concentrated on pouring out. "I know we've been selfish, keeping you with us. You've been very patient, especially Martin—a man feels more important in a home of his own. But it's given you a good start."

She glanced at Kirsty, but the girl was staring at her plate. Tina got up hurriedly, inventing an excuse that would take her to the kitchen and keep her there until she had learned to be strong-minded again.

"By the way," she said. "I don't know what time we'll be back, so you'll need to get supper. It's Martin's night at the College, and he always comes in hungry."

Kirsty made no promises. In her present mood she felt that a little gentle starvation would do Martin no harm. But when, after a harassing day, her employer casually expected her to work overtime, she said concernedly, "Is it urgent, Mr. Fulton? I've a long journey home, and my husband will be needing his supper."

It sounded odd, self-important, and rather cosy. Her imagination liked its own picture of herself and Martin; but she knew, by the look in his eye, that Fulton did not see it like that.

"Very well, I'll ask Miss Abbot," he said coldly. "She never minds staying."

Why should she, Kirsty thought. Miss Abbot was fifty-three and lived alone in a divan-room somewhere off Copland Road.

"You realise that so far as the firm is concerned, marriage is just a spare-time activity?" he added. "Now where should I be if I let my domestic problems interfere with business?"

Kirsty would have liked to answer that they often did, seeing that she had just typed his personal laundry list and a letter about his wife's new drawing-room curtains. But she had learned to recognise a rhetorical question when she heard one.

It was strange to come home to a quiet house, to a blank and unfriendly stove. Kirsty went upstairs and opened the bedroom door . . . and stared. Martin was there, struggling with the sheets and blankets of an unmade bed, but otherwise the room was just as they had left it that morning; and it looked revolting.

"Oh!" she wailed, "it's too bad! Mummy's head's full of nothing but that wretched house."

Martin looked up. "I sup-

pose it's really our job," he said reasonably. "If—"

"How tactful of you not to say that it's mine," she snapped. "Here, let me do it, or you'll be late."

Martin reached for his jacket. He was watching her anxiously, like a small boy who wonders what he has done wrong.

"I'll always do my share," he said, "but it's still too much for you."

Kirsty looked up, her face flushed with decision. "Martin, if we must move, couldn't we take a service flat nearer town? It would be easier to run."

"And it would cost the earth," He laughed as if there was no possibility of taking that seriously. Kirsty realised that he had been thinking, too; but that, for him, it was no new thought. She wondered how long he had been quietly planning and hoping for this, with the deep instinct of a man for some place of his own. "The Building Society repayments wouldn't be anything like as much."

"But we could afford it. We're both working."

"Suppose you weren't?" Martin looked at her squarely. "Or had you planned to go on indefinitely?"

The image of Miss Abbot presented itself, moving drolly between office and lonely room. "They probably won't let me, after today," she said, enjoying self-pity. "Mr. Fulton wanted me to work late, and I said I couldn't, because of you."

Martin gave her a sympathetic hug as he came by. "Poor Kirsty, have you had a bad day? Meet me after class, and we'll get a meal somewhere."

His tone was conciliatory, but assured, as if whatever she said, however she pleaded, there was no way but this. She thumped a pillow.

"So that I can shirk the job of getting your supper?" she asked illogically. "No thanks! I'm not giving you another chance to be ashamed of your undomesticated little wife."

Martin did not answer, and she looked up challengingly to see why. His mouth was stiff, his eyes dark with bewilderment and pain.

"They're starting a class in Marriage Guidance," he said. "Maybe we'd better join it."

He slammed out of the room and down the stairs. Kirsty, staring after him, was mistily aware that the telephone was ringing. Well . . . she supposed Martin would answer it.

If Martin had been angry she would not have cared, but his despair hit her over the heart. The sound of the door opening and shutting told her that he had come back, yet she would not look at him, childishly, because she told herself that he must apologise first. "Kirsty," he said, "that was your father—"

She turned then, with a little sob of fear. "Oh, no!"

"What?" Martin's grave young face relaxed into tenderness. He came and held her gently. "No, nothing's wrong. Just that the mist's down at Cowal, and the Firths are making them stay overnight."

Kirsty leaned against him, glad of this excuse to forgive and be forgiven. In a hesitant voice she asked, "Did he say whether they've decided . . ."

"They're buying the house," Martin said, and Kirsty gave a tiny sigh.

"We'll manage," he told her again. "It won't be easy, but there are thousands like us. I think my firm would advance some money."

"How much have we got?" "Fifty pounds that we were going to use as a deposit on that car, and as much again towards our holidays."

"Oh!" she said with sharp regret for their unthinking youth. "Martin, aren't we going to have fun again?"

"Some people would think it fun just being married."

She pulled away from him with a little movement of distress and went to the window. After a moment he followed her. She put out her hand.

"Martin, I'm scared."

"So am I," he said. He took her into his arms again and looked down at her seriously. "Scared that we'll still be like this in five or ten years' time, putting it off with excuses because we're afraid to grow up?"

He felt the startled response of her body, and smiled. "Well, are we? We thought we could go on as we'd always done, except that we'd be living together, but that's not how it ought to be. Marriage ought to strike its own roots."

There was no sound in the house, nor in the darkening street. They stared at each other, aware of their unfamiliar isolation that would grow stranger and more emphatic with night, and their doors shut against the world. It was as obscure as a journey without maps. Kirsty had not imagined it quite like this; but, looking into Martin's eyes, she saw that he had. "You'll miss your bus," she said on an uncertain note. "Shall I stay at home?" he asked.

Because that was exactly what she wanted, too, and she was suddenly too shy to say so, so she shook her head.

"No," she murmured. They were not children any longer, snatching every toy from the Christmas tree because they did not understand the meaning of tomorrow.

Presently there would be the sound of Martin's quick, returning steps on the path, his key in the door. She held him an instant longer; an instant that was a declaration and a promise. "But hurry back to me."

(Copyright)

SANDWICHES

Call for
French's
PREPARED
MUSTARD



No Mix! No Waste!
Ready to serve!

NOW! Pure Cows' Milk in "gold-lined" cans

NOT Condensed...NOT a Powder...NOT Evaporated



Perfect for **CAMPING, PICNICS,** and holiday living
Just think how much better it would be to have *real* milk for picnics, camping and other outdoor meals. Now you can — with easy-to-carry, no-waste Tongala Sterilized Milk.

TONGALA STERILIZED MILK is pure cows' milk sealed in 'gold-lined' cans to protect its wonderful goodness — permanently

Tongala Sterilized Milk is a necessity to housewives, particularly for the children. It means you can have natural cows' milk of the highest quality at all times.

Tongala Sterilized Milk has many essential uses and advantages. For instance, it's homogenised... the rich cream globules are evenly distributed so that every last drop in the "gold-lined" can is packed full of creamy flavour. What's more, this makes it more readily digestible, even by the youngest child... so safe for baby and the invalid.

Scientists' reports from both Australian and overseas laboratories prove that Sterilized Milk contains all the essential food values of fresh natural milk.

Tongala Sterilized Milk is an essential holiday item. Unopened, it cannot turn sour, keeps indefinitely — and in all weathers, too! Opened, Tongala Milk stays fresh longer than ordinary milk. On any trip, take wholesome, vitamin-packed Tongala Milk with you — all the family will love it. At home, keep a supply always handy.

Never "run-out" of milk again

Unexpected guests, accidents with jugs or bottles, or other emergency calls on your milk supply, will never worry you if you keep a stock of Tongala Sterilized Milk.



It's homogenised

Homogenisation keeps Tongala's rich cream content evenly distributed throughout the milk — makes it so easy to digest.



Ask your grocer today for
TONGALA
STERILIZED MILK
There's a wealth of health in sterilized milk



The BETTER Milk for children and invalids

Tongala Sterilized Milk is the *safe* milk for all — particularly for children and invalids — because it is absolutely pure, germ-free and of standardised high quality.



Harmony of Colour

for Lips and Nails



Only Cutex brings you all the newest radiant fashion colours for lips and fingertips. Colours to flatter every complexion, every costume. You save money, too, because Cutex nail polish lasts so much longer—absolutely defies chipping and peeling. For matching lips, choose Cutex Stay Fast Lipstick (with super lanolin). Keeps your lips lovely with colour all day, all evening long. So creamy, so lasting, you'll hardly believe your own lips. Choose Cutex today... in the newest, most exciting fashion colours.

for lasting Beauty...

CUTEX

Cutex Swivel Lipstick, 7/11
Cutex "Stayfast" Lipstick, 4/11
Cutex Nail Polish... 3/3 regular
Cutex Nail Brilliance... 4/9



a professional hairstyler

in
your
own
home!

Wavol Shampoo, the choice of leading hairstylists, will bring to your hair that magical, "professional" look—a look of lustrous vitality and perfect grooming.

Use Wavol Shampoo for enchanting hair beauty.



Wavol REG.

Economical, concentrated, soapless shampoo.
For all shades of hair. 4 oz. bottle, 3/6

ASK FOR WAVOL AT YOUR NEAREST
CHEMIST OR BEAUTY SALON!

FOR THAT SPECIAL HAIR PROBLEM

Lustreol works miracles on dry, brittle hair. Use Lustreol Hair Vitaliser before shampooing, and watch new highlights spring to life.

ECONOMY TUBE 3/3 (Slightly more in some areas)



AT-HOME DRESSING...



• Summer breakfast-gown (above) in tailored white linen has a chic, dressed look, combining elegance with practicability. The gown is unbelted, and is finished at collar, cuffs, and pocket edges with an embroidery trim.



• Chic, easy-going fashions: At left, a "cover-up" apron embroidered with a Tyrolean motif, worn over tailored slacks and long-sleeved shirt. At right, a chemise over-all dress with kimono sleeves and big, roomy pockets.



• Smart kitchen ensembles: At left, a loose overblouse made in coarsen cotton worn with slender slacks. At right, striped one-piece overalls, front-fastened and finished with a round collar and long, cuffed sleeves.

NEW IDEAS

● House pyjamas, not seen since the 'twenties, are back in fashion. Below are two examples in printed cotton. Far right, lace-trimmed sleeping pyjamas with knicker trouser-legs.

Here is high fashion in "at-home" dressing chosen for the patio, kitchen, and boudoir. The clothes are chic, amusing, or glamorous, as the occasion demands. The designs are all currently fashionable and superb in every detail.



LEFT: Two boudoir coats made in white nylon, floor-sweeping and glamorous: a tailored design with balloon sleeves and a lace-trimmed coat worn over a matched gown.

ABOVE: Patio ensemble of a straight-cut, lace-trimmed white nylon jacket worn with a pair of tightly ruched scarlet trousers. The ballet shoes match the trousers.

say it with *Flowers*



... say it with the
Fragrance
of Potter & Moore gifts

Exciting news from the world's fashion centres. The new feminine touch decrees flower-fresh fragrance the perfume of the moment. Delicate—subtle—as feminine as chiffon with delightful morning dew freshness.

Delicate flower fragrance captured by Potter and Moore in its loveliest form... refreshing Skin Perfume and silky soft Talcum Powder attractively presented in four favourite flower fragrances. A dainty bouquet for you... a wonderful gift idea.

Mitcham Lavender Skin Perfume	8/6	Talcum Powder	6/3
		Medium size 3/9	
Lily of the Valley Skin Perfume	10/11	Talcum Powder	5/6
Apple Flower Fragrance Skin Perfume	10/11	Talcum Powder	5/6
Gardenia Skin Perfume	10/11	Talcum Powder	5/6



Potter & Moore

DRESS SENSE *By Betty Keep*

● The short overblouse worn with a matching skirt is high-fashion this summer.

THE fashion item above answers a reader's query. Here is the letter and my reply:

"Would you please design something very new and pretty in floral silk and suggest a suitable hat to wear with the outfit? My fitting is 34in. bust and I am hoping to get a pattern in the style you suggest. I am 26 and like anything new and sophisticated in fashion. I want the waist of the dress to be fitted."

The two-piece dress illustrated here—a short overblouse worn with a pleated skirt—would be new and attractive made in a flower print. Why not have a little hat in the same material? The head-to-toe-color look is becoming more and more important.

I hope you will like the design. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

MY daughter, aged 15, has to attend a small Christmas party and I wondered if you could advise me about her frock, for which I have bought some pretty floral nylon."

I suggest a design with a full skirt, a square (not too low) back-and-front neckline, and sleeves with bloused fullness caught with a narrow band above the elbow. Have the waist finished with a narrow velvet ribbon sash tied with a small posy of flowers.

I HAVE a black silk organza frock I want to alter, as it is too plain. The frock has a high round neck, short sleeves, and a full, gathered skirt. I thought it would be nice to add some white or a pastel shade."

A large bertha collar in layers of white organdie would add interest and neckline glamor to your black dress.

RECENTLY I saw a photograph in a paper of a very pretty hat that appeared to be made in spotted net. Would this idea be suitable to wear to a late-afternoon wedding?"

Yes, I think the idea would be most attractive for a late-afternoon wedding. Black silk veiling or tulle would be the best



DS 273.—Skirt and matching top in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney.

material choice. You did not mention how the hat you admired was made. I have seen several swathed turbans in tulle and they look very glamorous.

"COULD you suggest some new ideas for lingerie, mainly nightgown styles?"

Fullness falling straight from a yoke or from a satin-bound scoop neckline is the lingerie interpretation of the sack-line—and is one of the newest lingerie silhouettes of the season. Designs in this category are mainly short, just below knee-level, slightly longer, or mid-calf. The Empire line, with a high shirred or fitted bosom-section accented with bow, streamers, and a lace trim, is another popular silhouette.

"WHAT style of costume jewellery would you suggest to wear with a perfectly plain unbelted black late-afternoon dress?"

The unadorned black dress looks very new worn with a long necklace or a multi-strand arrangement. The necklaces are made in milky white, jet black, and vivid colored beads, or in gilt chains strung with fake pearls or multi-colored crystal.

Beauty in brief:

Shampoos for scent and shine

By CAROLYN EARLE

● When you shampoo your hair, a few drops of cologne or toilet water in the final rinsing water add an agreeable but not overpowering scent. Suitable sessions with the hairbrush encourage a sheen.

NOWADAYS finding shampoos for a particular type of hair is relatively simple. The majority of manufacturers label their products for dry, oily, or normal hair.

However, there is one important point to note: Shampoos should be mild and not sting the scalp.

Another small point that is helpful

when you've just had a shampoo and set and think that your hair-do is a bit stiff:

Brush it; this will not only loosen the hair and make it look more natural, but it is actually good for a new setting.

A timid touch of a comb on the new set doesn't do a thing for the average head.

Remember on Christmas Day



... this charming way



A joy to give... and to receive — "Old Gold". Each ½-lb. box contains 24 delicious chocolates, 17 different centres.

"Old Gold" is available everywhere in ¼-lb., 1-lb. and 2-lb. boxes.

— give "Old Gold" — Australia's favourite box of chocolates

CHOOSE FROM THESE WONDERFUL MAC. ROBERTSON ASSORTMENTS, TOO.



"Clematis"—an attractive 2-lb. tin of dark and milk chocolates.



"Playmates"—milk chocolates with soft, hard and firm centres in a 12-oz. tin.



"Tiger Lily"—a fine quality milk and dark chocolate assortment in 2-lb. tins.

Made for a Merrier Christmas by

MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery.



Complete protection... the easy way with new **ODO-RO-NO**

PUSH-UP STICK DEODORANT

Protection starts the second you smooth on this superior new stick deodorant. *One quick motion* and NEW ODO-RO-NO banishes odour and embarrassing underarm moisture. Only the ODO-RO-NO triple combination formula gives:

- ★ NEW glide-on action that dries as you apply; instantly sponges up excess moisture.
- ★ NEW instant ingredient that destroys odour on contact.
- ★ NEW skin softener to smooth sensitive underarms.

Try ODO-RO-NO Stick today... it's ideal for you... for him... for every member of your family.

**NEW instant
ODO-RO-NO
PUSH-UP STICK
DEODORANT**



STICK DEODORANT

6/11



ODO-RO-NO — the safest, surest deodorant of all is also available in economical spray or cream form.

K262

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

CHRISTMAS is very near, and once again dear old Santa will be commercialised at the shops. There will be fat, thin, tall, short, smiling, and serious Santas. No wonder the little ones are baffled. Our only solution is to tell the children that we never see the real Santa, that the men at the shops are his helpers. So are mothers, fathers, relatives, and friends, and even the children who gather gifts. As the years of imagination are few, let the children have their Santa. But, as they grow older, tell them why we never see him. Explain that Santa is the spirit of love, going all over the world on Christmas Eve, the night before the birthday of the Baby Jesus born so long ago: the Baby who brought love into the world, who in manhood showed the people that giving was love and happiness.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Vardill, 15 Suttor St., Ainslie, Canberra, A.C.T.

AS a boy of 16, I feel it's time adults took a more considerate view of rock-'n-roll. When analysed, it's only a different form of music. We don't mind if you don't like it, but please don't denounce us because we do. Associating the rhythm with "bodgies" and "widgies" is entirely wrong. I'd be offended if I were termed "bogie" because I like this dancing and so would my friends. You see, those idiots who wish to become "bodgies" only take up rock-'n-roll because, knowing adults dislike it, they feel they should like it. Once grown-ups approved, "bodgies" would immediately consider rock-'n-roll square, and leave it alone!

10/6 to Geoffrey Kendall, 51 Coolana St., Lota, Qld.

WHEN I bought a summer dress recently I was very thrilled to find a pocket arranged in the placket. Now I have somewhere to keep my handkerchief, instead of pushing it up my sleeve, or through my belt, and usually losing it. I know we're meant to keep handkerchiefs in handbags, but we don't carry bags when indoors. While men have too many pockets women too often have none. My new dress is one of the exceptions. It's a feature of design that should be used more often than it is.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Clague, 1 Coorara Ave., Payneham South, S.A.

I HAVE always chosen Christmas cards with great care, especially with regard to the suitability of the wording for different people. Last Christmas I chose one which conveyed a very special thought, but when admiring the cards displayed in this particular lady's home was completely flattened when she said: "I never bother to read the verses." Are there many people like that? If so, how much of the Christmas happiness they must miss.

10/6 to "Noel" (name supplied), Melbourne.

NEXT year I intend to obtain my permit and learn to drive, but each time I mention this to a man I see a despairing expression creep over his face, and hear a sarcastic remark about women drivers. This has begun to annoy me very much. There's nothing to prevent a woman from driving as well as any man, and I'm determined to show those cynics.

10/6 to Miss B. Cleary, 20 Mellor St., Meadowbank, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

THE Queen Mother on her five-day visit to New South Wales will not make any speeches. This is an example that could be followed by a lot of people who live here permanently.

10/6 to J. Taylor, 5 Hillcrest Pde., Adamstown Heights, N.S.W.

The case of the candles

BLOWING out candles on birthday cakes is certainly a hygienic, Mrs. E. M. (20/11/57). At branch birthday functions of the C.W.A. in Victoria a fan is provided to extinguish the flame.

10/6 to Mrs. E. H. Zenner, Heidelberg Branch C.W.A. Vic.

IT may interest Mrs. E.M. (20/11/57) to know that at Women's Institute party in England the guest of honour was handed a small be-ribboned pair of bellows to blow out the lighted candles on the birthday cake.

10/6 to D. G. Miller, "Riverville," Donnybrook, W.A.

PEOPLE who crowd around a party-table have to breathe Mrs. E.M. (20/11/57), so doubtless most party fare is "contaminated." And surely you don't think shopkeepers are breathing when serving customers with cooked foods?

10/6 to Mrs. R. H. Smith, 452 Parramatta Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.

Family affairs

FOR two-and-a-half years since their marriage, my son and his wife have been living with me while waiting to build their house. As no kitchen is big enough for two women, we worked out a scheme. Since we both like cooking, we thought it a good idea to take turns week about with the housekeeping and cooking. The housekeeping money is put in a purse, and the "cook" does her own marketing. This way we are able to try new recipes, and have variety in the menu. The one who is not cooking does the housework. We have lived in harmony, had time for visiting, sewing, or gardening during our week off, and, though an 18-month-old baby boy has joined our household, our scheme of work is still running smoothly as ever.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Olga Lilley, Victoria St., East Ringwood, Vic.

● Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Second of a new series—

SCIENCE FACTS

THREE major rays from the sun and outer space are constantly bombarding the earth or the earth's atmosphere. They are cosmic rays, ultra-violet rays, and X-rays.

Cosmic rays are tiny particles of electricity travelling at enormous speed.

The Russian satellites, the Sputniks, are orbiting at about 18,000 miles an hour, which is five miles a second, or 10 times the speed of a rifle bullet.

But cosmic rays travel at 186,000 miles a second, which is about the speed of light and 37,000 times as fast as the Sputniks.

Cosmic rays travel so fast that they go right through human bodies, dive yards into the earth, and will penetrate feet-thick steel plate.

They come from outside the solar system, from the depths of the Milky

Way, and occasionally from the sun during the sun-spot activity.

They are similar to some of the deadly radiation products of the atom bomb, and will kill if absorbed in sufficient quantities.

Although human beings are protected by the atmosphere from lethal bombardment of cosmic rays, the rays are still an unsolved problem for the space traveller.

Cosmic rays may be essential for genetic reasons—may cause a change in reproductive genes, those tiny groups of cells which determine hereditary characteristics of children.

The rays may perhaps be the origin of life itself.

● Ross Campbell, whose column appears here each week, is on sick leave.

Ultra-violet rays and X-rays, which come from the sun, are "electromagnetic waves" which, like light and radio waves, travel at about 186,000 miles a second.

The different properties of these four waves depend on their wavelength—the shorter the wavelength the more dangerous the radiation. Individual X-rays are less than a millionth of an inch long.

X-rays don't reach the earth, but a tiny percentage of the total amount of ultra-violet rays bombarding the earth gets through the atmosphere.

They sunburn, but, more important, they and X-rays create the ionosphere and are therefore responsible for making possible long-distance radio communications.

Without them, and the special atmospheric layers they create, it would be impossible to "bounce" radio waves around the world.

Get rid of these dangerous *and annoying* insect pests

with



Mortein Insect Powder

Mortein Insect Powder will rid your home of silverfish, cockroaches, ants or fleas with remarkable speed and effectiveness. It is specially recommended for the destruction of fleas on dogs because it is non-irritating. The original Mortein Insect Powder was the forerunner of all household insecticides in Australia and the new, improved Mortein Insect Powder is, to-day, the most modern of all insect powders. This proves the wisdom of the traditional Mortein slogan, "When you're on a good thing, stick to it."



Mortein Plus

Mortein Plus kills flies and all other insect pests with such speed and certainty that it outsells all other insect sprays by 4 to 1. Mortein, beyond all question, is the most powerful insect spray in Australia—and the safest to use. Mortein is fatal to flies but harmless to humans. There is no D.D.T. in Mortein. Its amazing insect-killing power results from the inclusion of pyrethrum and piperonyl butoxide in the exclusive Mortein formula.



Mortein Pressure★Pak

No sprayer required! When the button is pressed a highly penetrating mist of Mortein is released. This insect-killing mist floats into every part and corner of the room—even behind curtains and furnishings. It quickly kills all flies and mosquitoes. Properly used, Mortein Pressure★Pak goes very much further than ordinary fly sprays. Three to four seconds' spraying per room is sufficient. It will not taint foodstuffs, so can be used with complete safety at all times.

1/2 THE WORK FOR LOVELIER, MORE NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS



RICHARD HUDNUT NEW QUICK Home Permanent with the amazing, non-cloudy, crystal-pure Wave Lotion!

THIS wonderful Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion penetrates so completely and quickly, that much more hair can be wound on each curler. As a result, you can give yourself a lovely, natural-looking perm in the latest fashionable soft styles, with only 20 curlers—half the winding time, half the arm work. And remember, there is only 10 minutes waving time with Richard Hudnut New Quick.

2 NEW STYLE WAVES WITH ONLY 20 CURLERS OR ONE ALL-OVER PERM IN EACH BOX. Richard Hudnut New Quick Wave Lotion is so pure and efficient that, unlike ordinary, cloudy wave lotions, the unused half can be recapped and saved for another wave. If you want a soft, 20-curler wave you get two waves from the one box. If you desire an all-over perm, using more than 20 curlers, use all the wave lotion.

A MORE NATURAL-LOOKING, STRONGER, LONGER-LASTING WAVE, WHICHEVER STYLE YOU PREFER. Whether you desire one of the latest 20-curler modern-style waves or an "all-over" perm, you will find this amazing new Richard Hudnut development will give you the most natural-looking, strongest, full-bodied, longest-lasting wave you've ever known. No more weak surface waves... they're deep down and won't wash out. No more dry, frizzy waves because Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion is lanolized. And Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Permanent leaves no unpleasant "after-permanent" odour.



Choose the Richard Hudnut Home Perm made specially for your type of hair.

RED BOX. For EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR and for soft, natural curls in Normal Hair.
GREEN BOX. For HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR and for tighter, firmer curls in Normal Hair.

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE... 13/-

GIVE YOUR HAIR A REAL XMAS GIFT THIS YEAR

... and for those end curls and between-perm pickups —

RICHARD HUDNUT



Quickette

END CURL HOME PERM

Keep your hair always perfectly styled in between perms with this smaller-size Richard Hudnut Home Perm. Two pickups in each package. 9/-

Worth Reporting

MOST Sydney art enthusiasts have a nodding acquaintance with artists.

But we went to Sydney's Macquarie Galleries for the opening of Ian Fairweather's one-man show of paintings, and found no one there who had ever seen the artist.

Fairweather qualifies as the mystery-man of the Australian art world, and Gallery directors Treanor Smith and Mary Killen say they wouldn't be able to recognise him.

They deal with him only by letter and they are forbidden by the artist to pass on his address.

Fairweather leads a hermit beachcomber existence "somewhere" on the North Queensland coast.

In 1952 he caused an international stir when he crossed the Timor Sea on a six-foot home-made raft to Indonesia.

He was refused right of entry, imprisoned for three months when he refused to leave, and had to be extricated by the British Government.

The 55-year-old artist, who is believed to have been in a British Guards Regiment, paints Australian into his strange swamp landscapes.

He is one of the few Australian artists to have a picture included in London's Tate Gallery permanent exhibition.

Others are William Dobell, Russell Drysdale, and Sydney Nolan.

In his present show Fairweather is exhibiting a street scene painted in Manila and several portraits of islanders.

He is represented in most Australian National Galleries.

Worm your way to prosperity

MENTION silkworms to a child and you'll be talking to an avid, if generally inexperienced, collector.

But mention silkworms to Zoe, Lady Hart Dyke, and it's business.

Lady Hart Dyke has a silkworm farm at Ayot St. Lawrence, Hertfordshire, England.

Her worms became famous when they supplied the silk for the Queen's Coronation robe in 1953.

Although Lady Hart Dyke makes a basic contribution to the world of fashion, she makes no claim to be one of the "best-dressed women."

In a B.B.C. talk recently she recalled the time she had arrived rather early to lecture at a large country-house.

Her Ladyship was met by the butler, who mistook her for the cleaner.

She was hurried into an overall and told to clean out a room — in which she was later to lecture.

Then the mistake was discovered. Exit the butler, embarrassed.

Like other farmers, Lady Hart Dyke has a full-time job. "I usually get up about 5.30 a.m.," she said.

"It takes about four hours to feed the silkworms. Then I have something to eat, answer the mail, and work till about 9 p.m."

Postscript: It takes about 20 tons of mulberry leaf to rear 1,000,000 silkworms.



"Say—that one looks good on you."

IF you listen to that controversial "Goon Show" you'll know that the babble of background voices are merely repeating "Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb..."

And you'll appreciate what happened at a recent physiology lecture at Sydney University.

The lecturer had explained a point, and asked students to discuss it among themselves.

There was a great wave of sound. The lecturer sat back happily, convinced he had evoked real response.

Little did he know: most of the students were saying vigorously, "Physiological rhubarb, physiological rhubarb..."

Sultan's gift to nurses: £7/4/3

THE work of Florence Nightingale and her band of nurses during the Crimean War (1853-1856) is world-renowned.

Because this year is Florence Nightingale's centenary, Mr. J. Blake, of Mordialloc, Victoria, has sent us a photostat copy of a document which originally belonged to his grandmother, who was one of Florence Nightingale's nurses.

The document is a letter to Mrs. Blake from the War Department, and it is dated January 2, 1857.

"His Imperial Majesty, the Sultan (of Turkey), having been pleased to place at the disposal of Her Majesty's Government a sum of money for the benefit of the Ladies and Nurses who served in the British Hospitals on the Bosphorus and in the Crimea, I am directed to inform you that the share of each paid nurse, entitled to participate in this gift, is seven pounds, four shillings, and threepence."

The letter ends with the "approbation of Her Majesty's Government of the services you rendered to the Soldiers of the British Army in our Hospitals in the East."

HEREWITH the story of an unfortunate gentleman.

A few years ago he heard of the dangers of tobacco. So he gave up smoking.

He began drinking rather heavily. But he developed high blood pressure, so he stopped drinking and chewed candy instead.

Soon after he showed symptoms of an ulcer. He gave up sweet things, and went on a vegetarian diet.

All this paid dividends because his health improved.

Then he died in a traffic accident.

Search for the best homemakers

MODERN homemaking is becoming more and more scientific. "Homemakers of the future," say experts, "will have wonderful opportunities to make pleasant and economically run homes."

So it's no surprise to find that scientific home management — with cooking and laundering — is the subject for an Australia-wide home-science award next year.

The award to the "housewife of the future" is being arranged by a South Australian firm of domestic-appliance manufacturers.

Beginning in January, the firm will make a nation-wide search for Australia's best domestic-science student.

She will be awarded £300. Second prize is £75, with £25 for third.

Semi-finalists from each State will be flown to Sydney for two days of final judging — and some sightseeing as well.

THE other day we heard of a man who had a habit of studying people. On his way to work he would give his fellow travellers imaginary names and make a guess at their professions.

There was Victor the Violinist. Victor had long hair, eccentric clothes, and always carried a violin case.

Then Victor and the man-who-studied-people met in the local library.

In conversation Victor announced he was a film projectionist.

And why the violin case? "Oh, that?" he said. "It's just the right size to carry a couple of tennis racquets and my sandwiches."

"Nothing like tennis for keeping fit."

Empire leader is no soldier—yet

TO lead the fabulous House of Dior is a prospect to unnerve most aspirants to the heights of high fashion.

But Yves St. Laurent, hailed by Dior as his "spiritual successor," has become the new head of the world's most famous fashion house with quiet dignity, says Marcelle Poirier, of our Paris staff.

St. Laurent is 21. Tall and thin, he looks more like a junior professor than a fashion designer. And, like Dior, he is shy, quiet, and gentle.

With Dior's associate, Madame Raymonde, head of the workrooms Madame Marguerite, and milliner Madame Bricard, St. Laurent will control the vast Dior empire. It has branches in New York, London, and Caracas.

St. Laurent's accession to Dior's fashion throne has its more down-to-earth aspect for the young couturier.

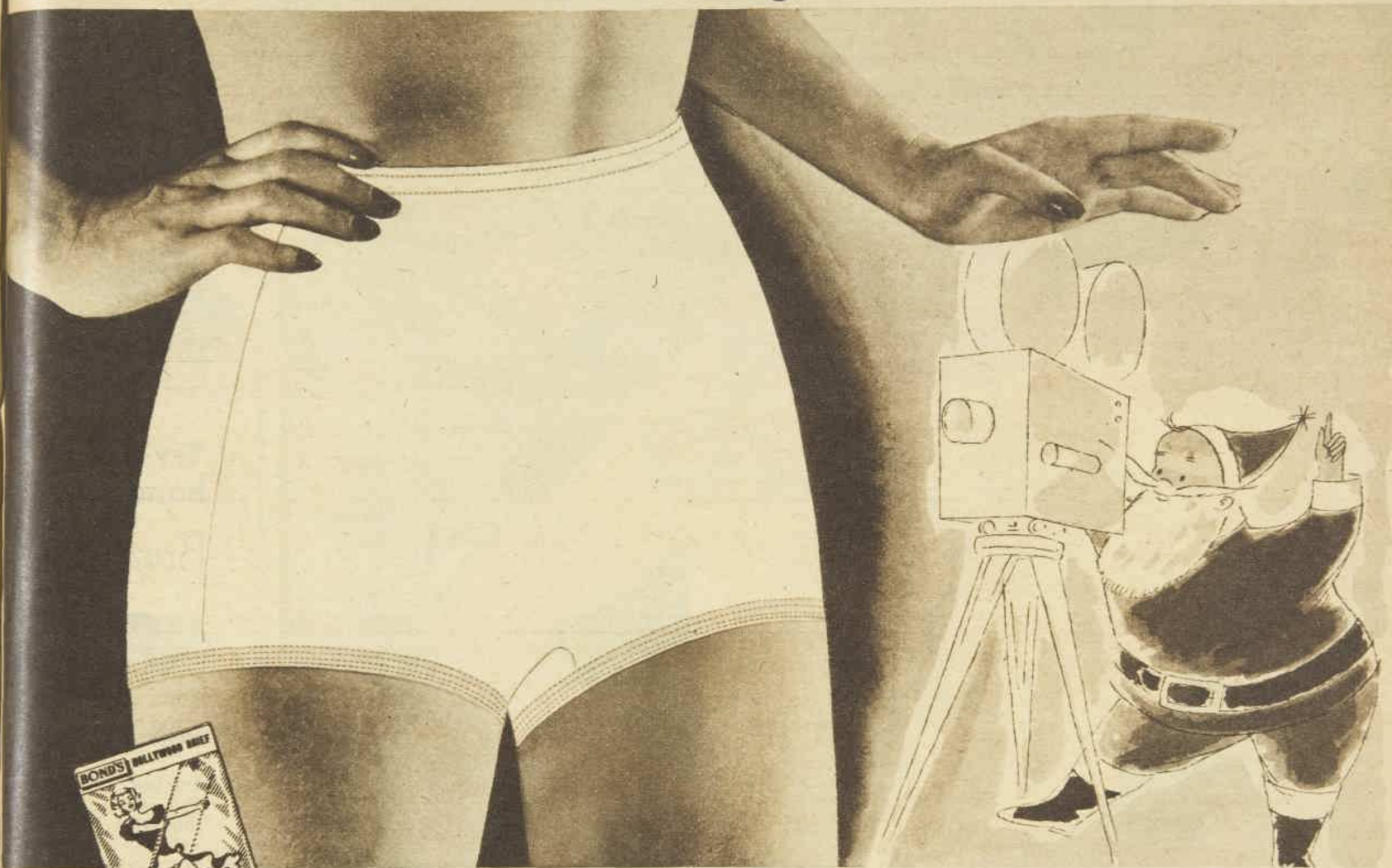
He has been granted a further delay in his compulsory national service training.

He is still obliged to do two years' service in the Army, and he can be called up at any time to join a regiment.

But it's likely that he will be given the same privileges as medical students, who begin their Army training at 28, when they are fully qualified.

BOND'S

3 pages Gift Ideas



Give "Hollywood" Briefs

if she likes her briefs silky

- (1) Cool glove silk—smooth, sleek and wrinkle-free. (2) Elasticised legs and waistband for comfortable, snug fit.
- (3) Easy to wash, iron and quick to dry. (4) Wrapped in hygienic cello-pack. (5) In white and peach, SSW-OS, 6/11.

6'11



Ban-Lon

She'll fall in love with these "stretch-to-fit-you" undies with the "kitten-soft" feel!

- (1) Neat contour fit. (2) 100% nylon processed for year-round wear. (3) Washes easily—dries quickly—needs no ironing. (4) Controlled stretch—shrink-resistant. In peach and white, sizes SW-OS.

PANTIE

VEST

BRIEF

21' 18'11 17'11

"Cottontails"

designed in U.S.A. by Munsingwear
MADE HERE BY BOND'S

- (1) Smoothly knitted from soft, combed cotton. Wash easily, can be boiled, need no ironing. (2) Highly absorbent. (3) Fit is smooth, sleek, wrinkle-free. (4) "Action Gusset" can't bunch or chafe. (5) Nylon reinforced legbands. (6) Elastic waistband lasts the life of briefs. In White.

Girls' sizes 3-13, lightweight, from

5'11

Girls' Interlock from 6/3.

Women's SSW-OS, lightweight, 7/6. interlock, 7/11.



Every son and dad wants



Lemon, Blue, White. Pre-packed in smart cello bag.

Bond's Boys' T-shirts

Another example of Bond's close affiliation with Munsingwear (U.S.A.). These T-shirts have all the features of overseas garments, including the nylon-reinforced neckband that slips so easily over your head, then returns to shape . . . without sagging. The fabric is finest cotton interlock knitted by Bond's to give high quality at the right price. The shoulder seams are taped to give added strength where it is needed most.

Your Bond's T-shirt is easy to launder . . . needs no ironing . . . never loses its shape or fit. It's tailored to fit, and true to size. For men they're in two styles . . . nylon reinforced crew-neck or with a shirt-collar, from 12/11 to 17/6.

MEN'S CREW-NECK 14/6
(Two tone)

Styled in America by Munsingwear . . . made here by Bond's

BOYS'
CREW-NECK

8/6

Why is Bond's cotton in Australia? Because our customer, Bond's buy the world markets. The whole and manufacturing of the Bond's. That's why Bond's (you can't buy better) for



Try these mess hand, madam!

Bond's
NYLO
SPRING

will fit his for

One pair . . . two pairs. That's that can't go wrong, bea "Springbaks" for every maho with today. In soft coloursigh every sort of pattern! You it to know his size! One sizeete every foot. "Springbaks" dowr you won't ever have to do harm



BO

FOR COMFORT AND FIT IT

to be like "Chesty" Bond



ness socks on your
m You'll see why

SPRINGBAKS

fa like a glove!

These sock gift
bags we make
match in step
bright colours,
you even have
sizzles to fit
downrinkle, and
hemming.

11'9

Gift-packed in red box
with clear plastic top



ive

BOND'S *

Chesty Bond Athletics

Cut to give true "muscle-freedom" growing chests need, an encouragement to swell with manly pride. 100% pure super-carded cotton that's wonderfully absorbent and quick to dry... needs no ironing. Remember Junior Athletics have all the quality features of Dad's.

MEN'S **6'11** BOYS' **4'6**



"Stretchy-Seat" Briefs (ON JUNIOR)

He gives his briefs ten times the action that Dad does. Inset shows how well they stretch and then come back into shape. Boilproof elastic waistband and "Stretchy-Seat" action make this a brief that cannot bind or irritate.

Bond's "S'port" Briefs (ON DAD)

Only Bond's make a garment like this with Horizontal Fly and a particular kind of Comfort Pouch that gives healthy comfort and hygienic support. Finest cotton interlock washes easily, dries quickly, needs no ironing.

6'11 **8'11**

MUST BE KNIT... BUY BOND'S

Here's your answer

● What is a holiday without romance? It's a good time that keeps your eyes wide open and sparkling for any romance that comes your way in the following 12 months. What I'm saying is: Because you're on holiday, please don't get involved with any man that comes along.

SOMETIMES holiday romances are wonderful, sometimes they develop beyond that to be a heart-ache. A girl with a holiday heartache wrote me this letter:

"I AM trying very hard to forget a man I met on a holiday. However, I cannot wipe from my mind the memories of the times we spent

together and how much we meant to each other. He told me little of his life except that he is married. I know it would be wrong to get in touch with him, but I find I cannot bear the separation any longer. As well, our relationships during the holiday have led me to believe that he would be willing to divorce his wife and marry me if I had a child. What can I do?"
E.M., N.S.W.

You can do nothing but sit this thing out, which will be easier once you are sure you are not pregnant.

If you got in touch with this man, you would be wounded, I am sure, by your reception. He would loathe you, simply because you tried to enter his life away from the holiday resort.

You should contact him only if you are pregnant. If you are, and you do telephone him,

don't do so in the belief that he will divorce his wife and marry you. He probably won't. You can only expect that he may pay you maintenance. The law insists on this if you can prove he is the father of your child, but apart from that he only has a moral and social obligation to you.

If you are pregnant, don't blame him entirely. Obviously you were a willing partner.

Holiday romances are traps. They seem so real, but it's a rare one that is. Most people have learned the hard way that such romances are part of the holiday like the sand in your shoes which you finally get rid of after you get home.

All affairs of the heart are said to be enriching. Next holiday you have you'll find you're enriched by added wisdom — the sort that keeps a holiday romance on the level where it's lots of fun without worrying physical involvement.

"I AM 18, and madly infatuated with a girl who is 14 years of age. I have taken her out quite a few times and I was wondering if it is considered correct to kiss a girl when you take her home. I would be pleased if you could advise me on this subject. As

— BERNARD FLETCHER



A word from Debbie...

● There are some older people who present a pleasant problem at Christmas — the people you'd like to give some little, unembarrassing gift to because you like them and they've been kind to you — your girl-friend's mother, the head typist at work, Mrs. Brown who allows you to use her telephone.

How about making — yes, making — a few sweets, twisting them into a pretty bonbon or your favorite shape, and take them to her during Christmas. Here are your recipes.

Caramels (very easy to make and very yum-yum): Place a tin of condensed milk, 4lb. brown sugar, 4oz. butter, and 2 tablespoons of golden syrup into a saucepan, stir over low heat until mixture turns deep, rich brown and leaves the sides of the saucepan. (About 15 minutes). Pour into greased tin, leave to cool. Mark into squares before quite set. Turn out and break into individual squares.

Marshmallows: Soak 5 level tablespoons of gelatine in 1½ cups of cold water. Put 2lb. of sugar and 1 cup of boiling water into a large saucepan and bring slowly to boiling point. Add the soaked gelatine and boil steadily for 20 minutes. Leave mixture to cool, then add 1 dessertspoon of lemon juice, 1 teaspoon of vanilla essence, and beat the mixture until it is very thick. Pour mixture into greased slab-tin thickly sprinkled with icing sugar. When set, cut into 1in. pieces with sharp knife or scissors, roll in coconut or sugar. If you want to make some pink and some white, pour half into the tin, then add a dash of cochineal to the remainder, beat again and pour into tin.

she is very young and does not as yet go to secondary school do you think it would be advisable to forget about her and try to go out with some other girl somewhat my own age?"

"Perplexed," Qld.

Not only do I think it advisable, I think it essential.

"Madly infatuated" sounds a dangerous level of emotion when there are laws that forbid love affairs between men and girls under 16.

These laws have most drastic penalties for serious breaches. I certainly don't think you should continue to see her.

***** DISC DIGEST *****

LPs of only the music from film soundtracks are hybrids in the recording world.

I've just heard the recorded music from "The Pride and the Passion" and "Saint Joan," and I've come to the conclusion that their main appeal will be for ardent filmgoers who are so taken with a movie or an actor who appears in it that they buy the record purely as a souvenir.

Fans of Sinatra, Sophia Loren, and Cary Grant should be happy with "Pride and the Passion." The music was composed by George Antheil.

The story deals with the Spanish War of Independence

in Napoleon's time, and naturally the music is all in the Spanish idiom. It's very reminiscent of de Falla's music, but nevertheless there's a lot of fine writing in it — some romantic melodies suggesting the emotions of the three principal characters, some fiery flamenco music, a passionate bolero, and some really stirring heroic stuff for the battle scenes. It's on W.873.

"Saint Joan" (W.865) is, to my mind, less successful. Admittedly, composer Mischa Spoliansky had a more difficult task than Antheil in having to reconstruct the atmosphere of 15th-century France, and it is clear that he has

been hampered by the limitations of the film's sequences.

His Minuet for harpsichord, celeste, harp, and violins is charming, and there is an impressive Toccata for organ, but the rest is very much the sort of thing you hear in most "big budget" pictures. I can recommend it principally to fans of Richard Widmark, Richard Todd, Anton Walbrook, and John Gielgud. The "Saint Joan Theme," which is heard as the main title and the end title, is also out on a 78 r.p.m. disc (CP1230). It's played by Gordon Jenkins and his orchestra, and has "Fire Down Below" for a backing.

— BERNARD FLETCHER

You can have softer, smoother hands on washday

NOW! NEW PERSIL MADE TO CARE FOR YOUR HANDS

...because New Persil now contains

33% MORE PURE SOAP

New Persil has a wonderful new gentleness your hands will love. Its softer, soapier suds treat skin and nails with very special care and kindness, keep hands smooth and pretty, no matter how big your wash.



GIVES THAT FAMOUS PERSIL WHITENESS EXTRA GENTLY

New, milder Persil is the answer to every woman's wish for greater hand care on washday. Now you can have softer, smoother hands as well as that famous Persil whiteness. You will find that the suds are softer, soapier, longer lasting than ever before because New Persil

now contains 33% more pure soap. And these same busy suds work through and through the weave, gently easing out all the dirt. Persil washes whiter because it washes cleaner... and with a special new gentleness your hands will love.



PERSIL WHITENESS IS GUARANTEED


P.152WW76g

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning Dec. 16

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES  The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in transit.</p>	<p>★ You are likely to have a busy week keeping up with various ideas and you may be spending both energy and money at a rapid rate. Curb excessive enthusiasm.</p>	<p>★ Your home life is emphasised; avoid making any major changes in plans, particularly on the spur of the moment. A feeling of security and stability is essential.</p>	<p>★ Your best beloved may be easily moved, yet he is inclined to take you for granted because another person is paying him attention. Do not quarrel. It will work out.</p>	<p>★ You are justified in feeling that new doors are about to open. But do not jump at the first chance. Beware of attitudes that could keep you in the present rut.</p>
TAURUS  The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in the evening.</p>	<p>★ Be realistic and do not try to do too much. Success and the conclusion of a major enterprise should be sufficient for the present. Conserve partnership resources.</p>	<p>★ Don't cultivate the wrong type of friends or pursue outside activities which provoke domestic argument. Showdowns will accomplish nothing at present.</p>	<p>★ The behaviour of the one-and-only may seem confusing. He could be occupied with an exciting secret, but not yet ready to announce it. Avoid teasing him.</p>	<p>★ A good deal of genial companionship, but nothing very creative. You are in the mood for entertainment, which requires little effort on your part.</p>
GEMINI  The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a crowd.</p>	<p>★ You may be going through a period of day-to-day efforts and not planning ahead. Make the most of time, accepting that you are one move ahead.</p>	<p>★ Any special cooking you intend to do for Christmas should be disposed of in advance, wherever possible during hours when interruptions are unlikely.</p>	<p>★ Your beloved is restless and possibly bored. Keep him guessing as to other interests, but don't forget to be charming. You may break a date for a hen party.</p>	<p>★ Your family assumes importance and this may extend to aunts and uncles or remote cousins. You are at your best and will be the life of every party.</p>
CANCER  The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, white. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in a wish fulfilled.</p>	<p>★ If you let your head rule in regard to romance, money matters, and undertakings close to your heart you will be happier than if emotions dominate you.</p>	<p>★ Many of you will be concerned with your holiday wardrobe. This may mean new clothing or merely getting the laundry done so that you have a clear run.</p>	<p>★ If you are so retiring and sensitive he may end up wondering if you really care about him. If he is going through a stage of doubt, show sympathy.</p>	<p>★ Get through as much of your programme as you can early. This will leave the path clear for brief afternoon neighborhood visits and some social fixtures.</p>
LEO  The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a romantic episode.</p>	<p>★ The forces of inspiration are strong, especially if you pool ideas and join up with those who have your interests at heart. Don't let anyone be a wet blanket.</p>	<p>★ It may be a present for the children, hidden carefully so they will not find it. It may be a treat you are planning, but you are hugging a surprise.</p>	<p>★ This is a good time to reach definite conclusions about future plans. Engagements will be showered among Leo folk now, and others will have an understanding.</p>	<p>★ Take time out to gloat over gifts prepared for loved ones. Children, through their excitement, bring gaiety to their elders. Young people get a lot of invitations.</p>
VIRGO  The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 22	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, purple. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in the letter-box.</p>	<p>★ Don't let self-made obstacles throw you; view your goal clearly and remember a straight line is quickest. Go for what you want and refuse to take "no."</p>	<p>★ If you have moved to new quarters, a present for your home may be the most important thing to you. Some of you display outstanding decorative talent.</p>	<p>★ A situation could develop in which an older man might claim your regard while a fellow your age is competing for your heart. Material things vie with youth.</p>	<p>★ Place new things for the house where they will show off to advantage. If you have space for outdoor entertaining, see that it is bright and attractive.</p>
LIBRA  The Balance SEPTEMBER 23 - OCTOBER 22	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in finding a lost article.</p>	<p>★ You can strengthen your hold on past successes and take advantage of the co-operative mood of others, but avoid a restlessness that leads to nowhere. It may produce friction.</p>	<p>★ So much dashing around must bring results, but a number of you seem to obtain them the hard way. Absent-mindedness will take a heavy toll of time and energy.</p>	<p>★ He may stray into another girl's orbit, for he is highly susceptible just now. Don't take firing at a party too seriously or show jealousy. All this will soon be forgotten.</p>	<p>★ You can't stay put long enough to accomplish a third of your objectives, but you'll accomplish something. Put holiday arrangements on a practical basis.</p>
SCORPIO  The Scorpion OCTOBER 23 - NOVEMBER 22	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in receiving a present.</p>	<p>★ While a wish close to your heart may show promise of early fulfilment, don't take it too much for granted. Judgment and cautious management will still be required.</p>	<p>★ You can be up in the clouds one moment and practical the next. This week you'll display a little of both these moods, but results should be pleasing.</p>	<p>★ Your beloved will feel inclined to please you provided you do not ask too much. If he has dates with his family or boy-friends, remember his other obligations.</p>	<p>★ Capitalise on a lucky trend in your favor if you are running late. It may more than compensate you for the discomfort of shopping and travelling in crowds.</p>
SAGITTARIUS  The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, mauve. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in making a big effort.</p>	<p>★ The calm before the storm, the quiet interlude before hectic activity, could lull you into an easy-going acceptance of day-to-day living. Get on with the job.</p>	<p>★ Either you give a party or you help a friend or relative to entertain. If there is a staff club at work you may contribute towards it from your kitchen.</p>	<p>★ You want a good time with the crowd, yet you'd like a glamorous twosome. Perhaps you'll settle for a little of each, especially if your friends like the one-and-only.</p>	<p>★ You are a superb hostess and you love to give a party and are a sought-after guest. An interesting conversation at a party might lead to a business opening.</p>
CAPRICORN  The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in being of service to others.</p>	<p>★ Don't be so busy helping others that you neglect your own tasks. People may have plenty of advice about your interests, but you are the one concerned.</p>	<p>★ Those who have a difficult domestic problem should not be depressed. A not-too-welcome visitor or a conflict of opinion can be handled with tact.</p>	<p>★ Your beloved may come to you for advice or sympathy. If he is in a social tangle and doesn't know what to do, your commonsense may suggest several alternatives.</p>	<p>★ While practical and domestic arrangements go through like clockwork, you may be thinking of the emotional and spiritual side of Christmas. Visit lonely people.</p>
AQUARIUS  The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in a new friend.</p>	<p>★ Try to wind up any important matter this week before friends are too busy with their own affairs to pay attention to you. Personal influence may fade.</p>	<p>★ Friends may invade your home or lure you away to pleasant adventures. If you are not feeling domestic, anyway, you might as well join in. Get new ideas.</p>	<p>★ Just plain old-fashioned competition can put a boy on his toes. The harder a girl is to win, the better your beloved will admire you. Don't fall into his arms.</p>	<p>★ You are certain to mix with all kinds of people with varying interests. Some of these human ingredients may not harmonise, but your intentions are appreciated.</p>
PISCES  The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, white. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck through one in authority.</p>	<p>★ Compromise. Half a loaf may be better than none, so if you must settle for the less glamorous, do so cheerfully and don't look back over your shoulder.</p>	<p>★ Your home should be at its best, the background for casual social life. As the homemaker you set the tone of cheerful efficiency. Don't get flustered.</p>	<p>★ If you're wondering how to bring him to the point of declaring his love, select a spot where the atmosphere is romantic. Then leave the rest to him.</p>	<p>★ You are calling the tune this week and others must follow your lead. You control the situation and hidden factors are working for you. Decide where happiness lies.</p>



Reach for tasty KRAFT SPREADS

—and sandwiches and savouries are as good as made

You can whip up a plate of sandwiches or savouries in seconds with delicious Kraft Spreads. Choose from 6 different varieties:

- Cream Cheese Spread — smooth texture and delicate creamy flavour.
- Smokay — distinctive smoked ham flavour.
- Gorgonzola — rich and piquant.
- Cheddar Cheese Spread — fully matured "tasty" flavour.
- Danish Blue — rich, full flavour.
- Sandwich Relish — gherkin and spices blended into a creamy spread.

Another fast spreader — it's KRAFT VELVEETA

Velveeta is a mild-flavoured cheese food that spreads like butter. In fact, when you spread Velveeta you don't need butter. Saves money — adds extra nourishment.

FREE! Kraft Spreads come to you in beautiful 5-oz. fluted tumblers. Start collecting your set today.

For more fast cheese treats — KRAFT CHEEZ WHIZ

Spread it on sandwiches. Heat it for a quick cheese sauce. Spoon it over hot vegetables or into mashed potatoes.





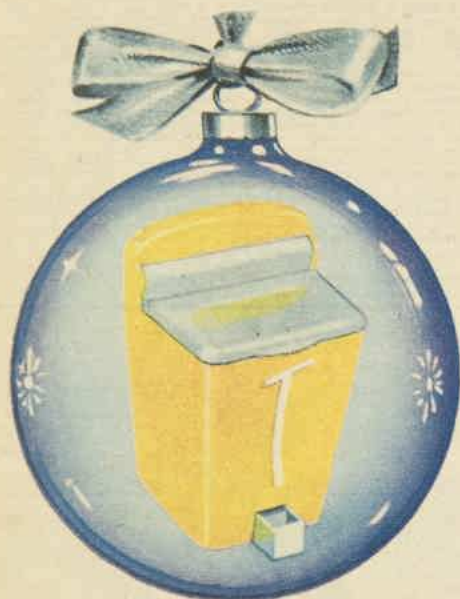
"A Xmas box

of



please, for Mummy!"

Throughout Australia, on Xmas morn, thousands of Mothers, Wives and Sweethearts will be saying, "Gayware — it's the loveliest gift you could have chosen." Glamorous, practical, economically priced, Gayware is the gift that every junior or senior Father Xmas can afford.



Glamour Tea Dispenser

Boxed for Xmas giving. Exactly measures one teaspoonful of tea — there's never any waste with a gift like this. Available in twelve colour combinations. The price, only 12/11.

Glamour Spice Canisters

A colourful pack and colourful canisters to make an ideal Xmas gift. Available in colours to match the Glamour food canisters. Set of five priced at 12/11. Rack, 6/11 extra.



Glamour Salt & Pepper Shakers

Neat and colourful, this handy set is packaged for Xmas giving. Available in eleven colour combinations. The price, only 5/11.



Glamour Canisters

No design is quite as smart, no colour range quite as good. Set of five glorious canisters. You choose from fourteen colour combinations. The price, only 55/-.

Available at all leading Hardware and Gift Stores

GAY PLASTICS by

PIERWOOD PLASTICS LIMITED, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

Glamour Table Gift Set

Attractively boxed and built for everyday use. A practical, smartly designed gift. Set of five available in eleven modern colours. The price, only 19/11.



Glamour Ice Bucket

How useful on Xmas day. Keeps ice in cubes, no melting. Available in four wonderful colours. The price, 24/11.



BE SURE TO GIVE HER GAYWARE THIS XMAS.

"I insist on lights all over the place when we anchor."

Terence explained patiently. "The point is this: You entered this harbor around ten o'clock last night. You caught my boat boom on your foremast shrouds and shattered it. You—"

"One moment, please," insisted Miss Whetherby, and then she addressed herself to Bill. "Bill, last night did we do what this man said?"

"I don't know. Did we?"

"No," stated Miss Whetherby. "We did not."

"You're the skipper," Bill said. "No, we did not do what anybody said."

Dizzy gave Terence a sweet, forgiving smile. "You see?" she said. "You're entirely in the wrong and I have scads of witnesses to prove it. Now, how about coming below for a cup of coffee? You look beat."

"No, thank you!" Terence yelled at her.

He knew he was up against a stone wall, because he had encountered stone walls before. And he knew what to do about them. You battered at them until something gave—sometimes you, sometimes the wall. But he could not figure how to start battering Miss Whetherby, so he did the next best thing he could think of.

Reaching out he gripped Miss Whetherby about her delightfully slim waist, lifted her over his head, and hurled her five yards out beyond the schooner's rail into the bay. She disappeared with a big splash, and Terence noted, with considerable satisfaction, that her cigarette-holder, which she had lost in flight, would not float, either.

Remembering then, Terence whirled to meet Bill's rush, but Bill was not rushing today. He just wagged his head.

"I think you shouldn't have done that," Bill said.

"Yeah?" said Terence recklessly. "And why not?"

"I don't think she can swim," said Bill.

"She can't?" gasped Terence, whirling to stare over- side and noting that Miss

Continuing . . . The Girl Called Desire

from page 25

Whetherby had not come up as yet. "Well, let's do something about it! Don't just stand here!"

"O.K.," said Bill agreeably, sitting down.

Outraged, Terence kicked off his deck shoes, peeled his sweater over his head, and dived in. Fortunately, he found Miss Whetherby about ten feet beneath the surface, seemingly determined on making it to the bottom of the bay.

Terence closed with her, caught her by an arm, turned her head towards the surface and kicked powerfully with his feet. Whereupon Miss Dizzy Whetherby squirmed around, jerked free, threw her arms around his neck and applied pressure.

THAT way they shot up and Miss Whetherby's head broke water. Terence got his head out, too, and tried to catch his breath, which he could not do because of Dizzy's stranglehold. Down they went again.

Terence fought like a tiger or with one, he could not tell which. All he knew was that he was slipping fast. It was either slug Miss Whetherby or die with her. So Terence stopped struggling and cocked his right fist. At exactly that instant Miss Whetherby passed out and let go.

Terence turned her, caught her from behind and, with a hand cupped under her chin, kicked to the surface. There he trod water a moment; then turned and slowly stroked towards the schooner's side, dragging Miss Whetherby with him.

Bill had exerted himself. He had rigged a boarding ladder over the schooner's side, and now stood on it, ready to lend a hand. Terence boosted the limp form of the girl up to him. When he managed to crawl up the ladder himself he found Bill standing over Dizzy's prostrate form, scratching his head.

"You think she's a goner, Terence?" Bill asked.

"She better not be!" Terence raged. "If she's gone ahead and drowned, just because I—!" He fell silent as the full implication of what he might have done dawned on him.

Dropping to his knees, Terence started to apply artificial respiration. But he had barely begun before Dizzy Whetherby, waiting until he had momentarily released the pressure on her ribs, rolled over suddenly and sat up, staring wide-eyed into Terence's face.

"What happened?" she wanted to know.

"You were drowning," Bill informed her. "He saved you."

"You did?" Miss Whetherby cooed at Terence. "Oh, how can I ever thank you? I know!" She smiled beautifully, her arms started around his neck, and Terence braced himself. Far better to endure a reward than to be accused of attempted murder.

"If he hadn't saved you I'd have beaten his brains out," Bill said just then. "Any time I catch a man throwing a poor, defenceless woman overboard and he doesn't save her life I always—"

"That's right!" Miss Whetherby cried, pulling away from Terence and rising. "Now I remember. I invited you below for coffee and you went berserk. You know something, Terence? I could have you arrested for that. You can't just go around throwing people off yachts. Not in front of witnesses. If I wasn't a warm-hearted, forgiving woman you'd be on your way to gaol right now."

Terence pushed himself erect and looked down at Miss Whetherby. "Miss Whetherby!" he choked, raising his clenched fists. "If you weren't a—"

"Yes?" Dizzy prompted him.

"Aw, heck!" Terence finished. And with that he picked up his deck shoes, untied the painter of the Sea Rover's dinghy, jumped in, and rowed furiously away.

He felt no more enthusiastic about the world in general and women in particular when he arrived back aboard the Sea Rover and found Midge still missing. And he spent a horrible hour straining his will-power by keeping his back turned to the schooner and worrying about Midge before the shore boat pulled alongside and Midge leaped aboard the ketch. Besides lugging a huge box of groceries, Midge had so many parcels and boxes under her arms that Terence had to relieve her of some.

"Now," Terence yelled at her then, "where have you been?"

"Doesn't it look like I have been shopping?" Midge asked. "When the shore boat came by I just hopped aboard and—"

"Never mind," said Terence. "I want to know about that note you left me."

"Oh, that," said Midge, shrugging. "Ha! There I was, all set to make a conquest. And you know what? The skipper of that boat is a blowsy blonde. A female. You go right over there this minute and collect some damages."

"She is not blowsy and I have already been there," Terence assured his sister.

"Good for you," said Midge. "How much did you collect?"

"Nothing," Terence admitted. "She denies everything, and I see no reason to press the point."

"That's certainly a change from last night," sniffed Midge. "Did you show her how you could walk around the deck on your hands after she softened up your head with her big brown eyes? Were there any good-looking men aboard?"

"None that you'd be interested in," growled Terence. "And he's only the paid hand. Married, too."

"That's just my luck," muttered Midge. "Well, brother dear, you better shake out a reef and sign up some guests."

To page 55

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear . . . or cut out ready to make.



• NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 85. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Cherie." — Perfectly tailored one-piece dress designed with a flattering feminine line. Fashion details include cool, prettily shaped neckline, hip pockets, and a smart pearl-button trim. The material is pure silk pongee in natural (creamy beige) only.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 89/11; 36, 38, and 40in. bust, £5/6/9. Postage and registration, 4/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 63/9; 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 68/6. Postage and registration, 4/3 extra.

NEW! A home-waving miracle

CREST FOAM NEUTRALIZER

NO DRIPS! NO MESS! QUICKEST, GENTLEST OF ALL

It's a rich foam that clings to the curl and penetrates thoroughly . . . leaves hair supple, shinier-than-ever.



Crest FOAM Neutralizer thoroughly penetrates each curl

So simple . . . just dab it on and it's absorbed immediately, ensuring a fully-processed, lovelier wave . . . cuts finishing time to 5 minutes.



Crest FOAM Neutralizer has special Vitalizing Action

Enriched, creamy bubbles frothing through your hair give it life and strength. Every strand is left luxuriously lustrous and healthy.

RIGHT THROUGH SUMMER let your hair glow with new beauty . . . deep, sleek waves, soft, springy curls. Only Crest's new Foam Neutralizer can work this miracle, because its rich, vitalizing foam floats on and penetrates thoroughly and quickly. Foam Neutralizer is rich in conditioning ingredients too, so your tresses stay soft and shiny through months of sun and surf! No wonder lovely Air Hostesses choose Crest!

Look for the new Crest with Foam Neutralizer in all Chemists and Department Stores
Refill 13/6 Junior 9/-

Look your prettiest this Christmas with a CREST HOME PERMANENT



We're all wearing our Christmas presents

Yes, we're all wearing Pelaco shirts, the ideal Christmas gift. Dad saves Mum hours of work by wearing WRINKL-SHED, the ironless finish cotton shirt.

Mum and Jane are showing off their stylish LADY PELACO SHIRTS, just the thing for the summer. And Ted, well, look how proud he is of his SPORTMASTER, the tailored sportshirt now available in glorious new patterns. Remember, Pelaco is available everywhere, in styles to suit everyone.

Pelaco

SHIRTS and BLOUSES

"It is indeed a lovely shirt, Sir!"



Turbulent Spanish drama

FILM FAN-FARE
Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER



ABOVE: Royal Navy captain Cary Grant takes guerrilla fighter Sophia Loren into his arms in Stanley Kramer's spectacular drama "The Pride and the Passion." **RIGHT:** This scene from the United Artists film shows its brilliant star trio of Sophia, Frank Sinatra, and Grant.

★ Independent producer Stanley Kramer, who will visit Australia next year to make "On The Beach," enters the "spectacular epic" film field for the first time with "The Pride and the Passion," set in the Spain of 1810.

IT is the first picture he has made outside his native America, and by far the most expensive to be attempted by the former "boy genius on a low budget."

In the biggest gamble of his career, Kramer agreed to pay Cary Grant the staggering sum of one million dollars to co-star with Sophia Loren and Frank Sinatra.

Taken from an incident in C. S. Forester's novel "The Gun," the Technicolor Vista-Vision film, shot entirely in Spain and at over 30 locations, is set in the turbulent time of the Spanish War of Independence of 1810.

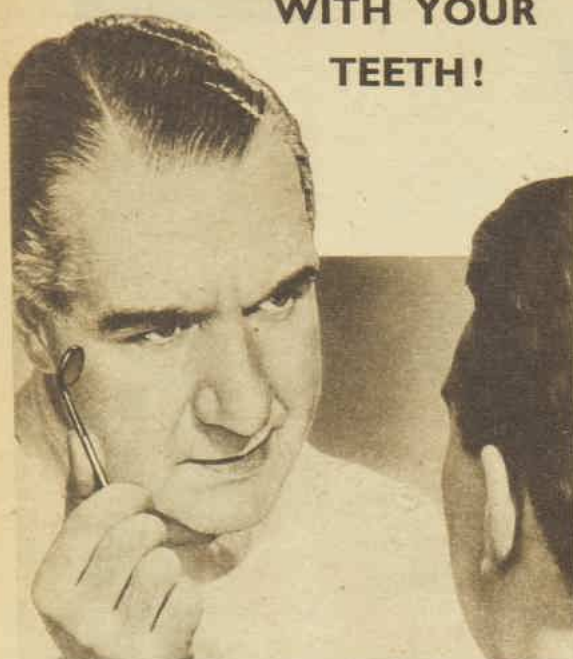
In the last film she made in Europe before going to Hollywood, Sophia plays a patriot who joins the guerrillas after the death of her father and brother.

Sinatra, in what promises to be one of his most interesting breaks away from conventional roles, plays a guerrilla leader. The son of a shoemaker, he organises resistance to the forces of Napoleon following the collapse of the Spanish Army.

Grant plays a very "British" Royal Navy captain who becomes involved with Sinatra and Sophia and the fantastic guerrilla plan of dragging a 6000-pound cannon from one end to the other of a country that is occupied by crack Napoleonic troops.



DON'T TAKE CHANCES
WITH YOUR
TEETH!



New MACLEANS

PEROXIDE TOOTH PASTE

keeps teeth whiter
and healthier...

Use Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste . . . feel the tingle as its unique ingredient goes to work, killing decay germs, protecting your teeth and gums! Try Macleans and see how white your teeth are — that means they're cleaner and therefore safer from decay. You'll love the cool, refreshing taste of Macleans — and your breath will be sweet the whole day long.



MT Aus.8/57



SOOTHE SORE FEET

A-ah! Good to get off those shoes. Now smooth on cool, soothing Vaseline Petroleum Jelly. At all chemists and stores. Economy size 3/11. Standard size 2/6. 'Vaseline' is a registered trade mark of Chesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.

STAR'S TRAGIC LIFE



1 SMALL-TOWN GIRL Helen, who is hoping for a singing career but works in a music shop, meets smooth racketeer Newman, who comes to dominate her life.

★ Helen Morgan, the tragic star of *The House of Morgan*, the famous New York nightclub of the roaring 'twenties, and the original star of the Broadway production of "Show Boat," is played by Ann Blyth in Warners' biographical film "The Helen Morgan Story."

Paul Newman plays the part of Larry Maddux, the good-looking, ambitious prohibition-era racketeer, who made and broke the torch-singer's career.



2 LET DOWN already by Newman, but unable to master the attraction he has for her, Helen progresses in her career as a nightclub entertainer, and becomes known for songs sung sitting on the piano.



3 TRYING to forget Newman, Helen becomes interested in lawyer Richard Carlson, who has defended her after a police raid. But one day she finds he is married.



4 DESPITE her triumph singing at The House of Morgan and as the original Julie in Ziegfeld's "Show Boat," Helen grows more unhappy, and she begins to drink.



5 TO BREAK with Newman, Helen goes to Europe and sings in nightclubs there. Returning home after the market crash has wiped out all her savings, she is met only by two old friends from her Chicago days.



LEFT. Now an alcoholic, Helen sinks lower and lower, finally being picked up and taken to a special hospital for treatment. **ABOVE.** On her discharge, Newman is waiting, and takes her to The House of Morgan, which is filled with familiar, welcoming faces.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 18, 1957

She doesn't want fame or money

● Jennifer Jones must be the most generally maligned and misunderstood woman in Hollywood. Here, noted American film-writer Lloyd Shearer attempts to explain the riddle of her complex personality.

"JENNIFER JONES," the Italian reporter from "Il Messagero" told me, "behaves like a crazy woman."

"In railroad station we try to take picture with baby daughter and husband Selznick. She start to cry, grab baby, run through trains."

"No pictures, no pictures, no pictures!"

The publicity man who worked with her on "Love Is a Many Splendored Thing" says, "Jennifer Jones may be the world's greatest actress, but I've had my fill of her. She's got a publicity phobia."

"When our plane put down in Tokio she wouldn't get out when she saw reporters and photographers waiting on the airfield. Finally, Bill Holden persuaded her to hold still for one shot."

These are typical incidents that point up Jennifer Jones as a temperamental, inaccessible prima donna.

On the other hand, Jennifer has labored in the motion-picture jungle for 15 years. She has acted in 16 major films produced in almost every corner of the globe.

She won an Academy Award for "Song of Bernadette."

How come so experienced a veteran breaks into tear-tantrums at the sight of reporters and news cameras?

How come under questioning she becomes nervous, fidgety, distraught, shaky, almost hysterical?

Highly strung

I decided to find out if these rumors about the 38-year-old actress were true. I visited the set where Jennifer was starring in "Farewell to Arms," produced by her husband, David O. Selznick.

Talking to 55-year-old Selznick I threw him this blunt question: "For years Mrs. Selznick has given the impression that she is the most nervous, highly strung actress in the business. I wonder if you would tell me what sort of girl she really is?"

Selznick, one of Hollywood's most eminent and provocative picture makers ("Gone With the Wind," "Duel in the Sun") frosted me with a glance.

"It's nobody's business what sort of woman my wife is," he began. "If I didn't think she was a fascinating woman I wouldn't have married her and remained married to her for eight years."

"Jennifer," he warmed up to his subject, "is extraordinarily sensitive. I have a feeling that she was born out of her time. She has nothing

in common with modern women.

"There is about her an almost Victorian quality, and she has a strange mystical sixth sense about things."

"She is extremely ambitious, but for reasons completely different from those of other actresses."

"She has no interest in fame or money. All her awards, including the Oscar, have mysteriously disappeared from our house. She acts because she must act. It's a compulsion."

As for her aversion to publicity, Selznick has this explanation:

"She has a deep, ingrained feeling that the Press wants to talk about her personal life. She just doesn't like being probed. Members of the Press who stick to professional topics have no trouble with Jennifer."

Later I was sitting on the set with Jennifer Jones. A tall, long-legged girl of dark, quiet beauty, she has an exotic, almost Oriental cast to her face — one reason she fitted so beautifully into the role of a Chinese in "Love Is a Many Splendored Thing."

Her attitude is shy and withdrawn. One would hardly guess that she was born Phyllis (with one "l") Isley at Tulsa, Okla., raised in the Mid-west, and educated at Northwestern University.

Or that she is the mother of three children—two sons, 17 and 16, by her first husband, the late actor Robert Walker, and a three-year-old daughter, Mary Jennifer, by Selznick.

Her brown eyes are the saddest, most soulful eyes I have seen in a long time; they were fixed so that she could look out but no one could look in.

Besides those who share Selznick's explanations of her motivations, there are two schools of thought as to what lies behind Jennifer's reclusive behaviour with the Press.

One contends that she suffers from a guilt complex about her divorce and remarriage.

The second holds that being married to a super-charged dynamo like David Selznick might unsettle even the strongest woman.

A Hollywood secretary, who knows Jennifer and Selznick, told me: "Jennifer picked two extremely difficult men to marry."

"Bob Waker was an emotionally immature boy who resented her success and wound up in a psychiatric clinic."

"The second, David Selznick, whirls through life mak-



JENNIFER JONES' sad, withdrawn expression here is typical of the 38-year-old actress. Some say she has a guilt complex; others that her husband, producer David Selznick, has given her a sense of inferiority.

ing all the major decisions and demanding perfection.

"He discovered Jennifer in New York. She called at his office one day to try out for 'Claudia.' She was very bad and started to cry."

"Selznick told her to come back the next day, then signed her. He supervised her, made her the star she is."

Temperamental?

"Another thing: 'Farewell to Arms' is the first film Selznick has produced since he and Jennifer were married in 1949."

"So for eight years he's had plenty of time to concentrate on his wife's career. And when David Selznick concentrates on anything—it's fantastic."

"It's very tough for an actress like Jennifer, a basically shy girl, to live as an equal with a husband who's enough to give anyone an inferiority complex."

I asked Jennifer why she has such a phobia about reporters.

"I never know what to say

when I'm interviewed," she explained.

"Most interviewers probe and pry into your personal life, and I just don't like it. I respect everyone's right to privacy, and I feel mine should be respected, too."

"As for photographers, most of them frighten me. I just don't like them jumping out from behind places and popping flashlights at me."

As she returned to the set I slipped into a chair between Jennifer's co-star, Rock Hudson, and her director, Charles Vidor.

"Tell me the truth," I said. "Is Jennifer Jones difficult to work with?"

Hudson grinned. "She's a pure delight. An absolute pure delight."

Vidor was more expansive. "Before I came on this picture," he explained, "I heard fantastic stories about this girl, that she was neurotic, temperamental, under hypnosis by Selznick. Not a word of truth in any of it."

THIS CHRISTMAS....
GIVE

Cyclax

AND BE SURE!

The Perfect Gift for Her must be
GAY CHIFFON ★ SANDALWOOD
GAY MORNING

or new *Gay Again!*



SKIN PERFUME
Romantic "Gay Chiffon"... spicy "Sandalwood"... lilted "Gay Morning"... all in festive foil. New joyous "Gay Again!"

Sprinkler Bottle from 11/3
Spray Mist "Aero" Bottle 23/-

CYCLAX DUSTING POWDER

Fine, fragrant, economical. Gay Again! in new style drum, with puff.....12/9

Gay Chiffon, Sandalwood, Gay Morning, large Drum 17/3



CYCLAX BATH SOAP

Fully perfumed, individually cellophanned. Rich lather, long lasting. Individual foil covered boxes in Gay Chiffon, Sandalwood, Gay Morning. Also in the new Star-Studded Gay Again! Series.

LARGE SINGLE BOXED TABLET 6/-

PRESENTATION BOX OF TWO 12/-



CYCLAX BATH POWDER

Practical, inexpensive, fragrant. Special sprinkler, non-spill top. Contains gentle deodorant. Gay Chiffon, Sandalwood, Gay Morning. Violet in foiled cartons — also new joyous "Gay Again!" 8/6

CYCLAX HAND LOTION

Long lasting, softening, protective. Large size frosted bottle. Foil wrapped gift carton. Perfumed with "Gay Chiffon". 14/6



... and dozens of other Cyclax gifts — large and small!
GIVE CYCLAX AND BE SURE

Cyclax

MAKERS OF THE FINEST COSMETICS AND BEAUTY PREPARATIONS IN THE WORLD

The best watch
in its class!

SWISS MADE



- RELIABLE TIMEKEEPING
- POPULAR PRICES
- EASE OF REPAIR
- EXTENSIVE PARTS SERVICE
- DURABILITY
- RECOMMENDED BY JEWELLERS



1 £7/5/-

2 £7/5/-

3 £7/5/-

4 £7/19/6

5 £7/19/6

6 £7/19/6

PRICES ARE FIXED AND

DO NOT INCLUDE BANDS



£5/15/- 7

£5/15/- 8

£7/10/- 9

£7/10/- 10

£8/15/- 11

£8/15/- 12

PERFECT

AS A GIFT



13 £5/15/-

14 £6/6/-

15 £5/19/6

16 £7/12/6

17 £6/6/-

18 £6/6/-

IDEAL FOR XMAS

AND BIRTHDAY



£7/12/6 19

£7/12/6 20

£9/10/- 21

£9/10/- 22

£8/10/- 23

£10/10/- 24

We're nearly broke. That overhaul job costs us money, you know."

"I know, but we still have money left to loaf on a while," claimed Terence. "You couldn't have spent it all on grub."

"Right," Midge agreed. "Groceries are cheap compared to man bait. Look." Sitting down she opened packages, showing him sheer lacy things, along with a lovely evening gown.

"Midge!" gasped Terence. "You didn't spend all—"

"Almost," admitted Midge. And then she jumped up, crying, "So help me, will you look at that? A drunken boat! They must have poured champagne inside her instead of breaking a bottle over the bow."

Not fifty yards from the Sea Rover a fourteen-foot knockabout sloop careened and staggered directly towards them. With the wind on the beam it yawed from side to side, threatening to capsize, threatening to jibe, and now threatening to ram the Sea Rover. A terrible premonition seized Terence.

"Watch it!" he shouted. "Come about!"

He could not see the upper bodies of the small boat's two occupants because of the angle of his vision and the sails, but he could see two pairs of legs, one of them bare. He recognised the bare ones at once and premonition became a fact.

"No! No!" he roared, frantic.

At the last possible second, miracle of miracles, the little sloop flicked up into the wind, and Bill, who had been steering, let go the tiller and stood up to grasp the Sea Rover's rail and keep the smaller craft clear.

"We made it!" Bill yelled, looking at Midge. "We sailed all the way over from Miss Whetherby's boat!"

"Isn't he magnificent?" shrieked Dizzy. "He's going to teach me!"

Terence swallowed. "You mean that you two—that's the best—"

"Bill's a wizard," Miss Whetherby said. "Didn't you see how he put the brakes on to keep from hitting your boat?"

Continuing . . . The Girl Called Desire

from page 49

Some day I'll be able to do that."

"Then you are going to need some lessons," said Midge. "My brother here, Captain Malloy, gives lessons. He's an expert teacher and only charges five dollars an hour."

"Five dollars an hour?" Miss Whetherby cried. "My goodness, don't you have lessons any—"

"Yes," said Terence quickly. "For people like you I have fifty-dollar-an-hour lessons."

"That's more like it," said Miss Whetherby. "I'll take a dozen."

Terence looked murderously at Midge, and Midge waved her new evening gown at him. "Very well," Terence muttered. "We'll start right now." "Goody!" sighed Miss Whetherby. And then to Bill, "You hop aboard Terence's old boat and wait for me."

"O.K.," said Bill happily. "Sure."

"Wait," Terence said quickly. "You better both go. From what I've seen Bill can use some instruction, too."

"Fifty dollars an hour doesn't sound like class lessons to me," Dizzy protested. "It sounds terribly private."

"Very private," said Bill, and pulled himself aboard, leaving the little sloop to start drifting away.

Terence had no recourse but to get aboard the smaller boat, but while he gathered up the main and jib sheets he scowled up at Midge and said warningly, "He's married."

"Lots of men are," Midge said. "It's one of the hazards of being a woman."

"Who are you teaching around here, Terence?" Miss Whetherby wanted to know. "That woman or me?"

Terence jerked in the sheets and they started across the bay, much to the delight of Miss Whetherby. Terence had to sit on the weather rail to balance the sensitive little craft, and Miss Whetherby's lovely hundred and ten pounds would have done some good up there, too, but she chose to sit on the floorboards and rest her head

against Terence's knee. That way, when Terence bent to look under the boom to see that all was clear, his cheek brushed against Dizzy's gorgeous blond hair, a hazard any marine-insurance underwriter would have frowned upon.

"You're marvellous, Terence," said Miss Whetherby.

"There's really nothing to it," Terence explained. "Not after you grasp the rudiments." Then he launched into an elementary explanation of the science of sailing.

"The heck with that," Miss Whetherby told him, when he had finished. "I just want to learn to do what you're doing. Who cares why?" She bent, took a quick look under the boom, and smiled dazingly at Terence. "Let me help you steer," she said, placing a cool, graceful hand over the one with which he gripped the tiller.

"My!" said Miss Whetherby after a few minutes of this. "I had no idea a sailboat vibrated so much."

"A sailboat doesn't vibrate," Terence assured her.

Dizzy lifted her hand a moment and then nodded agreement. "You're right. The boat's not vibrating at all. It's you. Why do you vibrate when you sail, Terence?"

"I do not vibrate when I sail," Terence maintained, joggling the tiller in an attempt to dislodge Miss Whetherby's hand.

"You do, too," Miss Whetherby claimed. "I can practically feel your whole skeleton rattling. Maybe you have a suppressed desire. Huh?"

"The only one I have at the moment," Terence began, "is not—"

"Look out, you blasted farmer!" somebody yelled.

Startled, Terence ducked and looked under the boom. They were practically crossing the bow of a huge power cruiser. The cruiser was at anchor, so there was no question of right-of-way. It was just that the

big boat's anchor cable rode extended far out and slanting down into the water, its highest point much lower than the mast height of Miss Whetherby's sloop.

Reacting by instinct, Terence pushed on the tiller to bring the little sloop up into the wind and avert disaster, but Miss Whetherby's instincts seemed to go in another direction.

She pulled hard on the tiller, counteracting Terence's push. "Oh, no, you don't!" she cried. "My hour's not up yet!"

BEFORE Terence could yell a warning or overcome Miss Whetherby's considerable strength, the sloop's forestay struck the cruiser's anchor cable and the resultant forces of wind and pressure did the rest. The little sloop swooped over like a diving kite, and the next thing Terence knew he was in the water beside Miss Whetherby, one arm around her to keep her afloat, the other hooked over the coaming of the capsized sloop.

"Idiot!" sputtered Terence. "You don't have to call yourself such a nice thing as an idiot just because I'm a lady," Miss Whetherby told him. "Fifty dollars an hour. Ha! I could learn more for free from a battleship's oiler in a Central Park row-boat."

"You want to hold hands, go ashore someplace!" a fat man in white flannels called down from the cruiser's bow.

"Aw, shut up," muttered Terence. "And you, too," he told Miss Whetherby. "Just hang on to this crate until I get it righted; and I mean hang on. If you let go you might drown and I'm going to be too busy to notice anything as inconsequential as that."

While Miss Whetherby hung on and refused to oblige him by drowning, Terence worked the wet sails down and righted the small boat by standing on the centreboard and heaving hard. After that he bailed out enough water to make the little

sloop relatively buoyant, pulled Miss Whetherby aboard, hoisted the wet canvas again, and sailed, in grim silence, back to the Sea Rover.

"For heaven's sake, what happened to you?" Midge wanted to know when Terence laid the small boat alongside.

"Nothing," said Terence. "Absolutely nothing."

"You sure got back here in a hurry," observed Bill. "You must use a hopped-up watch when you give sailing lessons."

"He deliberately capsized the boat and then hoped I would drown," Miss Whetherby put in. "I'm certainly not going to pay any fifty dollars for an attempt on my life."

"Terence," gasped Midge, "you didn't—"

"That's enough!" Terence said through his teeth. And then he barked at Bill, "Get aboard here, you."

Bill looked at Midge, sighed and obeyed. And not until he had leaped aboard the small boat and Terence was back aboard the Sea Rover did Miss Whetherby speak again.

"Anyway, there's one thing I can do better than you, Terence."

"Name it," Terence said recklessly.

"I can dance better than you can," she said. "I'll bet you a hundred dollars I can dance better than you can."

"Of all the silly—!" Terence started to say.

"I'll take that bet, woman," purred Midge.

"You will do nothing of the kind!" stormed Terence.

"She already has," crowed Miss Whetherby. "Bill, you heard what she said. You're a witness."

"I certainly am," declared Bill. "I've never witnessed such goings on in my whole life."

"You see?" Miss Whetherby cried triumphantly. "Now, if you try and welsh—"

"Who's going to welsh?" Midge wanted to know.

"We are!" Terence yelled.

"Maybe you are, but I'm not," declared Midge. She stared down at Miss Whetherby. "A bet's a bet. I'll even spot you the time and place and let you pick the music."

"Very well," Miss Whetherby

said stiffly. "At the club at eight tonight. Waltz, tango, and rumba. Catch-as-catch-can. Best two out of three falls."

"Done!" cried Midge.

"Now wait just a minute!"

Terence protested. "If you—"

"Oh, hush," Midge ordered him. "If you can't earn money giving sailing lessons you'll have to earn it the next best way."

Terence made up his mind to leave Midge out of this and manage his own affairs. If Midge thought he was going to make a public spectacle of himself, she was off her rocker. So he looked down into the small boat, determined to tell Miss Whetherby where he would see her at eight o'clock in the evening. What he saw made his blood run cold.

"You!" Terence shouted at Bill. "You've got lipstick all over one side of your face!"

"Don't yell at me about it," protested Bill. "It's not my lipstick."

Terence saw something redder than lipstick. Gathering himself he prepared to leap aboard the small sloop and pound Bill to a pulp, but Bill awkwardly let the boat fall away on the wind, putting an uncapable, watery moat between himself and Terence. And all Terence could do was stand there and stare at them all the way back to the schooner. Not until then did he turn and look at Midge.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Midge. "I thought you had turned to stone or something."

Terence finally said, "Midge, I suppose I can't blame you too much. You're quite young and impressionable, and he is nice-looking. I suppose he told you his wife didn't understand him."

"The trouble is, his wife understands him like crazy," muttered Midge. "That's why I was mad because you came back so quick. I'll bet you capsized that wench's boat on purpose so you could come back here before the hour was up. You don't trust me, do you?" "No!" declared Terence bitterly. "And I'll tell you something else. We're leaving here

To page 58



glamorous Toni

all new HOME PERM

GIVES YOU ALL YOU COULD EVER WANT IN A WAVE!

No other home perm is so easy to use, lasts so long, and looks so bewitchingly natural.

Toni — good to give and get

ODOUR-FREE! The luxury of All New Toni! Costly ingredients — never used before in a home perm — give you 'Fresh Air' Waving Lotion . . . the mildest, most effective ever created. No harsh ammonia odour and no stinging fumes.

FRIZZ-FREE! The certainty of All New Toni! No frizz, no dry split ends because the new-type End Papers wrap every curl protectively in lanolin tissue from start to finish. Wonderful to think you're sure of the results with Toni!

TROUBLE-FREE! The ease of All New Toni! You'll find the new no-dab Neutralizer is just as easy as rinsing. Pour it straight through the hair to lock in the silky-soft wave.



REGULAR • SUPER • GENTLE 13/-

TIP TONI — NEW END-CURL PERM 9/-

Wear Sunglasses — BUT WEAR THE BEST

WEAR **POLAROID SUNGLASSES**

"Best under the Sun"
—AND GLAMOROUS TOO!

Make sure your eyes stay relaxed
and youthful—at their best in the
best sunglasses you can buy.

BUY POLAROID SUNGLASSES and SEE THE DIFFERENCE
POLAROID sunglasses are available in twenty-two flattering
designs in smart new season's colours from Opticians, Chemists,
Sports and Departmental Stores throughout Australia.

Ask your supplier for the POLAROID Catalogue which illustrates
the full range of attractive models.



WITH ORDINARY SUNGLASSES
general dimming of view




WITH **POLAROID** SUNGLASSES
glare removed—clear, natural vision

POLAROID **SUNGLASSES**

"Best under the Sun"

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS:

POLARIZERS (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

 POLAROID IS THE REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF POLAROID CORPORATION, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., U.S.A.



MAKE THIS TEST

This Control Filter is tied to every pair of POLAROID Sunglasses. Rotate before lens, it blacks-out. Only with a POLAROID polarized lens is this purchase test possible. Make sure your model carries the POLAROID circle Brand.



ACHILLEA Cerise Queen belongs to the yarrow or milfoil family and is a herbaceous perennial suitable for broken shade. The spent stems should be cut down periodically and it will then flower several times during the hot weather. Plant in May.

Select with care for those shady corners

When choosing plants for shady corners, gardeners should assess the degree of shade. How dense is it, and how consistent?

ONLY a few plants will grow where no sunshine ever penetrates, but many more do well in partial shade.

Evergreens with broad leaves and of spreading habit, like Moreton Bay fig trees, cast a heavy shade and compete so strongly for nourishment and moisture that weaker plants stand little chance.

Some trees, notably eucalypts, have sparse foliage, or high crowns of leaves, and cast a broken shade. Oaks, beeches, and maples admit light during winter and spring when leafless or thinly covered.

Half shade is provided by a house wall or hedge which casts shadow as the sun moves.

beds in that position may get six or seven hours of sunshine in summer.

Some plants demand spring sunshine but are content in

shade for the rest of the year. Others need the spring sun and semi-shade in summer.

For perpetual and dense shade, under spreading evergreens, or on the south side of high walls with overhanging trees, the choice of plants is limited.

The few that will thrive under such conditions include

GARDENING

English ivy, periwinkle, pachysandra, plaintain lily, trilliums, and certain ferns, such as osmundas, polystichums, and some of the adiantums or maidenhairs.

In general, sun-growing plants have greater vigor and brilliancy, but there are a few brightly colored flowers which do best in half shade.

Among these are foxgloves,

bluebells, fuchsias, hydrangeas, and lilliums of many fine types.

Here are some suggestions for choice of plants:

Under deciduous trees with light foliage: wood anemones, dicentra, hepatica, thalictrum, blue alpine phlox, trilliums (if you can get them), violets, sedums of various kinds, most lilliums, and Lobelia cardinalis.

For east and south-east positions, and (in well-prepared soils) facing south: Japanese anemones, foxgloves, monkshood, some of the achilleas, and helleborus.

For all degrees of shade, but in cool districts or fairly high altitudes: kalmia, leucothoe, many rhododendrons, Azalea mollis, and Solomons Seal are among the best.

Lily of the valley do best when given a southerly position where they receive sunshine only after the flowering season has ended. They need complete shade during spring.

In half shade, bedding begonias, daylilies, plaintain lily, fuchsias, and sometimes bedding petunias will be found to flower quite well.

Perennials that do well in half shade include astilbes, auriculas, hosta, Mimulus moschatus, polyanthus, agathaea, and saponaria.

Bulbs that flourish in half shade include snowflakes, paper white narcissus, anemones (various), colchicum, crocus, cyclamens (hardy types), daffodils, some of the hyacinths, and the ground orchid known as Bletia hyacinthina.

LOBELIA LAXIFLORA is a shrubby plant that grows to about 5ft. Should be cut down after flowering finishes during late spring or summer. Likes an open, sunny position, but does well in semi-shade. Plant in January and February.



Here's the gift that costs so little... gives so much!

It's Christmas again, and to the top of the tree goes Johnson's Baby Powder, gay in its party pack, ready with silken comfort and cool freshness for any member of the family. Soft, refreshing Johnson's keeps its fragrance to the last sprinkle. The easy-twist top and all-metal tin see to that. Johnson's Baby Powder not only gives pleasure at Christmas, but long afterwards, too. Let it help you solve your gift problems.



It's all dressed up, ready for quick giving. Have several tins handy as last-minute "return" gifts.

Johnson's
BABY POWDER

3 Bright ways to make your holidays happier — take them with you!



Johnson's new Suntan Oil and Lotion screen out sun's harmful rays. Get a quick glamour tan without sunburn.



BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages, now with Super-Stick, help keep holidays carefree. For all minor injuries.



Take TEK on your holidays. A new TEK Toothbrush makes sure holiday smiles are brightest. Take a "Junior Tek", too!

PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

right now. We'll set up shop at Pine Cove."

"We will not," said Midge. "There's a hurricane working up the coast. Bill and I listened to the weather reports on the radio. We probably won't get the full force of the blow, but we'd be fools to try for Pine Cove until we're sure."

Grim, Terence reached down into the cabin, switched on the radio and heard an excited announcer back up what Midge had said. He snapped the switch off.

"O.K.," he announced. "We won't go, but we're not attending any club dance tonight, either."

"Very well," said Midge. "If you wish me to forfeit my bet I'll simply send Whetherby a cheque. That will leave us about a dollar and sixty cents."

"Midge," said Terence, eyeing his sister speculatively.

"What?"

"Never mind," Terence finally muttered, turning forward, his shoulders bowed down.

Around eight that evening Terence, in white flannels and blue coat, trudged up the pier towards the club. Midge paced exuberantly by his side. She looked exquisite in the evening gown she had brought aboard and Terence felt proud of her. And worried. She looked too doggone nice.

High, scudding clouds were already running under the moon and the wind was making up in hard, unsteady puffs. Storm warnings flew from the pier-end staff.

"We're in for it," Terence muttered.

"Nonsense," said Midge. "You'll beat her easily."

"I was thinking about the weather, not Miss Whetherby," Terence informed her.

"Then you better switch viewpoints," Midge urged him. "The weather you can't do anything about."

The yacht club was jammed with beautiful and brilliantly turned-out women and handsome, sun-bronzed men. The lights around the dance-floor were low and the orchestra played softly.

A young man who said he was Robert came up, grabbed Midge and whirled her out on

Continuing . . . The Girl Called Desire

from page 55

to the dance-floor and, pleased with Robert's actions, Terence prowled around, sniffing like a bird dog. He felt a sense of relief when he could not find Bill. Then he came face to face with Miss Whetherby.

"There you are!" she cried.

All Terence could say, for the first few minutes, was nothing. Miss Whetherby might not know anything about a lot of things, but she certainly knew how to knock a man cold with a few yards of frothy material in the shape of an evening gown. Besides that, she wore an exotic perfume. Just a trace, so a man had to lean forward a little to get it, so that he was always off balance.

Terence wilfully decided that pure commercialism was his only defence. "Miss Whetherby, who's going to judge this affair?"

"Why, I thought I'd pick three girls and you can pick three men," she said. "That strikes me as being fair."

Terence thought it was fair, too. He knew more than three men present he could blackmail into standing by him, but he doubted if Dizzy Whetherby could find three women in the world of whom one would not vote against her out of sheer jealousy.

"That sounds fair to me, too," said Terence.

"Good," murmured Miss Whetherby. "Now let's go a few slow rounds, shall we, while I'm waiting for my judges to arrive? Protect yourself at all times, particularly in the clinches."

It was not too hard for Miss Whetherby to tow Terence out on to the dance-floor. The orchestra played a dreamy waltz and the lights were lower than usual. Terence put his arm around Miss Whetherby, and Miss Whetherby, with a sigh, laid her head on his shoulder.

It was the first time Terence had ever danced with a soft, fleecy cloud and it was a soul-shaking experience. Up and up he soared, higher than mortal

man had ever ascended before. Way up where the orchestra stopped playing and the angels took over with music more suited to the occasion.

Sheer lack of oxygen in that rarefied atmosphere drove Terence to earth again. He stopped and stared down at Miss Whetherby, and she stared back at him, obviously quite shaken.

"I need air," Miss Whetherby said. "Walk me out on the float, will you, Terence."

"The float?" Terence murmured dreamily. "Certainly."

No one else seemed to have arrived at that same state of ecstasy, so they found the end of the float deserted. And it was dark, a strange, luminous sort of darkness that let them see the white hulls of the restless yachts as the rising wind, cracking down, made the boats' riding lights cut slow arcs against the lowering sky.

The wind pushed Miss Whetherby's gown against her and she pressed close to Terence for protection. Naturally, he had to put an arm around her for steady purposes. It was nice. A nice wild night. Little wavelets, whispering against the float, aroused astonishing instincts in Terence.

Slowly he turned Miss Whetherby around to face him. She made no protest. She looked up at him, her lips parted a little, her eyes half closed. A terrible recklessness surged through Terence. He suddenly did not care whether she could sail, swim, or even cook. As a man facing a firing squad would take a last look at the rising sun, Terence had a last long look at the bay, then started slowly to lower his head. But before it got where it was going, a gong clanged. He stiffened and stared again.

"Your schooner!" he cried. "It's gone!"

"Who cares?" Miss Whetherby gasped impatiently. "I know it's gone. I told Bill he could take it."

"Take it where?" Terence wanted to know.

"For heaven's sake, what difference does it make? Pine someplace-or-other. Now what were you going to—"

"Pine Cove?" yelled Terence. "That's a hundred miles from here! An outside run! There's a real blow making up, and from what I've seen of Bill's ability—"

"He's not alone," Miss Whetherby said, huddling close. "He said he was taking some girl along."

"Girl?" said Terence. "What? Never mind. Excuse me a minute." And with that he left Miss Whetherby to fend for herself and galloped away.

A long and careful search of the clubhouse and grounds verified Terence's dire suspicions. Midge seemed to have vanished. To double-check, Terence sought out Robert.

"Heck," said Robert petulantly. "We'd hardly danced twice around before some handsome ape she called Bill cut in. They went dancing right out through that door over there and I haven't seen either of them since."

Not even bothering to look up Miss Whetherby, Terence sprinted out to the end of the pier and leaped aboard the short boat.

"The Sea Rover, quick!" he barked to the boatman. "Did you haul anyone out to the Rover in the last hour?"

"Why, no," the boatman said. "I didn't see anyone row a dink away from the float, either. You afraid somebody went aboard the Sea Rover while you were gone?"

"No, I'm not," fumed Terence. "That's the trouble."

Once aboard the Sea Rover Terence paused only long enough to slide back the main cabin hatch and yell "Midge!" Getting no answer he slammed the hatch closed, turned on the ignition, punched the starter

button, and while the auxiliary motor warmed up, went about casting off the Rover's mooring lines.

There was a slim chance, because the Sea Rover carried a big engine, that the schooner could be headed before she cleared the more sheltered, island-dotted waters for the open sea, but that proved to be wishful thinking. When the Sea Rover rose high on the first giant roller outside, Terence could see no lights. Nothing.

Muttering to himself, Terence kept on. The Sea Rover pitched and rolled. The wind tore the tops from the cresting seas and hurled them to windward, hissing like demons.

And as if that were not bad enough, the hatch slid back, and helpless Miss Whetherby, barefooted and in a pair of Midge's slacks and a turtle-necked sweater, climbed up from the cabin.

"You!" yelled Terence. "How did you get here?"

"Why, I swam out from the yacht club float. Any time a man starts to do what you did, with my full permission, and then doesn't do it, I want to know why. Why didn't you kiss me, Terence?"

"You couldn't possibly have swum out to the Sea Rover," Terence said evasively. "You can't swim."

"Who said so?"

"Bill said so. And I guess I ought to know. I had to rescue you, didn't I?"

"That was different," Miss Whetherby told him. "I was trying to drown myself then, because you had turned out to be such a vicious character. You just come to my place sometime and I'll show you my ribbons. The ones I won swimming. But what goes on here, anyway?"

"The Sea Rover," Terence said grimly. "She goes on until I catch up with your schooner and that Bill character. The girl he took with him is my sister."

"But I understood that your sister was a good sailor," said Miss Whetherby. "Why are you so excited? If they run into trouble your sister can tell Bill what to do and he'll do it. He's

strong as an ox and a lamb about doing what girls tell him."

"That's just the trouble!" raged Terence. "You don't know what Midge might tell him. She's been out of her mind the last few days. Besides, they could never make Pine Cove in this sea and wind before morning. I won't have Midge on that boat, alone with Bill, all night. What will people say?"

"By golly," said Miss Whetherby, "I never thought of that."

"It's time somebody did some thinking around here," Terence said.

Miss Whetherby hung her head and remained silent while Terence worked the Sea Rover farther and farther away from the land, and not until the shore lights had dropped below the tumbled horizon did Miss Whetherby speak again.

"I never thought it would happen this way," she said then.

"When you do without thinking or leap without looking, anything's liable to happen," Terence informed her.

"Oh, I agree," Dizzy admitted. "I'm wondering, though. What do you think, Terence? Will we be happy?"

"About what?" Terence wanted to know.

"Why, about us being married to each other."


"Married?" Terence managed. "Who said—"

"If we're going to Pine Cove we'll be together all night, alone on the Sea Rover, won't we?" Miss Whetherby said. "People know me, too, you know. What will they say if we don't get married? But I'm not worried. I have faith in your sense of values and morals."

"We are not going to Pine Cove," Terence assured her, when he started breathing again. "We're turning back right now. We won't be out anywhere near all night."

"Turn back and leave your poor demented sister alone in this storm with Bill Calahan?"

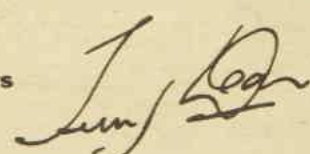
To page 61



WELL?

naturally I'm well

I take ENO

says  Terry Dear
energetic radio and T.V. personality

How are you? Are you *always* "well"—like Terry Dear? Or are you off-colour sometimes—perhaps through over-eating . . . or upset routine . . . or some other reason? Eno, the sparkling health drink, will keep you feeling happier—*really* well. Eno's unique formula gives prompt antacid action. It relieves acid indigestion . . . settles upset stomach . . . gently corrects irregularity . . . calms sick headaches. Anytime, enjoy a glass of good-tasting Eno . . . feel well all the time!

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'—NOW IN CONVENIENT WIDE MOUTH BOTTLE

KITTEN ON THE KEYS



SONIE



CONFIDENT. "Because I'm a real hep cat I'm sitting pretty in the musical world. As you can see, I've already won the blue-ribbon award. And when I get near a piano there's nothing I like better than playing 'Clowens'."

CLEVER. "Hear that note? There aren't many of us left who can tickle the ivories like that. You realise that I play all tunes strictly by ear, of course."
— Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.



HARMONIE

CAUTIOUS. "So you don't like my music? Why, that's insulting enough to start a fight, so you'd better defend yourself with your claws. After all, there was no need to make a catty remark like that just because you can't play as well as I can."



For Christmas PYRAMID

and

CHIC HANDKERCHIEFS

*in a wonderful
variety of
distinctive
presentation
packs*

*There's a gift
for everyone
in this
unrivalled
handkerchief range*

by

TOOTAL

REGD



W099E





HOW DO YOU RATE?

Make this test

MEN

- 1—Do you tell exaggerated stories about your work, adventures, or affairs with other women?
- 2—Do you drink or gamble heavily?
- 3—Do you give women the impression you are carefree and irresponsible, that you would chafe at being tied down?
- 4—Are you cynical, sour, complaining?
- 5—Are you timid, indecisive, or easily influenced?
- 6—When you are on a date, do you find yourself eyeing attractive women?
- 7—Are you obviously tight with money?
- 8—Are you irked if food is not prepared exactly as you like it, if service is slow, if your routine is upset?
- 9—Do you generally treat a woman's ideas with a good-natured contempt?
- 10—Do you become irked if a woman contradicts a statement you make or disagrees with opinions you hold?

Answer "Yes" or "No" to each question. "Yes" scores one point.

FOUR or more points and women of discrimination are not likely to enjoy your company on more than one or two occasions. One to three points shows you could easily be more respected and liked. No points is no assurance if you make a poor impression—perhaps you are too negative.

WOMEN

- 1—Do you affect speech, dress, or manner?
- 2—Do you chatter nervously about trivial topics?
- 3—Do you touch up your make-up and hair several times during the evening?
- 4—Do you overdo the act of treating your escort as an oracle and a brilliant wit?
- 5—Do you suggest expensive places he might not be able to afford?
- 6—Or do you pose as an economical homebody who'd rather stay home?
- 7—Do you become intimate and confiding too quickly?
- 8—Do you, perhaps, ask questions he might consider rather prying or too personal?
- 9—Are you a bit aggressive in making the next date, in finding out when he will see you again?
- 10—Are you apt to become somewhat bossy and demanding when you get to know a man better?

Answer "Yes" or "No" to each question. "Yes" scores one point.

IF you score five points or more you have a big remodeling job to do. But each failing you eliminate will raise your popularity. One to four points also calls for some revisions—one flaw can sufficiently irritate a male to make him drop you! No points and you probably avoid most common faults.



Now! Gem let's you shave more naturally-closer, smoother than ever before!

THE NEW
'NATURAL ANGLE'
RAZOR GLIDES
NEAR-VERTICALLY
DOWN YOUR FACE!



In travel case with 5 GEM blades
PRICE 10/6. Available everywhere.



◀ The weight is correct.

◀ The balance is correct.

OLD WAY:
Ordinary round-top razors have no special angle of shave. Curve of razor-top prevents really close shaving.



* It's here! GEM's new "Natural Angle" Razor! New "Flat-top" design means the razor-head lies flat against the face, so the blade glides through your stubble at the natural, near vertical angle of 15°.

It shaves closer. Your finger-tips tell you your face is smoother.

Feel it. The balance and weight are correct. See how fast it loads! Click it open . . . insert the blade . . . snap shut. Blades last far longer because there's less wear on the cutting edge when the blade meets the stubble at the natural angle.

For a smoother face every day—
shave the "Natural Angle" way—

IT'S THE NEW WAY TO AVOID 5 O'CLOCK SHADOW



murmured Miss Whetherby. "Have you lost your mind?"

"No! And I don't intend to," Terence told her. "What could I do if we caught up with them, anyway? I couldn't board the schooner without abandoning the Rover, and I couldn't possibly do that with you aboard. I must have been out of my mind when I started out in the first place."

"I think you said something about doing without thinking," Miss Whetherby said.

"I'll call the Coast Guard and send them after your schooner, that's what I'll do," Terence said.

"How?"

"I have a ship-to-shore radio below."

"It won't work," Miss Whetherby advised him.

"How do you know?"

"Well," said Miss Whetherby, "because I tried it."

"You just didn't know how to work the set," muttered Terence.

"Oh, I got it working," Miss Whetherby assured him. "It was just that there was so much static. I was tinkering around with a bobby-pin, trying to clear it up, when it happened. There was a funny blue explosion, a little smoke, and I got the shock of my life. After that it wouldn't work."

"Miss Whetherby," said Terence, standing up, "I have had about all—"

At that instant a dollop of sea rose up under the Rover's counter and the little ship lurched. It would have been all right if Terence had thought to put on his skidproof deck shoes before he started out, but

Continuing . . . The Girl Called Desire

[from page 58]

he had not taken the time. He still wore his leather-soled dancing shoes.

His feet slipped and he pitched forward, crashing solidly into the mizzenmast. He went out like a smashed light bulb.

The next thing Terence sensed was the easy motion of the Sea Rover. Startled, he opened his eyes to find himself lying in a bunk in the main cabin, with Miss Whetherby standing over him, quietly weeping.

"Terence!" she cried when she saw his opened eyes. "Are you all right? Is your head—"

Terence felt his head. There was a knot on it that was painful to touch, but he felt no nausea; only a dull throbbing that his amazement quickly anaesthetised. "I'm all right," he announced. And then, wonderingly, "How did I get down here?"

"I flipped a coin," Miss Whetherby told him. "Heads I drag you down here, tails I throw you overboard. Luckily for you the wind blew the nickel overboard and I gave you the benefit of the doubt. I think you were about to slug me when you slipped, weren't you? Not that I blame you."

"Don't be ridiculous," muttered Terence. "Hey! The motor! Why isn't it running? Don't tell me you tried to fix that, too!"

"I tried to," admitted Miss Whetherby. "but I flunked out on that chore. I never did learn how to make petrol. How

come we ran out of petrol, Terence?"

"If we ran out of petrol, it's because I forgot to buy some," Terence told her. "I'm sorry."

"You probably did it on purpose, knowing darned well I couldn't walk home from out here," charged Miss Whetherby. Terence held his head and groaned, more from mental frustration than actual pain. The next instant he was on his feet, staring wildly at Miss Whetherby.

"If the motor conked out and we're riding so easy, how—What time is it? Where are we? What—"

"I don't know where we are; it's almost dawn and the best thing I could think to do, with you determined to knock your brains out, was to heave the Sea Rover to," Miss Whetherby explained.

"You have to?" cried Terence. "You couldn't possibly. You can't even sail on a calm day."

MISS WHETHERBY wanted to know. "Who said so?" she asked with a smile.

"You said Bill was going to give you lessons," Terence charged.

"I didn't say sailing lessons, did I?" Miss Whetherby said sweetly. "Bill has a lot of talents."

Shutting his mouth tight Terence pushed past her, made his way slowly up the ladder and out into the cockpit. When he heard the hatch slam behind him he looked around for Miss Whetherby, but she had closed it from below.

Working his way to the wheelbox, Terence sat down and watched the roll of the boisterous seas. The wind had died and the moon shone again, sparkling on the tumbling rollers. Everything aboard was snug and shipshape. He could not have done better himself.

Terence found his pipe, fired up, and sat there, puffing thoughtfully, watching the awesome spectacle and considering Miss Whetherby in a new light. She had done a remarkable job. He could imagine her struggling with the stiff canvas, tying in the reef points, and then hoisting the sails while the Sea Rover wallowed, helpless, in the troughs. He remembered her tears, too. They had been for him.

When his pipe burned out, Terence started for the hatch again, only to have it open in his face.

"Come and get it!" Dizzy announced.

"What?" Terence asked eagerly.

"Food," Miss Whetherby informed him. "Hot coffee."

Climbing down into the cabin, redolent now with the exciting odors of coffee, ham, scrambled eggs, and toast, Terence suddenly felt a funny feeling around his heart and knew what Midge had meant when she had thumped her chest. His only regret was that Midge had been so impatient and not waited for the real thing to come along, as he had.

They sat wedged in the corners of opposite bunks, balancing deeply recessed trays on their laps, and the more Terence ate the more fondly he gazed at Miss Whetherby. The ham was done to a turn, the eggs exactly the way he liked them, and the coffee superb. Midge herself could not have done better, if she could have accomplished the job at all in this sea.

When they were finished and the trays put aside, Terence moved over and sat beside Miss Whetherby. "That was the finest meal I've ever eaten aboard this ship," he announced. "Even while at anchor. You're wonderful."

"Flattery will get you nowhere," Dizzy told him moodily. "You had your chance on the club float and muffed it."

"Maybe I did," admitted Terence. "But everything will turn out all right. We won't be able to get in before daylight. I wouldn't think of trying to work in towards the coast until then. But don't you worry. I'll marry you."

"Like heck you will," Miss Whetherby said flatly.

"What?" Terence gasped, stunned. "But you said—"

"What if I did?" Miss Whetherby interrupted.

"But what will people say?"

Terence argued, suddenly desperate.

"Who cares what people say?" Dizzy argued back. "I don't. You were unconscious most of the time, anyway."

"If you don't care what people say, I do!" Terence exploded. "I have a reputation, too, you know! No one but you and I know I was unconscious!"

"No," said Miss Whetherby. "My mind is made up."

"Look," said Terence. "I'm not asking you to live aboard the Sea Rover and help me. I'm a good engineer. I'll sell the old tub and, in no time at all, I'll be—"

"Don't you dare!" stormed Miss Whetherby. "And it's not an old tub! It's a wonderful boat! And how you earn your living has nothing to do with the case. It's just that when I get married I want my husband to love me. I don't want a man who just loves my sailing ability and my cooking."

"But I don't," declared Terence. "I wouldn't care if you couldn't do anything. It's you I love."

"And when did this happen?" Miss Whetherby asked. "The first time I saw you," vowed Terence.

"Some love!" sniffed Miss Whetherby. "The first time you saw me you heaved me overboard. What kind of love is that?"

"That is not the first time I saw you," Terence told her. "I've been seeing you all the time for years. Every time the sun came up or the moon came out I saw you. I've seen you in every star that came out at night. In every light that came up over the horizon. All I threw you overboard for was to make an impression on you, so you'd never forget me."

Miss Whetherby started to cry. "You're a heel, Terence," she announced, "saying such nice things to me! You're the most wonderful man I've ever met!"

"You'll marry me, then, some day?" Terence said hopefully.

"That's the reason I can't!" wailed Dizzy. "You're too nice! All I am is a big liar!"

"Just because Bill told me you couldn't swim and let me think you couldn't sail?" said Terence. "Ha!"

"I don't own the Nymph, either," Dizzy went on. "And Bill Calahan doesn't work for me. It's the other way round. He owns the boat and I work for him. I'm his secretary."

"So that's it!" cried Terence. "Of all the low-down tricks, forcing you to pretend to own that schooner so I wouldn't clobber him for running down the Sea Rover."

"That's not it at all!" protested Miss Whetherby. "Don't you see—"

"Very clearly," declared Terence. "And I won't have you working for a man like that another second. No, sir. We'll get married, whether you like it or not. Just as soon as I get out of gaol."

"Gaol?" gasped Dizzy. "What are you going to gaol for?"

"For doing what I am going to do to Bill Calahan," Terence told her. "No Bill Calahan can go around ruining my

sister's lipstick the minute my back is turned, and then run off with her and carry on. He's already married." Terence paused a moment as a ray of hope weaved through his mind. "At least he said he was. Did he lie about that, too?"

"No," said Miss Whetherby. "He's married. He's—"

"I'll massacre him," Terence muttered.

"He's married to Midge," Dizzy went on.

Terence opened his mouth, but he could not say anything.

"They have been married for months," Dizzy finally told him. "Midge was afraid to tell you. While you were away your letters were so full of your dreams about getting back aboard the Rover she didn't have the heart. She—"

"Where did she meet Calahan?" Terence muttered. "Did she swim around his boat on a moonlight night in nothing but—"

"She met him in his office, because she became his secretary," Dizzy told him. "Bill's president of Calahan Electronics Corporation. Anyway, when it got to the point where Midge could run the business better than Bill he insisted on marrying her. I guess he figured that was one way to employ her brains permanently."

"Ha!" said Terence. "I'll bet, if the truth were known, Midge invented a lot of crises to get Bill out of so he would think she was smart. You don't know my sister."

"Yes, I do," insisted Dizzy. "That's the trouble. She's the one who trained me to take her

place. Aren't you beginning to see things now. Aren't you happy you—"

"Not yet," said Terence stubbornly. "I'm happy that Calahan had sense enough to take you along with them, because that gave me a chance to meet you. But I'll never be completely happy until you say you'll marry me. Just as soon as I can work up a couple of cruises so I'll have some money in the bank. My dear sister spent it all on clothes the other day."

"She was just kidding you," explained Dizzy. "All that stuff she brought aboard came from her wardrobe aboard the Nymph. As for a cruise, I've already arranged a long one. Your coming home interrupted a beautiful honeymoon, so I chartered the Rover to Midge and Bill so they could neck and chaperon us at the same time while I learned the ropes."

"You know something, darling?" Terence said. "You've got the most beautiful foresight I've ever seen. Poor Bill Calahan. I'm certainly glad that crazy sister of mine tricked him into marrying her before you came along."

Terence put an arm around Miss Whetherby then, but she was not so immediately yielding as she had been on the yacht club float.

"Let's get one thing straight," Miss Whetherby said warningly. "If you stop doing what you are trying to do before you even get started this time, I'm going to enlarge that bump on your head, darling."

"You do that," said Terence dreamily. "Please."

(Copyright)



SOOTHE TIRED EYES

this new easy way

Optone Eye Drops bring immediate relief to eyes troubled by dust, smoke, wind, glare or strain. The new Optone one-piece flexible dropper-bottle makes application easier than ever before! Just squeeze the bottle gently and drops flow out, one by one. No spilling or flooding. No risk of breakage or contamination.



Fits the pocket



— or the handbag.

Easiest to use anywhere, anytime

No separate dropper needed — it's part of the bottle. Optone is completely safe — use as often as desired.

Over 400 drops, enough for weeks of continuous use.



OPTONE Eye Drops
by the makers of Optrex Eye Lotion

His health is your trust!



Nestlé's **FREE** Mother Book makes bringing up baby a happy experience!

Every mother and mother-to-be needs this expertly written baby book. It answers all your questions on feeding, weaning and infant care! It tells you how to prepare Lactogen and Vi-Lactogen in



just two minutes. Explains clearly how scientifically balanced and nourishing these baby foods are. Both Lactogen and Vi-Lactogen (for very young babies) contain vitamins A, D and organic iron, both are processed to make them as easily digested as breast milk. Just measure, sprinkle on top of warm, previously boiled water and stir!

VI-LACTOGEN & LACTOGEN
NEXT BEST THING TO NATURAL FEEDING

POST COUPON
TO-DAY

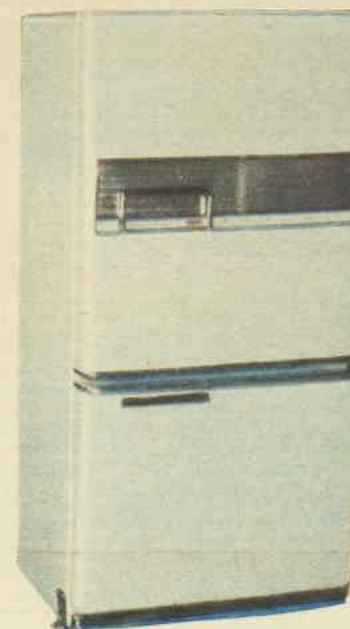
NAME

ADDRESS

To Lactogen Dept., Nestlé's, Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Newcastle or Hobart. Please send me (post free) a copy of the Vi-Lactogen and Lactogen Mother Book.



Admiral



ALL THESE LATEST AMERICAN FEATURES

- Removable crisper on door back
- Adjustable racks on both doors
- Pedal-operated freezer door
- Single control for both compartments
- Canyon Copper fashion-front panel
- Tarnish-proof Canyon Copper fittings
- Roll-out storage basket in freezer
- All aluminium cold-plate coils
- Available in cream or white

Admiral proudly presents the **Imperial DUAL-TEMP**

2 TEMPERATURES — 2 COMPARTMENTS — IN THE ONE CABINET

Who said you can't afford a refrigerator *and* a freezer? Here they are together in the one big, beautiful cabinet—each compartment with its own separate door . . . its own individual temperature. The "Imperial DUAL-TEMP" keeps all foods at the peak of perfection *automatically*

—it defrosts itself and evaporates all the unwanted moisture, never needs your attention. See your nearest Admiral retailer soon; let him tell you about the special easy terms that will put the "Imperial DUAL-TEMP" in your home immediately.



"BRIGHT NEW LOOK" REFRIGERATORS FOR EVERY FAMILY—LARGE OR SMALL

Extreme left: **Standard or De-Luxe 10.7 cu. ft.** for the larger family. Full-width freezer chest holds 80 lbs. of frozen food. De-Luxe model features push-button defrost and automatic water disposal. Canyon Copper trim.

Centre: **Crisp-line styled 8 cu. ft. model**, perfect for average-size families. Freezer chest holds 50 lbs. of frozen foods, complete top-to-bottom storage facilities, "Touch-a-Magic" handle. Canyon Copper trim.

Right: **Wonderful 4½ cu. ft. model** for flats, offices, or laboratories—anywhere space is at a premium. Designed for positioning on kitchen cupboards or similar base; concealed, adjustable legs to control level.

ADM 135/FPC

held his temper under control. It was important for him to have her co-operation.

He came to the question of identification. She had seen the back of the man he pointed out. In the dark, it was true, but nevertheless she had seen enough to say that he was a seaman, not very tall, and slight in build. Was she sure that she would not be able to identify the man?

"As sure as one can be," she said with impatience.

"Exactly," said Slade firmly. "One can't be entirely sure of such a matter until one has tried it out. And there might be degrees of identification. You might not be able to describe a man or pick him out of a crowd, and yet if he were presented to you, you might remember him. Isn't that so?"

She was looking away, out of a porthole. "Possibly. I don't know. It seems very theoretical to me."

"As it happens, it isn't entirely theoretical. We have a suspect." He stopped and watched her. Her eyes had left the porthole and were fixed warily on him. But she said nothing. Slade went on, "He appears to fit the bill according to what you have said so far. And he was seen up on the boat-deck at about the time when the offence occurred. You said the man you saw went up the companionway, and that would consequently put him on the boat-deck."

"It's very difficult—" she said hesitantly, "—to be absolutely sure."

"I understand that. How-

ever, I must ask you to do what you can to help us. I presume you're prepared to co-operate?"

"Yes—of course—"

"There's a deck-chair just beside the steps leading up to this cabin. I'd like you to sit there. Very soon this man will be brought to see me. I want you to take a very careful look at him and tell me whether you can recognise him as the man you saw last night."

She made a grimace. "I don't like the idea much."

"I can quite see that," Slade was understanding but adamant. "But I'm afraid it's necessary."

"Oh—all right, then."

When she had left, David felt called upon to protest. It seemed to him that Slade was adopting a most questionable method of identification.

"It puts a suggestion into her mind," he said.

"It may not be ideal," replied the captain, with unusual acidity, "but it happens to be the one I have decided to adopt. It's hardly feasible to hold a formal identification parade." He rang the bell for his steward, as if to dismiss all further argument. "Brown, will you ask the bo'sun to bring up Kinder."

They waited in silence. Slade seemed disinclined for conversation and in his present uncertain mood none of the other men thought it wise to say anything. The emergency seemed to have brought out a new and

Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

from page 21

more dangerous side of Slade's character. They looked at him with increased respect.

The silence was broken by a knock on the door. It was Kinder, escorted by the bo'sun. The deckhand was a neat dark-haired boy, deeply tanned by a life of constant exposure to the tropical sun. His alert brown eyes were fixed on a point slightly above the captain's head.

As soon as the door was closed, the captain looked up and said, "Kinder."

"I'm informed by Mr. Redwood that he saw you up on



"Oh, stop complaining. I'll pick up and take a penalty stroke."

the boat-deck at one o'clock last night. Is that correct?"

Kinder made no reply.

"Mr. Redwood reports that both he and the quartermaster identified you quite distinctly. He ordered you to report to the bridge, but you didn't do so. What have you got to say about that?"

Kinder swallowed. "I didn't hear him order me to the bridge, sir."

"So you admit to being there?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you say you didn't hear Mr. Redwood?"

"I heard a shout from the bridge, sir," conceded Kinder, "but I couldn't distinguish what was said."

"You knew it was for you, though, didn't you?"

"I didn't know that, sir."

"Yet you ran away. Why was that?"

Again Kinder was silent. Slade waited for a moment and then resumed.

"What were you doing on the boat-deck?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing," repeated the captain scornfully.

"No, sir."

"You know you're forbidden to go there?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must have had some reason for being there?"

Kinder had obviously prepared his answer to this question. "It was stuffy down below."

"So you were just taking the night air?" asked Slade, sarcastically.

"Yes, sir."

There was another pause. Up to this point Slade's manner had been that normally used by a ship's master when dealing with minor infractions of discipline. Now his tone became more serious, and yet at the same time less aggressive.

When grave matters were concerned it was essential to be as fair as possible.

"Do you know," he said slowly, "that a woman was attacked in her cabin on 'A' deck last night?"

Kinder replied quickly, "That was nothing to do with me, sir."

"But you do know about it?"

"Everybody knows about it, sir."

Slade nodded. This was only too likely.

"You realise," he said, "that it was just after this occurred that you were seen on the boat-deck just above 'A' deck?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you say you had nothing to do with it?"

"No, sir."

"And you saw nobody else up there?"

"No, sir."

"I'm going to ask you again—what were you doing on the boat-deck?"

"I've already told you, sir."

Slade sighed. "You'll forgive me if I don't find that a very plausible explanation."

"It's the truth, sir," replied Kinder doggedly. He shifted

his feet. He was too honest, thought David, to make a really plausible liar.

"Very well, then," Slade made it quite clear that the explanation had merely been taken note of, not accepted.

"Did you hear Mrs. Cranston-Smith scream?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did you do then?"

"Nothing, sir."

"You didn't think of going down to help her?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Because if there was a rum-

pus—I mean—I knew I wasn't supposed to be there—" he said lamely. "I thought I'd go below as soon as possible."

"And when you started to move Mr. Redwood spotted you?"

"I suppose so, sir."

The captain sat back in his chair and regarded him steadily for a moment.

"You realise, don't you, that the best way to clear yourself of suspicion of being involved in the attack on Mrs. Cranston-Smith is to give a reasonable explanation of why you were on the boat-deck?"

"I've already explained, sir."

"I see. Then we'll leave the matter as it is for the moment. I should think it over if I were you. If you find you have anything further to say, I shall always be prepared to listen to it."

Kinder said nothing. "Very well. You can go now. Thank you, bo'sun."

When he had gone out Slade looked at the other officers.

"Any conclusions?" he said.

"Sounds like him, all right," said Hume. He grunted contemptuously. "You'd think he could have worked up a better story than that. Getting the fresh air—"

"What do you think, Bateman?"

"I'm not sure," said Bateman doubtfully. "I certainly think he was lying about why he was up there."

"So do I," said Slade briskly. "And the time fits in all right. The next thing is to see if Miss Raymond identifies him."

He rang the bell again for the steward. "Brown, show Miss Raymond in again, will you?"

Julia came into the cabin and sat down.

"Well, Miss Raymond?" said the captain.

She shook her head. "It was a wash-out, I'm afraid."

"You couldn't identify him?"

"No."

"The circumstantial evidence is very strong—"

"I'm sorry," she said impatiently, "that I can't make it easy for you. But I can't, and there it is. I told you before that it was far too dark for me to see properly, and I don't think there's any point in asking me to look at people from that point of view."

"I can see," said Slade, "that it isn't exactly a pleasant position for you. Nobody wishes to act as an informer. However, if this affair isn't cleared up it means that suspicion may fall on innocent people. I presume we can still count on your help if we think it necessary—"

She stood up with an air of finality. "It would be a waste of time," she said curtly. "I can't tell you any more than I have done."

When the door had closed behind her, Slade sat for a moment in meditation.

"A difficult girl," he said finally.

"Needs a smack," said Hume. "I can't understand why she's being so unco-operative."

"It's my belief that she recognised him," said Hume. "She just isn't prepared to be the person who turns him in."

"That's a distinct possibility."

"It shouts at you," said Hume.

"On the other hand," put in Bateman, "one can't work on

assumptions of that sort. If she says it wasn't him—"

"She didn't say it wasn't him," said Hume, "that's the whole point. The circumstantial evidence is still good enough. If he didn't do it, why won't he tell us what he was doing up there?"

"Yes," Slade appeared this time not to notice or resent Hume's effort to force him into action. He was preoccupied with his own thoughts. "But we shall be well advised to walk warily. We don't want to do anything in a hurry that we might regret later."

He rose, and said in a tone of dismissal, "I'm going to think about this before coming to a decision. I'll let you know as soon as I've made up my mind."

The next day they reached Aden, stopped for a few hours, and moved on. They sailed north, towards Suez, the canal, Port Said, the Mediterranean, Europe. On either side lay the shores of the Red Sea, the brown parched deserts and rolling sandhills of the Old Testament. The air was stale, humid, suffocating, a last farewell to the tropics. The sea was deep blue, blown into tiny, white-crested waves, all facing north. But the breeze which produced them moved parallel with the Capricorn and produced no relief from the heat.

It was like a dead time, a time of truce to all action. The heat was oppressive and all-pervading—it generated the type of dispiriting fatigue

To page 74



Peeping petticoats look lovelier when starched with

ROBIN

Only a minute or two for a

light starching with Robin Starch and your petticoats peep out with an air of radiant crispness; a charm and freshness that outlasts your longest day. Robin is the easy-to-mix powder starch that makes ironing so much easier.



P.S. For alluring freshness fashion says light starching for cotton and linen frocks, shirts, too.

ROBIN
Starch

GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON



for **COLOURS**

for **SMARTNESS**

for **STYLE**

insist on **HANDKERCHIEFS** made by **NILE**

For "Her" NILE... Coloured borders, fancy checks, coloured grounds... 2/- ea.; 1-doz. box, 6/-.

NILE FLORA... Huge range of latest prints, gaily coloured... 1/6 ea.

NILE FANTASY... Exclusive novelty prints—special large size... 1/11 ea.

For "Him" NILE... Attractive gift boxes... 1-doz. box, 19/6; 1-doz. box, 9/9; 3/3 ea.

NILE Initialed... Famous Nile White Handkerchiefs with Blue initial, 3/9ea. Coloured Nile Handkerchiefs with coloured initial, 4/3 ea.

NILE "JUNIOR"—for boys—coloured designs—2/- ea.

Formal or al fresco it's still a feast . . .

IN keeping with today's varied entertaining, Christmas dinner in Australia may be served with the traditional pomp of fine china, linen, and silverware, or with all the informality of a check tablecloth spread on the grass along a riverbank.

The meal itself may be served at midday or in the evening, but the point is this: what you eat for Christmas dinner, and where and when, is a matter of personal choice.

On this and the opposite page are recipes for both the traditional and the picnic-style Christmas dinner.

Here are the recipes for a traditional roast poultry and plum pudding menu. All spoon measurements are level.

TOMATO COCKTAIL

One tin tomato juice, 1 dessert-spoon lemon juice or vinegar, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper, strips lemon rind.

Combine tomato and lemon juices and Worcestershire sauce. Season to taste with salt and pepper, chill thoroughly. Add a curled strip of lemon rind to garnish.

ROAST TURKEY

Clean turkey thoroughly and remove excess fat. Singe and remove pin feathers, wash, and drain. Stuff and truss bird as desired. Place bird in baking-dish in which has been melted 3 tablespoons fat (turkey, chicken dripping

or butter). Baste well over bird, cover with greased paper and place in a hot oven for 10 minutes. Baste again, reduce heat to moderate and continue baking, allowing 20 minutes for each pound. Frequent basting during cooking period ensures a soft, well-browned skin and outside meat portions. Remove to heatproof platter and make gravy in the pan dripping. Serve with sauteed paprika onions, buttered green peas, and candied potatoes.

mixed peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. beef suet, 2oz. almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated nutmeg, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 1-3rd cup brandy, almond essence.

Prepare fruit, chop peel very finely, blanch and chop almonds. Chop suet very finely with the flour. Mix dry ingredients thoroughly. Beat eggs well, gradually add brandy, milk, and essence. Stir gradually into dry ingredients. The consistency should be stiff. Fill into greased basin and cover with

DELICIOUS seasonings and sauces can lift any poultry dish into a Christmas treat. Here are a few mouth-watering specials:

FOR TURKEY

Rice and Orange Filling: One cup raw rice, 1 small onion (minced), 1 tablespoon shortening or fat from turkey, 1 large orange, 1 tablespoon seedless raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon celery salt.

Cook rice in boiling, lightly salted water until barely tender.

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**,
Our Food and Cookery
Expert

to cook and turn until mushrooms are lightly browned. Sprinkle and blend in flour; add parsley, thyme, allspice, hot wine, and stock. Bring to a boil and cook for 5 minutes, stirring constantly.

FOR DUCK OR CHICKEN

Caraway Seed Stuffing: Two cups breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped bacon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mushrooms, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 teaspoon caraway seeds, salt, pepper.

Fry bacon pieces lightly in butter in pan, add finely chopped onion, cook 2 minutes and add mushrooms. Cook a further 2 minutes and add to breadcrumbs with herbs, caraway seeds, salt, and pepper. Bind together with egg and a little milk if necessary.

Mushroom Creme: One small onion (finely chopped), 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 cups stock made from giblets or meat and vegetables, 4oz. sliced mushrooms (lightly fried), 1 tablespoon cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger.

Saute onion in butter until soft, combine with stock, and heat to boiling point. Blend cornflour to a paste with mushroom liquid, salt, and ginger. Add to sauce, cook, and stir until smooth and thickened. Add mushrooms. Makes about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups.

...INDOOR Christmas Meals

CANDIED SWEET POTATOES

Six sweet potatoes, salt and pepper, 1 cup brown sugar, butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water.

Wash and scrub potatoes. Boil potatoes without paring them, and when tender drain and strip off skins. Cut in halves lengthwise and arrange in a greased baking-dish a layer of potatoes and sprinkle with brown sugar, a little salt and pepper, and dots of butter. Repeat layers. Add water and bake in hot oven until the potatoes are brown.

RICH XMAS PUDDING

Quarter pound flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. white breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dates, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. figs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

greased paper. Cover with a pudding cloth and tie tightly. Plunge into boiling water and boil for 5 to 6 hours. Serve sifted with castor sugar and decorated with a sprig of holly. Pour a wineglass of warmed brandy over and round the pudding and set it alight.

HARD SAUCE

One ounce butter, white of 1 egg, 4oz. icing sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon brandy, 1 cup coconut.

Cream the butter and sugar well. Add the beaten white of egg, brandy, and half the coconut. Form in small balls, toss in remaining coconut, and serve round the pudding with a small holly leaf as a decoration.

Drain thoroughly. Saute onion in shortening until golden. Grate skin of orange; peel and remove membrane and seeds; chop orange meat coarsely. Place peel, chopped orange, rice, onion, and raisins in a bowl. Add combined seasonings and mix well. Makes about 4 cups of filling, which is enough for a $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 6lb. bird.

White Wine Sauce: One tablespoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 cup sliced mushrooms, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon parsley, pinch thyme, pinch allspice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot dry white wine, 1 cup giblet stock.

Saute onion in butter for 3 minutes, add mushrooms. Continue



ROAST TURKEY, filled with rice and orange stuffing and served with candied sweet potatoes, sauteed onions, and buttered green peas, is the delicious main course of our traditional Yuletide dinner.



FOR THE FESTIVE PICNIC, take along streamers and colorful balloons and let the children decorate the trees round your picnic-ground. The main attractions among the Christmas fare illustrated above are crisp salad bowl, chicken, eggs, and meat platter, chilled pudding, fruit sherbet, and mince tarts.

EATING a picnic-style Christmas dinner outdoors is gradually becoming more popular in the hot Australian summer, and children particularly enjoy the fun and freedom of being away from the house.

Usually the emphasis is placed on lighter menus and easy serving, an arrangement with lots of appeal for the busy housewife who can prepare much of the food in advance.

Large-size vacuum containers are ideal for carrying hot and cold foodstuffs. Salads, for instance, remain fresh and crisp for hours when packed straight from the refrigerator into a container.

Where vacuum containers are not available, pack prepared foods into alkathene wrapping, place a few ice-cubes among the lettuce leaves, and cover well with damp newspaper.

On this page are tasty recipes for hearty Christmas dishes to be eaten outdoors. Use level spoon measurements in them all.

FIESTA FRIED CHICKEN

Half teaspoon onion salt, 1 teaspoon paprika, dash garlic salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup flour, 1 tablespoon salt, 2 or 3 pounds chicken cut in pieces, 1 cup butter or margarine.

Combine dry ingredients in a paper bag. Place chicken pieces a few at a time in bag and shake well. Lower pieces into hot butter in a large frying-pan. Cover and cook for 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Turn chicken and continue to cook for 20 minutes or until golden-brown. Sprinkle with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water.

Cover again and cook for 5 minutes. Remove from pan and drain on paper. Serve on a large platter with savory stuffed eggs, Devon rolls, and slices of cooked ham.

SAVORY STUFFED EGGS

Six hard-boiled eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cooked mashed potato, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mustard, 2 teaspoons tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon grated onion, salt, cayenne pepper.

rolls are mayonnaise and chopped red pepper, cottage cheese and chopped chives, cold mashed potatoes and chopped shallot, and chopped hard-boiled eggs and sardines.

ILLUSION HAM

One pumped leg of mutton, mixed herbs, 1lb. flour, brown sugar, butter, cloves, breadcrumbs. Wipe leg with a damp cloth,

of the water. Turn on to a lightly floured board and divide into two. Roll out and line small patty-cases with the pastry. Place about one dessertspoonful of mincemeat in each case, glaze edges, and cover with another round of pastry. Brush with white of egg and bake in a moderately hot oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Cool and dust with icing sugar before serving.

Chop all fruits finely and add to the biscuit crumbs and spices. Melt butter and marshmallows over boiling water and add to fruit mixture with the orange juice and sherry. Mix all ingredients thoroughly and press into a greased pudding basin. Chill overnight in the refrigerator and serve in slices with ice-cream.

HOLIDAY SALAD PLATTER

One pound new potatoes, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced onion (white), 1 cup chilled cooked green peas, 4 slices pineapple, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mayonnaise, lettuce, parsley, tomato wedges.

Boil the potatoes in their jackets with a sprig of mint to flavor, remove skins and cut into dice. Chill and add green peas and onion. Toss in mayonnaise. Remove rind from pineapple and cut out hard centre. Make a bed of shredded lettuce on salad platter and arrange pineapple. Pile the potatoes and peas in centre of each slice of pineapple. Arrange tomato wedges between pineapple slices. Garnish with parsley or cress.

SIMPLE GINGER BEER

Four cups sugar, 1 teaspoon tartaric acid, 1 dessertspoon ground ginger, juice of 3 lemons, 24 cups cold water, sultanas.

Place sugar, tartaric acid, ground ginger, lemon juice, and water into a large bowl, stir until sugar is quite dissolved. Strain through a muslin cloth, and bottle. Drop 3 sultanas into each bottle and seal with patent seal bottle-tops. Stand aside. When sultanas rise to the top the ginger beer is ready to drink (approx. 3 to 4 days). If made for a picnic, refrigerate well for 24 hours and wrap in sheets of damp newspaper.

...OUTDOOR Christmas Meals

Remove shells from eggs and cut in halves with a sharp knife which has been dipped in water. Lift out yolks, place into a basin, and mash thoroughly with a fork. Add softened butter and potatoes, mix well, add sauce, mustard, and onion, and season to taste with salt and cayenne. Spoon into egg-whites or fill through a pastry-bag and rose-tube. Chill and serve.

DEVON ROLLS

Half pound thinly sliced Devon sausage, 2 tablespoons finely chopped gherkin, 2oz. cream cheese, cocktail onions.

Remove rind from sausage slices and spread with cream cheese. Sprinkle with gherkin and roll up loosely. Secure rolls by piercing through with a cocktail stick and attaching a small colored onion.

Alternative fillings for these

trim, and rub with mixed herbs. Make a scone dough with flour and water and completely cover the leg. Place in a moderate oven and bake. Allow 35 minutes to each pound in weight. When cooked remove paste, brush with a little melted butter and sprinkle with brown sugar and browned breadcrumbs. Stick with cloves; replace in oven for 10 to 15 minutes. Chill thoroughly before serving.

MINCE TARTLETS

One pound prepared fruit mince filling, 6oz. plain flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking powder, 3oz. butter, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon water, icing sugar.

Cream butter and sugar well, add egg-yolk and half the water. Stir in sifted flour and baking powder and, if necessary, remainder

FRUIT SALAD SHERBET

One pound sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint cold water, juice of 2 lemons, selection of fruits in season (pineapple, bananas, peaches, passionfruit, cherries).

Boil sugar and water for 5 minutes. Add lemon juice and pour over chopped fruits. Allow to become cold and pour into containers which can be placed in freezing compartment of refrigerator. To serve, allow to thaw slightly and chop to resemble coarsely crushed ice.

CHILLED CHRISTMAS PUDDING

One and a half pounds mixed fruit, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sweet biscuit crumbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground ginger, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. marshmallows, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sherry.



By Appointment to
His Majesty the King
Printed by J. & W. Smith, Ltd., London

DETTOLO

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

Staisweet

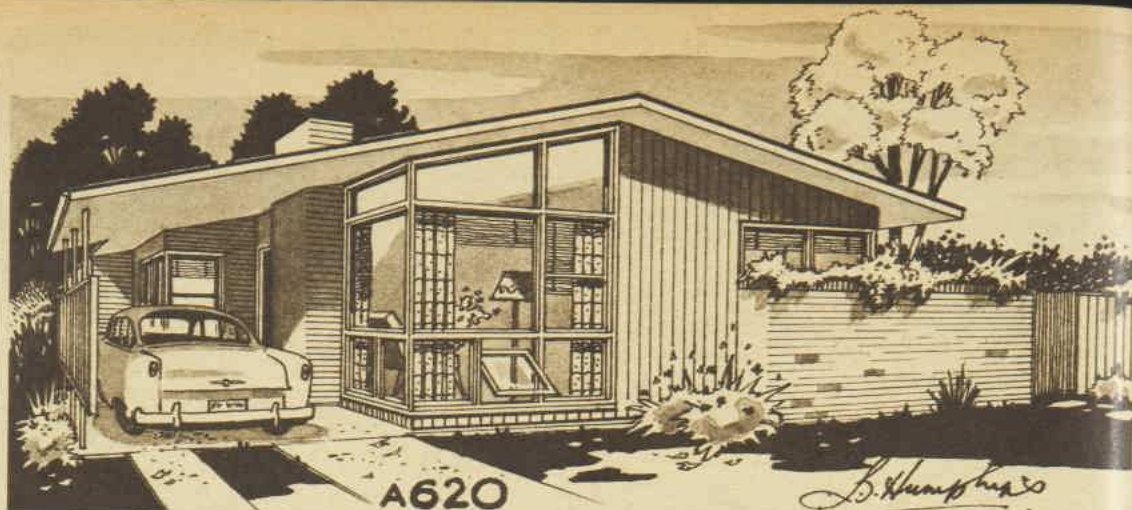
Stay as sweet as you are with

Staisweet

The Deodorant you can trust

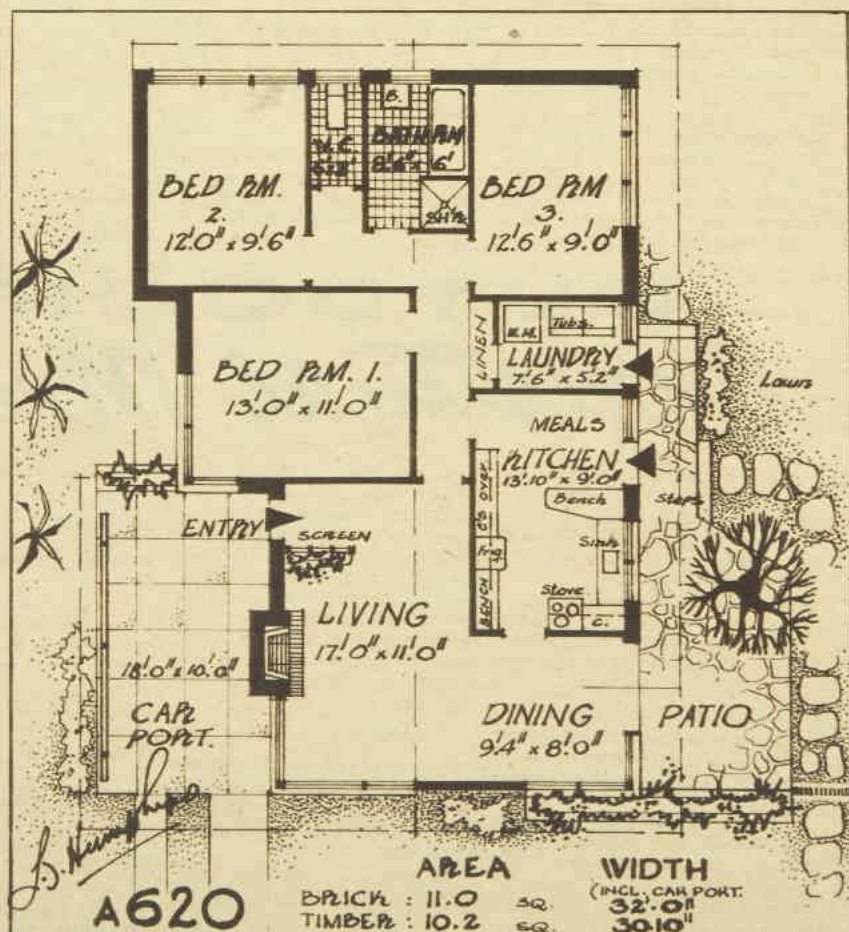
Staisweet

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥



DESIGN FOR A HOME WITH A DIFFERENCE

ADELAIDE: John Martin
and Co. Ltd. (second floor)
Rundle St. Mail to Box 629E
G.P.O.



<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4826832>

Novel decorations to make

● Intriguing and colorful Christmas novelties shown on this page were sold at the American Women's Auxiliary Fair held at the home of Mrs. Angus Jones in Melbourne.

DIRECTIONS for the table decorations, choirboys, stocking, and candles are given below.

All are simple and inexpensive to make for the coming Christmas season.

GAY TABLE DECORATION

THIS easy decoration can be adapted to almost any table or setting. Here it is placed in a basket for a Christmas effect.

Materials: A strong piece of branch or wire 8in. to 9in. long for base; silver or gold leaves; dried flower stalks (agapanthus), if desired; pipe cleaners; lyd. tinsel or colored ribbon; painted pine cone; strong glue; silver paper; 8 to 12 baubles.

Tip the end of a pipe cleaner with a large blob of glue and insert in the baubles. Allow to set. Attach baubles to the base by winding pipe cleaners neatly round the stick. Add a few silver leaves to balance.

Cover the base with silver paper cut on the cross. Finish the end neatly and add tinsel or colored ribbon to give a pretty finish. Add dried sprays and pine cone as desired.

CHRISTMAS STOCKING

HERE is a stocking festive enough to entice Father Christmas to leave some exciting presents, or pretty enough to act as a decoration in its own right.

Materials: For the large stocking you will need a piece of red or green felt measuring 33in. by 20in. A smaller stocking takes felt measuring 7in. by 5in. For trimming: A small quantity of white felt, cotton-wool, sequins, beads, diamante, pearls, etc.; green wool; thread.

Cut out two stocking shapes to the following measurements: Length of leg from top to sole, 16in.; length of foot from heel to toe, 9in.; width at ankle, 6½in.; width at top of leg, 8in.

From white felt cut a Christmas tree 7in. high and 5in. across at the widest points. Embroider with beads, etc. Make a candle using a red sequin for a base, a tiny red bead as a flame, and a long white bead as the candle itself. A small piece of felt folded and beaded with a cross makes a perfect parcel for under the tree.

Bead the tree all over, pad a little with cotton-wool, and sew to half of the stocking with a small hemming stitch. Finish the top of the tree with a star or tiny bell.

Make a flower or tiny deer from white felt and cover with beads. Sew in place near the



ABOVE: Table of colorful Christmas novelties. The directions for making some of these attractive items are given on this page.

RIGHT: Suzanne Carrodus, whose mother is a member of the American Women's Auxiliary, with some of the gifts.



tree. Bead a white cuff and sew to top of the stocking with blanket stitch, using green wool. Sew up sides of the stocking and put a loop of wool inside for hanging.

The small stocking: Decorate with beads and sequins like the larger stocking, and use as a tree decoration, or on the dinner table at Christmas to hold a table napkin or small gift.

CHOIRBOYS

A GROUP of easily made paper choirboys is an attractive decoration for the table, mantel, or entry hall at Christmas time.

Materials: Ping-pong balls for heads; packet paper d'oyles; stiff white paper; stiff red and green paper; pipe cleaners; glue; black paper or ribbon for bows; paint.

Paint faces on the ping-pong balls and allow to dry. Pierce each one with a pipe cleaner and attach to cones cut from red or green paper. Wind one



CROWDED WORKROOM of Mrs. Angus Jones, in her Melbourne home, is packed with novelties she has made. Here Mrs. Jones holds a decorative frosted candle.

pipe cleaner round neck and bend down to form arms.

Cover choirboys with d'oyles as shown, and glue lace in position. Glue cones of white paper into place round neck. Finish with tiny black ties. Pieces of white paper make the boys' music.

FESTIVE CANDLES

MAKE these Christmas "specials" by dipping ordinary candles in molten wax, and cooling in the refrigerator. Then set on bases. Add glitter for sparkle.

it's fun
to be
(followed)

Yes, it's fun and flattering, too, but the ELNA Supermatic is STILL the world's finest model — with many versatile exclusive features! Only ELNA is so easy to operate. Just pop in a disc for the stitch you want and ELNA does the rest. Only ELNA Supermatic has a carrying case that converts into a practical work table. The FREE ARM is so useful when working on tubular garments and millinery. Exclusive backwards, forwards, and sideways movement makes the beautiful ELNA embroidery stitches!

£98/10/-

Available on Easy Terms.



ELNA is Swiss precision-built, sold and serviced throughout 105 countries. In Australia and New Zealand ELNA has a 10-year guarantee, and you're assured of continuous service, spare parts and accessories.

Write, call or 'phone for Free Literature or home demonstration

ELNA

Available from: *Supermatic*

ROBERTSON REVERSIBLE SEWING MACHINE PTY. LTD.

453 PITT ST., SYDNEY MA3487

RIGHT OPPOSITE THE HOTEL SYDNEY

Also at Melbourne, Albury, and throughout New Zealand

Each week . . .

The Australian Women's Weekly publishes an attractive home plan. These plans can be obtained at the Weekly's Home Planning Centres in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Hobart. The plans are also on sale in Geelong.

A thimble-size garden



RETIRED Mr. Harry Graus, of Brooklyn, New York, has a miniature garden which he believes is the world's smallest. It thrives in a collection of thimbles, toothpaste-tube caps, and bottle-tops.

Site of Mr. Graus' garden is the kitchen of his three-room flat. He thinks that kitchen steam helps provide a beneficial atmosphere for plants, and favors a mixture of sand and humus for them.

Mr. Graus, who has always liked plants, had so many at one time that his long-suffering wife complained the house furnishings couldn't be seen for rubber plants. It was then he hit on the idea for his present garden. His ultimate ambition is to "grow plants in pinholes and other minute openings."

ABOVE: Close-up shows how Mr. Harry Graus, of Brooklyn, N.Y., cultivates his miniature garden with toothpick and eye-dropper. The plant is a boxwood in a toothpaste-tube cap.



RIGHT: When Mr. Graus first began planting seeds in thimbles several years ago the metal poisoned the roots. He overcame that problem by coating the metal interior with a waterproof glue. Since then all his plants, including begonias, have thrived. He now has 50 growing.

LEFT: In a beautiful floral arrangement this spray of ivy arches over the thimble, bottle-cap, and toothpaste-cap plantings so highly prized by Mr. Graus, the man with the green thumb and a garden to match.



LEFT. Mr. Graus' first success with miniature plantings came with this flourishing coleus and ivy potted in a thimble on September 12, 1954.

RIGHT: Mrs. Graus joins her husband in showing how a plant, three inches high when placed in a sugar bowl five years ago, now measures 70 inches.



DELIGHT IN DRIFTWOOD

THE dramatic driftwood figures pictured on this page were all created from odd-shaped roots found in the Australian bush and along river banks. They show that, when arranged with imagination, ordinary driftwood is highly decorative. Each piece has been cleaned thoroughly and rubbed over with a wire brush to produce a smooth finish. The black pieces were scorched over a gas flame.



ABOVE: This driftwood piece, which stands about three feet high, features two intricately curved figures resembling humans with arms outstretched. It would make an effective decoration for an entrance hall. Pictures by staff photographer Ernest Nutt.



RIGHT: The flowing dance movement of ballet is suggested by this figure. Note how the timber base which supports it is carved for balance. The dark color and rough texture of the wood are in striking contrast to the smoothness of the bleached figure.

RIGHT: This unusual piece of driftwood looks like the figure of a man. A pine-cone, added for the head, heightens the illusion.



SIMPLE GRACE is the keynote of these three figures, which soften the stark effect of the black wood. These would make an unusual arrangement for an occasional table.



Let young feet "Breathe" this Summer...

AT SCHOOL AT PLAY

in
**PADDLE
SUMMER
SANDALS**

Young feet are really "on the go" during the warmer months. These smart summer sandals will stand up to all the wear and tear of summer school and play. They're cool, they're comfortable and they're sturdy... and because they're Paddle, they allow for healthy, natural growth. Paddle correct fit safeguards young feet for the future.

So, for school, for play, for best
... this summer, put them in Paddle!



S264. In London Tan, Black, Taupe, Crimson, Black Patent, White Buck. Sizes 4-11½. Microcell sole.



M234. In Turf Tan, Black, Black Patent, White Buck, Crimson. Sizes 7-11½. Synthetic sole.



V219. In White Buck, Blonde, Turf Tan, Crimson, Taupe, Sherry Grape, Benedictine and Blonde, Crimson and Blonde. Sizes 4-10½, 11-5. Leather sole.



SL206. In Turf Tan. Sizes 11-10. Synthetic sole.



T242. In Turf Tan, White Buck, Fawn, Crimson, Black Patent, Cherry Red Patent. Sizes 4-8½. Leather sole.



HOST HOLBROOK says:-

The difference between **just eating**
and **really enjoying** your food is

Holbrooks



Only Host Holbrook can give a meal that certain zestful flavour. And now, Host Holbrook brings you his famous Worcestershire Sauce in a sensational, new, non-drip bottle which pours or drops the exact amount of sauce to suit your taste.

Buy Australia's largest-selling Worcestershire in the revolutionary non-drip bottle! . . . Holbrook's Worcestershire Sauce.

ONLY HOLBROOK'S HAS IT NEW NON-DRIP BOTTLE

IT DROPS CLEANLY

to season
tomato juice,
steaks, chops—
all grills!



IT POURS FREELY

to flavour
your cooking,
casseroles,
stews, gravies,
any of your favourite dishes.



OTHER FAMOUS HOLBROOK PRODUCTS



**HOLBROOK'S SWEET
MUSTARD SAUCE**
the perfect
relish on hot or
cold meats.



**HOLBROOK'S SWEET
MUSTARD PICKLES**
just the
right degree of
sweetness.



**HOLBROOK'S
SPANISH OLIVES**
Green or stuffed
an exotic
touch to drinks
and savouries.



**HOLBROOK'S
SWEET GHERKINS**
add a
flavourful
touch to all
festive party
plates.



**HOLBROOK'S
COCKTAIL ONIONS**
colourful
and tasty on
party dishes and
salad plates.

Each recipe of Holbrooks' famous products has, through years of culinary research, been perfected to bring you that certain distinction of flavour which is exclusively Holbrooks'.



H72/FPC

PRIZE RECIPES

● **Liver-and-ham savory, an appetising dish suitable for either lunch or dinner, wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest for readers.**

THIS prize-winning savory would be an excellent way of using any left-over pieces of ham. Also, any other type of cold cooked meat, mixed with bacon pieces, could be used instead of ham.

Consolation prizes of £1 are awarded for a luscious pineapple sweet, a moist chocolate cake, and an interesting fish dish.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

LIVER-AND-HAM SAVORY

One pound liver, seasoned flour, 1½ cups chopped ham, fat for frying, 1 small onion, 3 tomatoes, pinch herbs, salt, pepper, ½ cup stock or water, cheese, butter, breadcrumbs.

Soak liver in cold salted water for half hour. Drain, re-

move skin, cut into ½ in. slices. Coat with seasoned flour and fry in hot fat in frying-pan until browned on all sides. Chop onion finely, saute in extra fat until soft, then add ham and cook further 5 minutes. Remove from heat, add to sauteed liver slices; season with herbs and salt and pepper to taste. Place in half the tomatoes (skinned and sliced); repeat these layers, pour over stock. Sprinkle top with equal quantities of cheese and breadcrumbs. Dot with butter and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Serve piping hot.

First Prize of £5 to Miss Richardson, 14 Harwill Street, Camp Hill, Brisbane.

PINEAPPLE DREAMS

One tin crushed pineapple, 1 tablespoon gelatine (softened in 2 tablespoons cold water),

2-3rd cup sweet sherry, ½ pint whipped cream or thoroughly chilled evaporated milk, 24 marshmallows (approximately ½ lb.), glace cherries, angelica. Cut marshmallows into small pieces, place in basin, pour sherry over; cover and allow to stand overnight. On the following day dissolve softened gelatine, stir into pineapple. Fold in marshmallow mixture and, lastly, whipped cream. Fill into sweets dishes; chill until set. Decorate with cherries and pieces of angelica.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Skinner, 30 Bedford Road, Ringwood, Vic.

FILLETS OF SOLE ST. RAPHAEL

Six fillets sole, 4 medium-sized tomatoes, 1 onion, 3oz. good shortening, 6oz. chopped mushrooms, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon parsley, 1 cup water, ½ cup white wine, 2 tablespoons flour.

Heat shortening in pan, add chopped tomatoes, mushrooms, and onion, and cook until soft. Add parsley, water, wine, and fish fillets; season with salt and pepper. Cover and simmer 20 minutes. Remove fish from pan, arrange on serving dish; keep hot. Meanwhile, blend flour with a little water, stir into liquid in pan. Continue stirring over low heat until mixture boils and thickens. Pour over fish fillets, serve with creamed potatoes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Wallace, 57 Lyon Street, Moorooka, Brisbane.

WHITE CHOCOLATE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup castor sugar, ½



PINEAPPLE DREAMS, a delicious sweet for which the recipe is given on this page, may be varied by substituting pureed apricots or peaches, mashed banana, passion-fruit pulp, or crushed strawberries for the pineapple ingredient. They are equally good.

You and your baby

● **The conflicting advice from well-meaning friends often confuses and worries young mothers and mothers-to-be.**

EVERY mother will appreciate the simple, expert, and up-to-date advice given by Sister Mary Jacob in her comprehensive parentcraft book "You and Your Baby."

Every aspect of caring for the expectant mother and for the baby after he is born is covered in this helpful guide to good parenthood.

An ideal gift for any young mother, this book will be of

particular value to mothers in inland areas, where medical advice on baby-care is not always readily available.

The fifth enlarged and revised edition of "You and Your Baby" is now on sale from booksellers in the capital cities. It can also be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 15/-, plus 9d. postage. As a Christmas gift it would be most welcome.

FAMILY DISH

SAUSAGES topped with a savory cheese-and-spinach mixture make this week's tasty family dish. It costs 6/3 and serves four.

SAUSAGE-AND-SPINACH SAVORY

One pound beef sausages, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, salt, pepper, ½ cup grated cheese, ½ to 1 cup chopped cooked spinach, 2 eggs.

Boil sausages 10 minutes. Drain, cut into quarters, and arrange in greased ovenproof dish. Mix onion, cheese, salt and pepper with white sauce and heat until cheese is melted. Cool slightly, fold in spinach and beaten egg-yolks. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and pour over sausages in dish. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes until set.

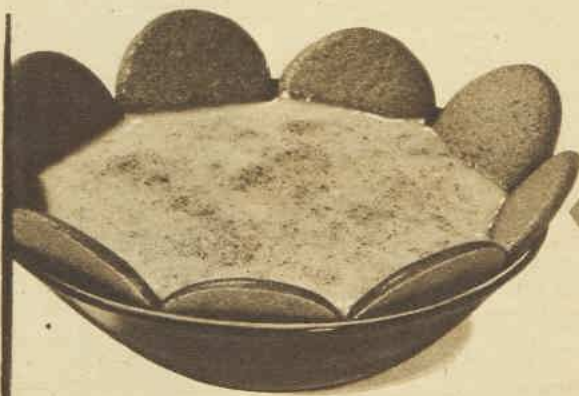
teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda (or use self-raising flour), pinch salt, ½ cup milk, 2oz. grated chocolate.

Cream shortening with sugar and vanilla, add egg-yolks, and beat well. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and chocolate. Fill into greased 7in. cake-tin, bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Cool on cake-cooler. Ice with lemon icing and sprinkle with extra grated chocolate.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. J. Renault, "Esplanade," Oatlands, Tas.

**NEW EXCITING
WAYS TO SERVE
Foster Clark's
creamy
custard**

DELICIOUS...ECONOMICAL!



SERVE CUSTARD ON BREAKFAST CEREALS

Make a thin custard and serve hot or cold with fruit and cereals.



WE LOVE IT!



SO EASY!

STRAWBERRY CRUNCH

3 level tbs. Foster Clark's Custard Powder, ½ pt. milk, 1 oz. sugar, 2 tbs. strawberry topping, few drops cochineal, ½ lb. honey biscuits.

Make custard as packet directs. Cool and stir in topping and cochineal. Place biscuits in dish in layers and pour custard over. Chill.



SERVE THICK AND CREAMY TOPPED WITH ICE-CREAM

for a luscious-looking, economical sweet.



MY FAVOURITE SWEET!

SERVE HOT! SERVE COLD! SERVE FOSTER CLARK'S CREAMY CUSTARD IN SO MANY WAYS!

HI-GLOSS HOUSE PAINT

HI-GLOSS HOUSE PAINT

DULUX

AND IT STAYS BEAUTIFUL FOR YEARS - IT'S EASIER TO PAINT WITH "HI-GLOSS" AND IT STAYS BEAUTIFUL FOR YEARS - IT'S EASIER TO PAINT WITH "HI-GLOSS" AND IT STAYS BEAUTIFUL FOR YEARS - IT'S EASIER TO PAINT WITH "HI-GLOSS"



FASCINATING 32 PAGE COLOURFUL HOMES BOOK

Only 3/- from your nearest DULUX dealer. If you prefer, send Postal Note, Money Order or Cheque for 3/- to the DULUX Colour Centre enclosing coupon below!

FEATHERLIGHT PAINTING OUTSIDE!

Take a feather . . . press the tip gently against wood . . . pull it along . . . that's how easy "Hi-Gloss" is to use! No wrist-ache . . . no tugging . . .! Swift, smooth featherlight strokes cover hundreds of square feet in a few short hours with a tough, long-lasting glossy coat of DULUX "Hi-Gloss". Often you only need one coat to do a perfect job! It's easier to paint with "Hi-Gloss" and it stays beautiful for years.

FADELESS, RICH GLOSSY COLOURS!

The exterior of your home can look like a prize-winning home in a glossy magazine when you use long-lasting DULUX "Hi-Gloss" colours . . . Paradise Blue, Gull Grey, Sun Yellow, Foam Green . . . from White through a rainbow-wide choice of colours . . . fadeless colours that stay glossy longer than any other paint. DULUX "Hi-Gloss" will **never** peel when correctly applied. "Hi-Gloss" protects your home better and stays new-looking longer than any other paint!

FREE! EXPERT COLOUR SCHEME ADVICE

For a free colour scheme for your home, specially prepared by experts, just mail coupon. You will receive a DULUX Colour Questionnaire. Fill it in and post it back to the DULUX Colour Centre in your State and you will receive a personal reply and colour scheme.

TO: THE DULUX COLOUR CENTRE

3rd Fl., Century Bldg., 125 Swanston St. MELBOURNE
G.P.O. Box 272 SYDNEY
Tennyson Memorial Ave., Yeerongpilly BRISBANE
1st Fl., Elizabeth House, North Terrace ADELAIDE
Jones St., O'Connor (P.O. Box 4, Palmyra) PERTH

THERE'S A **DULUX** PAINT FOR EVERY PURPOSE

FOR BEST RESULTS USE THE RIGHT PAINT FOR THE JOB ▶



DULUX "Super-Latex" Satin Wall Paint for interior walls and ceilings, exterior masonry and asbestos cement.
DULUX One coat "Super-Matt" self-sealing flat enamel for any interior or exterior surface.
DULUX "Super-Enamel" Full Gloss — best for kitchens, bathrooms, laundries, doors, windows, cars, furniture, etc.
DULUX "Super-Satin" soft-lustre, mar-resistant, washable, synthetic enamel designed for interior surfaces.

Please send me free a DULUX Colour Questionnaire ☐

Please send me a Colourful Homes Book for which I enclose 3/- ☐

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

Gifts wrapped with glamor



● Brightly colored wrappings and sparkling bows and tinsel can make even the simplest Christmas gift look glamorous. Directions for making the poinsettia and rose-box illustrated above are given on this page.

SEVERAL pretty ideas for decorating Christmas gift packages with flowers and tinsel and bows are shown in the above picture.

BOX-WRAPPING

FOR a normal rectangular box (as illustrated), estimate the amount of paper you will need, allowing half an inch overlap at the back and sides. Centre the design on the front of the box, bring the paper round, and secure firmly at the back with glue, cellulose tape, or a seal. Fold the paper at the ends, bring the side flaps toward the centre, fold the last flap up, and secure.

To fit the paper neatly around a cylinder, first trace the end of the cylinder on the gift paper and cut out the circle, one for each end. Cut the rest of the paper with two inches overlap at the top and bottom. Wrap around the cylinder and secure. Crease down or slash the ends of the paper to tuck neatly over the bottom. Glue the two circles in place.

The cylinder can be varied by leaving three or more inches at each end. Gather the ends and tie instead of gluing down. Fringe the ends to make a party bonbon.

BASIC BOW

USING 4 to 6 feet of ribbon, form a circle (about 3 1/2 in. in diameter) and secure with cellulose tape. Roll up ribbon, holding circle lightly with middle finger and thumb until 7 or 8 turns have been made. (Figs. 1 and 2, above sketch.)

Fold circle in halves, fold over again, and cut off corners at centre fold (Figs. 3 and 4). Leave 1/2 in. of ribbon in centre. Tie with a narrow piece of ribbon and notch centre and pull tight. Do not trim ends. Tie at notched centre fold (Fig. 5).

To pull out loops (Fig. 6), place left forefinger inside loops at one end of bow. With right



CHRYSANTHEMUM

Two variations to the basic bow are the poinsettia (above right) and chrysanthemum (above). Before pulling basic bow out, cut as shown. For poinsettia use only 30 to 35 in. of ribbon to make the bow. Use for a flat parcel.

POINSETTIA

To make poinsettia leaves, use 12 in. green ribbon 1 in. wide. Hold one end in each hand and rotate ribbon until the shanks tighten. Rotate, using wrist motion until shanks become quite taut. Fasten the ends securely.

hand, pull inside loop out to right, up across centre, down to left side of bow, and release. Repeat, pulling next loop to left with left hand. Finish all loops at one end before turning bow around and starting at other end.

THE ROSE

MATERIALS: One to 1 1/2 yds. 3/4 in. cellulose ribbon. (For smaller roses use shorter lengths of narrower ribbon.) If making several roses, do not cut ribbon, as pulled-through portion can be used for other roses, thus saving material. Small quantity green satin for leaves.

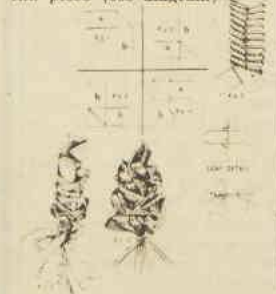
Find centre of ribbon and fold at a right-angle (Fig. 1) with end A to left, B down. Keeping diagonal fold towards

you, fold B up behind the diagonal (Fig. 2) and Fold A to right (Figs. 3 and 4.) Fold B down and A to left. Repeat until only a few inches of ribbon remain, making soft folds, not sharp creases, in the ribbon.

Holding crossed ends, release the folded section and rest on a flat surface. Start pulling end X gently toward you, telescoping folds. Stop when top corner of diagonal fold reaches centre (Fig. 7). Tie at base.

Shape rose by twisting point of diagonal between thumb and forefinger to tighten centre of cluster. Tighten or loosen larger petals as needed. Finish shaping by pulling on ends again until diagonal is just visible. Press rose centre down.

Make leaf by tying a narrow piece of ribbon around a shaped 4 in. piece (see diagram).



ROSE-BOX (left in close-up) shows the finished blooms. Above are relevant diagrams for making.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN - December 18, 1957

Exciting...
Thrilling...
Lovable...



ANNIE OAKLEY

In the history of America's wild west, with its ruthless pioneers and outlaws, Annie Oakley stands out among the many women of courage and resource by her almost uncanny skill with firearms, when marksmanship was a life or death hazard for those she loved or defended. With it all she was gently, lovingly feminine.

Gale Davis, who plays Annie Oakley in Arnott's T.V. Session on T.C.N. at 7.30 every Thursday evening, has those same qualities which endeared Annie to young and old alike, so in her Annie Oakley lives and rides again in the cause of right and justice.



7.30 P.M. to 8 P.M.
EVERY THURSDAY
TCN
CHANNEL 9

Presented for your enjoyment by:

Arnott's
famous
Biscuits



There is no Substitute for Quality

which accompanies convalescence from a debilitating illness. Physical exhaustion was mingled with an obscure spiritual melancholy.

David divided his time between his cabin and the office. He knew that his absence from the saloon would give rise to comment, but he wished to avoid any contact with Floyd, at least for the present. He kept off the passenger decks and spent his working time in a recess of the office not visible from outside. He was not anxious to be questioned by anybody about the Cranston-Smith affair.

His policy was only partially successful. On the day following their departure from Aden, while making a quick dash from the office to his cabin, he was waylaid by Julia.

She looked at him accusingly. "Where have you been hiding yourself?" she asked.

"Hiding?"

"Yes. I couldn't find you anywhere."

"Considering what happened the last time we met," he said frigidly, "I'm surprised that you wanted to."

"I wanted to say how sorry I was about that," she said.

"I was afraid you might have taken offence."

"It's quite all right. Don't think about it."

"I just couldn't get down that evening—it was impossible. And I never exactly promised, did I?"

"Didn't you?"

"No. I said—"

"Never mind," he interrupted. Talking to her was

Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

from page 63

beginning to revive old and painful memories. "It doesn't matter."

"Are you trying to say that you've finished with me?"

"No, but— He floundered. "For goodness' sake, you must understand—"

"Let's go somewhere where we can talk."

He hesitated. "All right." They went to a deserted corner of the smoke-room. She lit a cigarette and said, rather pathetically, "I don't want you to hate me."

"I don't hate you—you must know that. But I don't like being hurt. You obviously don't care very much for me and under those circumstances I think it's better that I should keep away from you." She was about to say something, but he interrupted her. "And please don't suggest that we should be just good friends. That would be too much."

"I can't see why."

"Because I don't feel like that. What you want to do," he said bitterly, "is to have me hanging around when it's convenient and to push me away when it isn't." A memory came back to him of the night in Sydney when he had tried to make love to Ann and she had refused him, afraid of being led into the humiliating position which he now occupied with Julia. She had been so much wiser than he. "It flatters your vanity to think I'm in love with you."

"Are you?"

"Mind your own business." He made as if to rise from his seat, but she put a hand on his arm.

"No, don't go. I want to ask you about something."

"What?"

"Is anything happening about Mrs. Cranston-Smith?"

"Not yet. She's still confined to her cabin. Fellows say she'll probably be getting up tomorrow. The captain won't do anything until he's seen her."

"I suppose not. Have you heard anything further from that horrible little lawyer?"

"Floyd? No. We still don't know whether he was serious or just showing off. I suppose there's a possibility that he might persuade Mrs. Cranston-Smith to take an action—but she'll probably have cooled down by the time she gets home."

JULIA sighed.

"There seems to be a positive conspiracy to make a big thing out of this, one way and another. You looked so solemn when I was giving evidence."

"Did I?"

"Yes, all of you. Very disapproving."

"You shouldn't have spoken to the captain as you did."

"He annoyed me," she said.

"Such a fuss about nothing. Do you think anything will come of it?"

"I couldn't say at the moment," he replied cautiously.

"Do you really not know—or are you just being discreet?"

"I really don't know. It's entirely a matter for Slade to decide."

She pondered for a moment. "It would have been very convenient for everybody if I'd identified that little seaman, wouldn't it?"

"It would have helped," he agreed.

"What would have happened to him if I had?"

"I wouldn't like to say. Something fairly unpleasant. At the very least he'd lose his job and have a black mark on his record for the rest of his life."

"They can't do anything to him now, can they?" Her voice was anxious.

"I don't know. Nothing's been decided. And if it had I wouldn't be allowed to tell you."

"You don't think it was him, do you?"

"It's not my decision."

"Oh," she said irritably, "why do you have to be so cautious! You must know he couldn't have done it."

He regarded her thoughtfully. "Why are you so worried about this?"

He saw again the look of confusion that he had noticed once or twice during the captain's questioning. "It's nothing personal," she said. "I just can't bear to think of that poor boy being victimised."

"The impression you make is that you liked the look of him and don't want to incriminate him." He added, more gently, "If that's so, I can sympathise with you."

She did not seem to hear what he said. Her thoughts were elsewhere. "Such a silly fuss," she said, with an air of grievance. "If it hadn't been for that stupid woman shouting her head off—"

"It must have been a nasty shock," he pointed out.

"Maybe," she said, unimpressed. "But whoever it was, he's not the first visitor she's had in that cabin. Your friend, Mr. Floyd—"

"He's not my friend," David protested indignantly.

"Well, whoever's friend he

is, he's certainly got a cheek carrying on as he did."

"He used to go along there himself?" asked David.

"He certainly did. Not that one could prove it, mind you." She said significantly, "but the bulkheads aren't so thick as all that."

David nodded. It was much as he had suspected. In the light of this knowledge, Floyd's behaviour appeared doubly hypocritical.

"I know it's none of my business who she entertains," went on Julia. "But to go gunning around after a little seaman who'd had one over the eight and didn't do much wrong anyway—I think that's pretty rotten."

"What would you have done if he'd come into your cabin?"

"She hesitated for a moment. "I should have socked him on the jaw," she said lightly. "And in any case, I always keep my door locked at night."

Soon afterwards he made an excuse and left her. The conversation had disturbed him. It had demonstrated to him that, in spite of his resolutions to the contrary, he had not managed to make himself indifferent to her. While she was there it was a constant struggle to resist any overtures she made. He told himself that she was capricious, deceitful, and shallow.

Yet he knew that if he relaxed for a moment he would be tempted to make excuses for her, and start this ill-fated affair all over again.

Alone in his cabin, free from the tension she managed to create in him by her physical presence, he could bring himself to speculate on the reason for her approach to him. It might be merely another change of course in her erratic emotional progress. There was good evidence to suppose that whenever she felt herself loved, her reaction was to respond with some minor piece of cruelty, and whenever she felt herself

abandoned, to rush back to him for comfort. On the other hand, he could not help feeling that she had had another purpose—to extract information about Mrs. Cranston-Smith.

This led him into a line of thought which he had been avoiding ever since the captain's interrogation. The Cranston-Smith affair was unpleasant and dangerous—it was not his responsibility, and he wanted to keep as far out of it as possible. He did not even want to think too deeply about it.

He remembered Ross' parting advice—"Keep your nose clean." It was for the captain to decide whether Kinder was guilty, whether Julia was telling the truth, and what had really happened that night—if it were possible to do so, which David was inclined to doubt. For the rest of them there was nothing to do but await events.

They did not have to wait very long. On the following morning he received another summons from the bridge.

David and Hume arrived together. Bateman was already in the cabin, but Slade was still up on the bridge, talking to the second officer. After a few minutes he came down.

"I must apologise for keeping you waiting," he said. "Brown is just bringing us in some coffee."

As Brown served coffee and handed round cigarettes, Slade sat in silence, the tips of his fingers together, his eyes half-closed. He was like a man-

darin communing with his ancestors. He waited until Brown had left the room and then spoke.

"Mrs. Cranston-Smith," he announced portentously, "I am informed that she has now decided to leave her bed and will present herself here at eleven o'clock." He paused to allow the statement to make its effect, and then went on: "I believe that, in all the circumstances of this case, it's important that we should take the initiative, and I propose to acquaint her immediately with my attitude towards the affair. It isn't easy to decide what one's attitude ought to be."

"The problem, I think you will agree, is an extremely difficult one. As master of a ship one's placed in the position of being both judge and jury in such cases. One's bound to be something of an amateur, and it's largely a question of following the dictates of commonsense. My feeling is—"

He hesitated, and the hesitation itself told his decision. Though David had expected it, the realisation that it was now about to come was no less painful. "Kinder is guilty."

Hume nodded approvingly.

"It's true that Miss Raymond didn't identify him, but I think the rest of the evidence is good enough, and I can't say that I regard Miss Raymond as a very reliable witness. I'm sure that we all formed the impression that she was keeping something back."

He looked at the others for agreement, and, having re-

ceived it, went on: "Now comes the next question: What are we going to do about it? The boy has a good record. This is the sort of thing that always sounds so much worse than it actually is. The chances are that he'd had a few drinks and didn't really understand the significance of what he was doing."

His manner was becoming less pompous, more human altogether, David noticed with relief. In spite of his grandeur and social graces, he was still a seaman at heart. He understood, as no landsman could ever understand, that sailors cannot be judged by quite the same standards as other men.

Their lives are cramped, sometimes arduous, often boring. They know neither privacy nor the ordinary comforts of family life. And so, every now and then, they are impelled by the circumstances of their existence to grumble, to throw childish tantrums, to get drunk, and indulge in all sorts of foolish and extravagant behaviour. It might not be possible to condone such behaviour, but one could at least treat it with understanding.

"When you come down to it," said Slade, "there hasn't been any real harm done, and I'm prepared to bet that this has given him such a thorough fright that he'll never do anything like it again. I don't like the idea of ruining the boy's career for the sake of one lapse. So I'm rather in favor of letting it go—just giving him

To page 76



Nobody
cleans
this
silver

Silver Dip

DOES IT

Nobody cleans this silver. (At least not in the old rub-rub-rub sense of the word.) It's cleaned in seconds by Goddard's Silver Dip. Dipped . . . rinsed . . . dried (with Goddard's Silver Cloth). That's all. Silver Dip takes off the tarnish without harming the silver. Makes the silver bright. Stops it tarnishing again so soon. Buy a bottle NOW—and shine your silver easily tomorrow.

Goddard's



(Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping Institute)
J. GODDARD & SONS LTD.
Leicester, England

Sole Australian Agents — Salmond & Spraggon (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

I was ashamed
... me with denture breath!
... yet I clean them every day



but do you clean them properly?

False teeth
need
STERADENT
specially made to clean
dentures properly

AT CHEMISTS ONLY

HF523



It's the fashion in salads — a deliciously cold Kraft salad mould.

Mould it!—for a fresh new salad triumph —ice-cool, colourful and delicious

A tempting summer meal in a new cool setting — that's this delightful Kraft Tomato Triumph salad. It's lots of fun to create a moulded salad like this one — and such a refreshing change from everyday salads.

Here's your kitchen-tested Kraft recipe:

Ingredients:

3 dessertspoons gelatine; 3 cups tomato juice; ½ cup cold water; ½ teaspoon finely grated onion; ½ teaspoon salt; ¼ teaspoon pepper; ¼ cup Kraft Mayonnaise; ¼ cup top milk; 4 ozs. shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese; 1 dessertspoon chopped green pepper or parsley; ½ teaspoon lemon juice; ½ cup chopped celery.

Method:

Soak the gelatine in the cold water. Dissolve over hot water. Reserve 3 dessertspoons of dissolved gelatine;

add the rest to the tomato juice. Stir in the salt, pepper and onion. Pour half into a ring mould. Chill until firm. Blend shredded Kraft Cheddar, Kraft Mayonnaise and top milk together. Fold in the celery, parsley or green pepper, lemon juice and remaining gelatine. Spread this mixture over the chilled tomato juice. Allow to set. Cover with the remaining tomato mixture and chill until firm. Unmould onto lettuce and garnish with slices of cucumber. Serve with Kraft Mayonnaise. 6 generous servings.

P.S. If you don't have a ring mould you can still make your moulded salad a triumph by using a pudding bowl — or any other shaped container.

Kraft Cheddar cheese is a wonderful food to enjoy in all your summer salads. Adds mellow flavour and important nourishment — because it takes a whole gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese.



Cheese is a wonderful food and KRAFT makes wonderful cheeses



Kraft Cheddar is available in the blue 8-oz. packet, 1-oz. portions, the family-size 2-lb. pack or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf.

Like a packaged cheese with a stronger flavour? Then ask for Kraft Old English. Available in the red 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portions.



blazes for being out of bounds and leaving it at that."

He paused. "But a lot depends on Mrs. Cranston-Smith. If she's going to make a complaint when she gets home, that rather forces our hand. I've decided to put the matter fairly and squarely before her. If she'll agree not to press the charge—and I think, when it's explained to her, she'll be reasonable—that would be quite the best way out."

He paused for a moment, and then began to talk about routine matters connected with their arrival at Port Said in two days' time. He did not ask for views or advice, and the omission, being so at variance with his usual practice, was almost certainly deliberate. He had evidently decided that from now on he would make all major decisions himself.

It was, David thought, a step in the right direction—the only question was whether, after years of indifference, Slade was sufficiently in touch with conditions on board his own ship to carry it out effectively. A mere determination to be resolute was not enough. However, the solution he had put forward was to all appearances an extremely sensible compromise, which would dispose of the whole question very neatly—if Mrs. Cranston-Smith agreed.

As the clock moved towards eleven, conversation became stilted, and silences developed which Slade made no attempt to fill. They were all a little nervous.

Finally they heard the sound of voices outside.

Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

[from page 74]

"She's arrived," said Slade with relief. He seemed to cheer up a little at the prospect of action. After all, Mrs. Cranston-Smith was only a woman, and not an exceptionally intelligent one. He had faith in his own powers of diplomacy.

He waited for Brown to announce her. But some hitch appeared to have developed. Voices were raised in argument in the passage outside. The captain frowned impatiently.

At last there was a knock on the door. Brown poked his head round.

"It's Mrs. Cranston-Smith, sir," he said in a harassed whisper.

"Show her in."

Brown delayed. "And, sir—"

"It's all right," broke in a well-remembered voice from the corridor, "don't worry about me—I can announce myself."

The door was suddenly pushed wide open, to reveal Mrs. Cranston-Smith, closely followed by Floyd—so closely, indeed, that he almost appeared to be pushing her. The four officers regarded him with consternation.

"Good morning, Captain Slade," Floyd said, looking around him with interest.

"Good morning," replied the captain frigidly.

"I don't believe we've been introduced before—although perhaps you've heard of me from these other two gentlemen." He grinned wolfishly at David and Hume. "My name's

Floyd and I'm a barrister-at-law. Mrs. Cranston-Smith has asked me to represent her. After what happened the other night she doesn't feel inclined to take part in any discussion without a professional adviser."

David's heart sank. Like the others, he had been hoping that Floyd's threat on the night of the attack had been in the nature of a rather vicious practical joke. When two days had gone by without further word from him, this belief had been reinforced. Now he saw it as nothing more than a comforting delusion.

They all looked at Mrs. Cranston-Smith. She was vastly changed from the giggling creature who had sat at his table in the saloon. She had evidently thought it appropriate to dress and behave as if for a funeral. She wore a black silk dress and a hat over her face. Her eyes were downcast and she twisted her handbag nervously on her knee.

Slade regarded her with consternation. He forgot the sympathetic manner which he had been holding in readiness to charm her.

"Is this correct?" he asked.

She looked stonily past him, as if she had received instructions not to meet his eye.

"Yes," she said, in a low, colorless voice.

"I must say I can hardly see the necessity for it. It's not as if you were being accused of anything."

Floyd broke in, "You weren't present the other night, Captain Slade. Suggestions were made—very damaging suggestions—in front of witnesses."

Slade shot him a glance of distaste which verged on nausea. Then he shrugged his shoulders. "Very well. If you insist, I suppose we shall have to agree," he offered them both seats and then pointedly turned away from Floyd and addressed his remarks to Mrs. Cranston-Smith. "Now, I want to tell you about the results of our investigations . . ."

He put the matter to her according to the plan which he had previously outlined. As he proceeded, without any sign of interruption from Floyd, his confidence, which had been temporarily shaken by the appearance of the lawyer, began to return to him. His voice became gentle, reasonable, and persuasive. He spoke slowly and explained the various points at issue in the simplest possible language.

It was beautifully done, but David, looking at Mrs. Cranston-Smith, found it hard to estimate what effect the captain's eloquence was having on her. Occasionally she nodded as if in agreement, but whether with what Slade said or with the ideas which Floyd had put into her mind beforehand, no one could say. At other times she hardly appeared to be listening, and her face told nothing. Stupidity had made her inscrutable.

Slade wound up his discourse by saying, "And, of course, a lot depends on your decision. If you press the charge, it's liable to be very serious for this young seaman. I won't conceal my personal opinion that it would be a fine gesture on your part not to press it. We're all very sorry this happened, but fortunately there's been no great harm done."

This last remark was the captain's undoing. For the first time, he had unwittingly allowed his private convictions to get the better of his tact. The result was disastrous.

"No harm done!" cried Floyd, as if aghast at such callous indifference. "My client is first brutally attacked by one

of your men, and then grossly slandered by another—and you say there's no harm done!"

"Mr. Floyd," said Slade, through clenched teeth, "I was talking not to you but to Mrs. Cranston-Smith."

Years of experience in front of Her Majesty's judges had rendered Floyd indifferent to this form of rebuke. "Now, look here, Captain," he said, with easy familiarity, "it's not a bit of use your trying to exclude me from this discussion. Mrs. Cranston-Smith won't answer you until she's taken my

make out a case for dropping the charge. I don't say I should necessarily advise that, mind you—but, as you suggested, Mrs. Cranston-Smith is extremely reluctant to ruin a young man's career and in other circumstances, possibly

Then he made a gesture with his hand, as if to wipe away any such action as purely hypothetical. "But, as it stands, that's neither here nor there. I'm afraid the allegations made by Commander Hume the other night have made it impossible to advise any such concession. Now, if the charge is not pressed, it may well be construed as an

has resulted. However, as you may or may not know, in the case of allegations of unchastity this is considered unnecessary—damage is assumed. This makes the position of the plaintiff very much stronger, of course. But I don't want to bore you with a lecture on law. I have already told Mrs. Cranston-Smith that I consider it vitally necessary to clear her name.

"If the offender is discovered and punished, and known generally to be so punished, it does not affect her case for slander, but I might feel inclined to advise her to settle for an apology. Naturally, I don't commit myself on this point. If, on the other hand, nothing is done, it is plain that Mrs. Cranston-Smith has no way left open to her of clearing her reputation except by taking action, reluctant as she is to do so. That is my opinion. Of course," he added with complacent irony, "Mrs. Cranston-Smith is quite free to disregard it if she wishes."

Mrs. Cranston-Smith showed her first sign of real animation. The thought of taking independent action seemed to fill her with terror. "Oh no," she said. "You are prepared," said Floyd, emphasising his authority, "to take the line I suggest?"

"Yes."

There was a long silence. David could not bring himself to look at the captain. Eventually Slade replied.

"Very well," he said. He spoke cautiously, as if conscious that his lightest word might be quoted against him. "I take note of what you say. I shall have to give it consideration."

Floyd nodded approvingly. He seemed almost to be sympathising with the captain in his dilemma. "All right. But if you'll take a tip from me, don't leave it too long. When it's a question of offering amends for defamation, the sooner you do so the better. Any delay tends to count against you."

Whatever one's personal views about the captain, it was easy to feel for him in his present position. If he pressed the charge against Kinder now, he would be capitulating to blackmail. If he refused to do so, he would place Hume, and probably the company itself, in the law courts. And the position was complicated by the fact that Slade himself believed Kinder to be probably guilty.

In a way, it was his own fault. His approach to the problem had seemed superficially attractive, but had been essentially an attempt to retreat from responsibility, to place the final decision on Mrs. Cranston-Smith rather than himself. The

To page 77



STOMACH DISCOMFORT



MAY STRIKE YOU ANYTIME!

Keep DeWitt's Tablets in your pocket or handbag for just such an emergency. Then, at the first twinge of pain, dissolve a pleasant-tasting DeWitt's Antacid Tablet on the tongue. Because DeWitt's Antacid Tablets rapidly neutralize excess stomach acidity, common cause of digestive disorders, your indigestion is halted before it develops. DeWitt's Antacid Tablets are packed in handy tear-off cellophane strips and are available from chemists and storekeepers. Buy a packet today.



At home take DeWitt's Antacid Powder for fast and prolonged relief from indigestion and stomach discomfort.

POWDER . . . Large economy size 7/-
Regular size 3/6
TABLETS . . . Large economy size 3/3
Regular size 1/9

"Wouldn't be without it . . ."
writes Mrs. S., of Tempe, N.S.W.

"I wouldn't be without DeWitt's in the house and recommend it to my friends and to anyone that comes here with indigestion."

(The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office.)

DeWitt's ANTACID TABLETS

SWEET and SOUR

Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

TWENTY years ago when Richard Tauber and his wife, Diana Napier, visited Australia, my mother came from the country to stay with us. We were looking at a picture of the Taubers leaving the plane at Mascot, and I said I wished I were as lovely as Diana. My mother replied:

"Go, look in the looking-glass."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. J. R. Beatty, 125 Lawes St., East Maitland, N.S.W.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

My friend was telling me of a frock she had seen in a shop which, she assured me, "looked just like me." On being asked for further details, she said:

"Oh, you know, rather simple."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. R. D. Fordham, Yerecoin, W.A.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

(from page 76)

give me a sympathetic hearing. I hoped that I might approach you in the same way."

"I see," David was non-committal. Much would depend on what Colebrook had to say. Plainly such private confidences might be merely excuses for mischief-making and gossip. On the other hand, they might be the means of gaining valuable information which could never be obtained through the regular channels. Judging by what he knew of Ross, and what he had heard of Colebrook, it was probable that the old man really had something important to say. "What's the trouble?" he asked.

"It's about that boy Kinder, sir," Colebrook said with conviction. "He didn't do it."

"How do you know?"

"You live pretty close with the other fellows down below and you get to know them. I could believe it of some of the others, but not of him. Nobody believes he did it."

David made an impatient gesture. He was disappointed. He had hoped for something more concrete in the way of evidence. "That's all very well," he said. "But what about the evidence? He doesn't deny that he was up there at the time. If he wasn't mixed up in this, what was he doing?"

Colebrook shook his head regretfully. "I don't know. These young lads don't confide in me, of course. They have their own pals. All I can do is to make a guess."

"What sort of a guess?"

Colebrook hesitated for a moment and then spoke carefully. He had come to the object of his visit. "As you know, sir, there's been a good deal of mischief and bad behaviour this voyage. I won't say what's been the cause of it, but to my mind you can't blame it entirely on the lads themselves."

"They were very sore about one thing and another, including the trouble about the food and the shore leave. We all know about these things that have been painted about the ship from time to time. Isn't it

just possible that he was up to some trick like that?"

"If so," David pointed out, "he never got started."

"He could have got frightened by the noise before he had time to begin."

"But he would have had some tackle."

"A brush and a small pot of paint. He could have tossed those over the side before he was spotted."

DAVID considered the possibility. It was beginning to sound quite plausible. And at least it was in accordance with Kinder's character. Painting rude slogans on the deck was just the sort of juvenile prank that he might well commit.

"Nobody reported seeing anything going over the side."

"Is it likely that they would, sir—at that time of night?"

"No," he had to admit. He picked up a face towel and wiped the sweat from his neck. "But if that's the explanation," he said irritably, "why didn't he say so?"

"He should, I know. But it's easy to understand why he doesn't. He may think he'll get off without trouble on the attack charge. Or he may think it's just as bad to be found guilty of painting on the deck as of attacking a lady passenger."

"In that case, he's a fool," said David angrily.

"He's young, sir—and though he's a good seaman I wouldn't say he was an especially intelligent lad."

There was silence. The more David thought about it, the more convinced he became that Colebrook's theory was correct. But it was no more than a theory.

"You really think that's the explanation?" he asked.

"I think it's the most likely one."

"Can't you persuade him to come clean?"

"I'm afraid not, sir," said

Colebrook with regret. "I've dropped some pretty obvious hints, but I can't go any further. You see," he explained hesitantly, "in my position I have to be careful. If once they get the idea that I'm on the side of the officers—with feeling as it is—"

David nodded. That was, he knew now, why Colebrook had elected to come and see him in the evening, almost secretly, when he was unlikely to be observed. He felt profoundly unhappy. Though he had known that there was resentment among the crew, he had tried to minimise it in his mind, to pretend to himself that it was no more than a slight exaggeration of the seaman's traditional grumbling.

But it was no longer possible to delude himself. The men had not settled down and forgotten their grievances. They had simply ceased to trust the officers enough to confide in them. Their apparent quiescence might disguise the most bitter hostility.

He felt sympathy for Colebrook. He was in the classic predicament of the moderate at a time of high emotional tension, in constant risk of losing his influence to extremists. It was certainly of importance that he should retain that influence. A loss of his stabilising effect in such a delicate situation might mean catastrophe for both sides.

"I quite understand your difficulty," David said. "At the same time, I want you to understand mine. I can't take this story as it stands to the captain—he wouldn't change his mind on the basis of a theory. We need evidence, either from Kinder or someone else."

"There's one point I'd like to make, purely in confidence. You suggest that Kinder might think he had a chance of getting off by sitting tight and keeping his mouth shut. Could you manage to get it across to him, quite unofficially, that that would be a very dangerous gamble?"

"I'll do my best, sir. I don't

know whether he'll take any notice."

"Well, try anyway," said David. He went on despondently, "I can't see that there's anything else much for us to do. Can you?"

Colebrook did not reply immediately. He seemed uncertain whether to raise a further issue which was in his mind. Finally he said, "Of course, there is another point. If Kinder wasn't responsible, there must have been another man—"

"I thought of that too," said David. "You think Kinder may be covering up for someone?"

"I can't see why he should," said Colebrook dubiously.

"But he must have seen the man. They would both be on the boat-deck together."

"Possibly," Colebrook avoided David's eye. He went on with great delicacy "Though there could be another explanation."

"What?"

"Miss Raymond might have been mistaken."

"You mean the man might have gone down the companionway?"

"Yes. And he might have been larger than Miss Raymond thought. It was dark, after all."

In other words, thought David, you mean you think she was lying. Certainly, from her behaviour, it was likely enough that she was holding something back. But what? And why? If she had lied about the size of the man and the direction in which he had fled, she must surely have seen him, and perhaps recognised him as somebody she knew. But that was absurd, since Mrs. Cranston-Smith had been positive of one thing at least, that the man was not a passenger . . .

The suspicion entered his mind suddenly, sickeningly.

"Colebrook," he said slowly. "I want you to tell me something—strictly between ourselves. Do you think you know who this man was?"

Colebrook frowned, as if conscious that the conversation had reached a dangerous level. "I haven't any evidence, sir." Discretion fought within him

To page 82



So convenient—so effective

SNO-MIST

POWDER-SPRAY

DEODORANT



MARIGNY
Smart Set
The only setting lotion that gives brilliant highlights as it sets your hair.
3/9 everywhere

we're doing to help
Give a Camera for Xmas.
Photography fun lasts the
REST of your life—ask
our advice—Mitchell &
Silver, 136 Pitt St. BL1876.

HALO leaves hair CLEANER, SOFTER, BRIGHTER —than any oily, greasy, soapy shampoo



Unlike most shampoos, Halo contains no greasy oils or soap to dull your hair with dirt-catching film!

Clear, liquid Halo bursts into rain-soft lather, instantly, in any kind of water. Cleans thoroughly, quickly. Rinses completely, carrying away dirt and dusty-looking dandruff. Halo glorifies your hair naturally, brings back all its clean, bright beauty with each shampoo. Safe, gentle, it's ideal for children, too. Make Halo your family shampoo!



HALO
BUBBLES for lovely
hair wherever
you go!

Leak-proof plastic bubbles filled with Halo. So light! So easy to pack! Handy for holidays and perfect for keeping hair shining-clean.

HALO BUBBLES, 1/3



SMALL, 3/- • REGULAR, 5/-

BUY THE BIG REGULAR SIZE AND SAVE MONEY

HALO GLORIFIES YOUR HAIR—NATURALLY



At Christmas and throughout the year... serve

McWILLIAM'S WINES

In keeping with the fine tradition of Christmas, when you think of your friends and special entertaining, remember McWilliam's Wines. Whichever McWilliam's Wines you choose you will find a quality and flavour that add zest to this season of goodwill

Proud of their Age



Here are two true aristocrats of Australian table wines... Rosedale CLARET and Lovedale RIESLING

THIS CHRISTMAS, FOR GIVING AND SERVING, CHOOSE McWILLIAM'S WINES

STOPOVER TOKYO

Fox espionage story, with Robert Wagner, Joan Collins, Ken Scott. In De Luxe color, CinemaScope. Plaza, Sydney.

WHAT, with a better cast, might have been a good modern cloak-and-dagger story set in post-war Tokyo turns out to be a very tepid screen treatment of John P. Marquand's best-selling story.

As the American Intelligence courier who goes to Tokyo to deliver secret documents, and walks right into a hot on the life of his country's



NEW SON Michael is held in the arms of his mother, Joanne De Carlo, who is married to stunt man Robert Morgan. They have another son, aged 18 months.

New Film Releases

High Commissioner, Wagner is sadly lightweight, looking and talking more like a refugee from some corner milk-bar.

Joan Collins (the victim of an unbecoming hairstyle and unflattering photography) could hardly be less interesting as the Welsh white-collar girl working with a Japanese airline.

Lanky Ken Scott plays Wagner's colleague, who makes the mistake of introducing him to Joan.

An enchanting little Japanese girl, Reiko Oyama, leaves these not very bright or appealing adults for dead.

Innocuous as entertainment, the film is well worth seeing for the pleasure of its beautifully photographed Japanese scenery and its home interiors.

In a word: ATTRACTIVE.

TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI

M.G.M. jungle adventure, with Gordon Scott, Betta St. John, Yolande Donlan. In Technicolor, CinemaScope. St. James, Sydney.

A GOOD deal of harmless fun is to be had from this latest addition to the long series of Tarzan adventures, in this case replete with color and wide-screen, and a reasonably diverting supporting cast.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★★ Average
★ No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

A luxury plane crashes in the jungle, and out of it Tarzan (muscleman Scott) rescues a dizzy blonde (Donlan), an ageing newspaper columnist (Wilfred Hyde White), an American millionaire (George Coulouris), and a quarrelling young married couple (Betta St. John and Peter Arne).

Before he gets them safely back to civilisation, Tarzan has to overcome not only the usual jungle dangers but a bad white hunter and the tribesmen he controls.

For good measure, there's a fair amount of wild-animal footage, and — of course — Chita the chimp.

The general improbability is accepted with a great good

humor by the cast, who act it all out in a light-hearted, picnic manner that is in itself refreshing.

In a word: HARMLESS.

THE PASSIONATE STRANGER

B.E.F. comedy-drama, with Sir Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton, Carlo Justini. Embassy, Sydney.

THIS is virtually two films in one.

The black-and-white sequence tells of a crippled atom scientist (Richardson) who lives in the country with his author wife (Leighton). In search of a plot, she gives a melodramatic twist to their domestic situation, and in the novel makes their Italian chauffeur (Justini) become her lover.

Justini (a rather pleasant newcomer) secretly reads the manuscript, and we have a color sequence in which the principals live out Margaret's fanciful story.

The film then flips back to black and white, with Justini imagining that his role is to become Margaret's lover in real life.

All this is supposed to be very funny. It isn't — just a deplorable waste of talent.

In a word: SILLY.

News from movie centres

From LONDON and HOLLYWOOD

ELVIS PRESLEY's next film will either be "Rodeo" or "Sing, You Sinners" for Hal Wallis at Paramount Pictures. Filming will begin after the first of the year. Presley now is vacationing at his home in Memphis, Tennessee. Wallis claimed the young rock-'n-roll singer's services under a multi-picture contract he has with him. Presley was scheduled to do "Enough Rope" for 20th Century-Fox next, but that had to be postponed.

NEXT film for dark and handsome William Holden is to be made in Hollywood. Instead of "The Jayhawkers," as previously announced, he will make another

for the same studio, Paramount. The title of the new one is "The Transfer." But with such a dreary title it would be no surprise if it finally came to the screen under quite a different name.

JUNE ALLYSON's newest co-star has been announced as Jeff Chandler. They are to do "And Ride a Tiger" for Universal.

FOLLOWING the birth of her expected baby in February, Carroll Baker's first picture will be "Home Before Dark" for Warners. It is expected that it will go before the cameras some time in April.



STILL TOGETHER, Swedish-born Anita Ekberg and her British husband, Anthony Steele, recently returned from Hollywood to England, where each is to do a picture in the new year.



TO PAY THE PERFECT COMPLIMENT



Faulding LAVENDER & MUSK — An ever favourite — fragrant and appealing. Attractive gold wrap.



Faulding LAVENDER PORTRAIT — Novelty pitcher bottle in rich oval plastic frame.



Faulding EAU de COLOGNE — Refreshing and cool. Always popular.



Faulding DECANTERS — Modern, superbly designed decanter of Lavender, Lavender and Musk, or Eau de Cologne.



Faulding WICKER DEMI-JOHN — Eau de Cologne. Colourful and gay — a happy gift.



Faulding WICKER BOTTLE — A delicate, exquisite perfume. In gold wrap.



Faulding CHRISTMAS CARD — Perfumery — Handbag bottle on Christmas Card — ready boxed for mailing.



Faulding WICKER BOTTLE — Decorative and gay. Lavender and Musk, Lavender, or Eau de Cologne.



Faulding SPRAY PACK — Dainty spray bottle of Eau de Cologne in attractive carton.



Faulding LAVENDER & MUSK SOAP — 3 cakes individually wrapped in gold foil box.

THEY'RE HERE! New ELASTIC STOCKINGS Fashionable - Seamless

At last—a surgical stocking you can wear on formal social occasions and no one will know. Specially imported by air from England, they're made of fine quality, two-way stretch nylon, and are a full heel and toe stocking—thus overcoming the need to wear ordinary stockings over the top. Here is the Surgical Stocking you will wear with maximum comfort and complete confidence in your appearance. Make sure of your pair by Writing, Telephoning, or Calling in NOW to:

DENYER BROS.
250 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY.

TELEPHONE:
BU6561.

Fast Stages—Lifetime Chance! A HOME FOR 2'-

1st PRIZE
NEW 3-BEDROOM BRICK HOME
V.P. VALUE £6500

2nd PRIZE —
HOLDEN SEDAN. VALUE £1,142
21 other Prizes, total value £7,895

Francis War Memorial Art Union No. 8
DRAWN NEXT MONTH — TICKETS 2/-
POST COUPON NOW!

Hon. Promoter, 45 Victoria St., Waverley.
Please send me ticket/s in No. 8 Art Union for which I enclose
NAME
ADDRESS
(Postage stamps cannot be accepted. Enclose 2 stamped addressed envelopes for tickets and results.)

Cream away UGLY HAIR from under-arms and legs in 3 minutes!



THE BOOK OF THE YEAR!
A "MUST" FOR EVERY HOME!
● INVALUABLE FOR THE BRIDE
● WONDERFUL XMAS GIFT
INVERGOWRIE HOUSEHOLD HINTS
Price 9/6 Postd.
The Homecraft Hostel, 21 Coppin Grove, Hawthorn, Victoria.

From Corn the richest grain, comes the richest flavour!



Corn soaks up more of the sun's goodness than any other grain . . . you taste that goodness in the richer, deeper flavour of Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

CORN — WHEN YOU NEED STAYING POWER

Put stored sunshine on your table with Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Each big, crisp, golden flake is loaded with fresh lively flavour and deep-down goodness from the sun. In itself, it would be hard to serve a more delicious, more satisfying, more *sustaining* breakfast than Kellogg's Corn Flakes! In fact, nutrition experts say that one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar gives the same energy as 2 big helpings of lamb's fry.

Bring your family to the breakfast table with Kellogg's Corn Flakes — every morning. Enjoy them *yourself*, mother! — if anyone needs a sustaining breakfast, it's you. Remember, Kellogg's Corn Flakes take only seconds to serve.

**FULL OF ENERGY
FROM THE SUN**



Kellogg's **CORN FLAKES**

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, wonders what the dishonest gambler "Honest" John is up to when he advertises the fact that he plans to open an illegal gambling casino. Despite intensive questioning by the Chief of Police, "Honest" John remains cool and smug as though he has something in mind to outwit the police. Mandrake and the Chief find arrows all over town pointing the way and advertising the opening of the casino. Following them they are amazed to find that the arrows lead only to an empty block of land. NOW READ ON:

ALL THOSE SIGNS
LED US HERE--TO
AN EMPTY LOT!
IS HE TRYING
TO KIP US?

HERE'S
"HONEST" JOHN
HIMSELF.

CHIEF! IF I'D KNOWN
YOU WANTED TO
COME, I'D HAVE GIVEN
YOU A PERSONAL
INVITATION!

DON'T GET CHEEKY WITH
ME! YOU TRYING TO
MAKE THE FORCE
LOOK FOOLISH?

AND
WHO ARE
ALL THOSE
PEOPLE?

PATRONS FOR MY
CASINO, I IMAGINE.
THEY LOOK RICH
ENOUGH. WE
ACCEPT ONLY
THE BEST.

CARE TO
COME WITH THIS
LOAD--TO SEE MY
NEW CASINO?

WHERE?

THERE!
YOU THOUGHT
IT WAS AN AD.
THAT'S MY
CASINO!

WHEREVER
IT IS, IT'S
ILLEGAL!

TO BE CONTINUED

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

I JUST SAW MRS. SMITH AT THE SHOPPING
CENTRE IN HER NEW SACK DRESS!

DID SHE ATTRACT
MUCH ATTENTION?

YES, THE GROCER SENT HER
HOME WITH THE SUGAR!!!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 18, 1957

It's Christmas!

so give yourself a treat..... heap
NESTLÉ'S CREAM on all your sweets
especially on the rich plum pudding!



NESTLÉ'S PURE THICK CREAM



A NESTLÉ'S QUALITY PRODUCT

C.130 HPC

Page 81

against a desire to help. "Naturally, you can get ideas about certain people..."

"Yes," said David, striving to control his impatience, "but who—?"

"I couldn't say that, sir," Colebrook was definite. He would mention no names. "There's nothing to go on, and it may be just prejudice. But, as you know, episodes of this sort aren't all that uncommon at sea. In my time I remember quite a number. And in the majority of cases the person responsible is somebody who knows his way round the accommodation. That is to say—a cabin steward."

"Yes?"

"There are two cabin stewards on that section. Mrs. Cranston-Smith's own steward wasn't anywhere near at the time—there are several friends of his who'll vouch for him being down below. But there is the other man—"

"And has he an alibi, too?"

"I don't know, sir," Colebrook's lips tightened. "One of the fellows did ask him, joking-like, and got a very rude answer. He's not a popular man, I'm afraid."

"I see—"

"Of course, some of it may be prejudice. There's always a feeling among the old hands against—new men..."

David took a deep breath. "This would be the man I signed on at Melbourne?"

"Yes, sir."

They sat there for a moment in silence. Now that the possibility had been placed nakedly before him, David could hardly doubt its truth. He began to suspect that his deliberate refusal to speculate on the details of the case before had been due to a subconscious uneasiness about Dillon. Now he had no alternative but to face it.

Supposing Dillon to be the culprit, what followed from

Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

from page 77

that? Firstly, that Julia had seen him leaving Mrs. Cranston-Smith's cabin and had refused to identify him. The refusal must be deliberate, since she had described a man of quite different physique. It was possible that she would have done such a thing, on the spur of the moment, from a quixotic desire not to get him into trouble—and then to insist on sticking to her story.

But what was to be done now? Colebrook had not presented him with a shred of evidence. The whole story was pure supposition. In fact, he realised, the only thing which made him believe that it was probably true was his private knowledge that Dillon was a criminal of some kind. He could hardly present that piece of information to the captain.

"I don't see," he said slowly, "that this gives us anything we can go to the captain with, do you?"

Colebrook shook his head gloomily. "No, sir. But I thought you should know—"

"Yes, of course. I'm very pleased you came."

"The men are in a very awkward mood about it all, sir. They don't like the way Kinder's being treated. They think he ought to be charged or cleared. As it is, he's been taken off his job and put on to cleaning out the fo'castle by the bo'sun—"

"I didn't know that."

"It's true, sir."

"Mind you, he can hardly complain. If, as you suggest, he was up there looking for a chance to paint the deck—"

"They don't look at it like that, I'm afraid."

David sighed. He felt he needed time to think over this

change in circumstances. His position of irresponsibility was irretrievably lost.

"Anyway, there's nothing we can do about it tonight," he said. "If I can find an opportunity, I might be able to drop a hint to the captain tomorrow."

"We shall be in Port Said tomorrow, sir."

"Oh—so we shall. Well, I'll do my best anyway."

But when he awoke the next morning he had still not decided what to do. The captain

above; they would watch the girls in evening-dresses talking and laughing with their partners—and their sense of grievance would increase with each reminder of the luxury of the passengers. It seemed to them that they were ignored and forgotten.

Of Slade they knew almost nothing. He was a man who came to inspect their quarters once a week, surrounded by a flurry of officers. He was detached and unapproachable. He never shouted or stormed or made coarse jokes or spoke to them by name. He did what was to be done and then de-

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



was in any case quite inaccessible throughout the morning and still gave no sign of making any statement about Kinder. David decided to leave the matter over until they had left Port Said.

It was the greasers who started it.

That at least was the final conclusion. The official report, issued some months later, after a protracted and highly confusing investigation, spoke reproachfully of "certain disaffected elements, located mainly in the engine-room" and went on to say that they were all men who had been engaged recently from the Shipping Pool.

It was an explanation designed as far as possible to satisfy everybody; except the greasers, who in any case never read the report, and had mostly left the company by the time it was issued.

Certainly the greasers were responsible for the actual initiation of the riot. But what the writers of the report either never appreciated or else conveniently ignored was that, without a certain degree of support from the rest of the crew, it would have died still-born, recorded in the ship's log as merely another minor drunken brawl, hardly worthy of comment.

As it was, there was a climate of opinion which, if not prepared actually to engage in violence, was at least content to stand by and watch while violence was done, without taking any steps to interfere.

It was an attitude which had been growing throughout the voyage. Taken singly, the causes of complaint were never impressive. The food was unappetising—but it was adequate. The quarters were stuffy in the hot weather—but no more than they had always been. But during the hot, idle nights, when sleep was difficult and men lay on their bunks talking for hours on end, these minor hardships began to assume the appearance of tyranny.

The men would walk out on to the lower deck and listen to the dance band playing

became convinced that the captain had decided several days before to find Kinder guilty. But for fear of trouble at Port Said he was delaying the announcement until afterwards when the ship would be safely at sea.

It was a plausible story, and, in default of any other, gained widespread belief. Even his own supporters began to criticise the captain. There were men who would have supported almost any decision if it had been given immediately, even if it had been apparently unjust. Anybody could make mistakes. But to play cat-and-mouse with a man in this fashion...

There is a great difference in what a man may do, according to whether a ship is at sea or in port. The mere fact of being out of touch with land can turn an industrial dispute into a mutiny; what is no more than a breach of contract in the one case may in the other be a case of endangering the safety of a ship on the high seas. And not only does the rebellious seaman forfeit a great many of his legal rights, he loses also one of the main sources of his courage. It is not so easy to get drunk.

The "disaffected elements" on the Capricorn were well aware of this. The time to strike was at Port Said. If they waited until Naples they would lose the initiative—indignation would have time to subside. It was annoying that the captain should have delayed the announcement of his injustice, but this, properly handled, could be made a cause of grievance almost as great as the injustice itself. They went ashore at Port Said in an ugly frame of mind.

The original number of mutineers was something in the nature of a hundred, but their losses during the day were considerable. Many of them melted away as the time of decision grew near. Others, eager to drink themselves into a state suitable for violent action, fell victim to a miscalculation and ended up in a state where action of any sort was out of the question. In the end only twenty-five men were left.

These, however, were the hard core, the stormtroopers of the movement, a force to be reckoned with. Drunk they certainly were, but by no means incapable. They came on board just half an hour before sailing time, a time of maximum confusion. The upper decks were crowded with passengers, the gangways jammed with late arrivals.

The captain and the purser were occupied in getting rid of the port officials, the chief

steward was attending to the stores, the deck officers making preparations to cast off. Only Wakefield, the master-at-arms, stood at the top of the gangway, his hands clasped behind him, his chin thrust forward, making an unconvincing show of force...

The fight began in a confused and indecisive manner. The greasers came aboard in a bunch, talking loudly and aggressively among themselves. Then they gathered round the master-at-arms, deliberately blocking the gangway. When Wakefield, in his best policeman manner, asked them to move out of the way, they pretended not to hear.

The other men on the gangway began to complain, and Wakefield spoke again, more loudly this time. The greasers not only made no attempt to give way; they also chose to take offence at the tone of the command. Without addressing Wakefield directly, they discussed him loudly among themselves. They went into considerable and scurrilous detail. The master-at-arms, provoked beyond endurance, pushed away one of the greasers who had edged unpleasantly close to him. The greaser, triumphantly calling attention to the fact that he had been assaulted first, pushed him back. Wakefield, recovering his balance, said, "Right—my lad—" and put his right hand in his pocket, intending, he pointed out afterwards, to pull out his notebook and take a few names. But in the explosive climate of that afternoon the most peaceable gesture was likely to be misinterpreted. The greaser, assuming that he was reaching for some weapon, gave a shout of fury and knocked him down.

From this point onwards, the tempo of the riot increased dramatically. It was as if everybody had been held in check by an inhibition against striking the first blow. Once it had been struck, the slight element of unreality which had surrounded the affair was lost. The riot was no longer a wild, drunken scheme—it was a fact. Authority, that nebulous threat which hung over all of them, had been defied and humiliated.

The master-at-arms, symbol of the discipline under which they chafed for so long, lay impotent and ludicrous in the scuppers, dabbing at a bloody nose. It seemed incredible to them that they could ever have taken orders from such a man. To their fuddled, simple brains this seemed to prove that the whole pattern of authority was nothing but a bluff, which they had successfully called.

To page 84



are yours
beautiful hands?

Dozens of times a day your hands are in the spotlight. Do they tell what work you do? Or, do you protect them each day with Barrier Cream? Barrier Cream keeps your hands soft and beautiful by protecting them. You simply rub it in before you start work, then, afterwards, easily wash them clean with soap and water.

Protect them and keep
them always beautiful with

**"BARRIER"
CREAM**



Valuable for cases of industrial dermatitis.
It's another wonderful Faulding product

CHUCKLERS' ANNUAL . . . Order Coupon

• The best Christmas present for any child at the price you want to pay—Chucklers' Annual! Written by people who know what children want, Chucklers' Annual is the gift book all Australian girls and boys will love to receive.

It's full of the stories they want to read.

Get your copies now! Fill in this coupon and send with your cheque, postal note, or money order to Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. Chucklers' Annual is also on sale at The Australian Women's Weekly offices in each State.

To: CHUCKLERS' BOOK OFFER Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Please send copy of copies of		Address Label BOOK POST	POSTAGE PAID SYDNEY
CHUCKLERS' ANNUAL I enclose 12/- per copy (cheque/postal note) plus 1/- postage.		NAME	
NAME		ADDRESS	
ADDRESS		STATE	
STATE		If undelivered, please return to Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.	

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING



For a "Happy Christmas" dinner
serve delicious

TOM PIPER
Rich **PLUM PUDDING**

TOM PIPER... the great name in Plum Puddings

TOM PIPER SELLS MILLIONS OF PLUM PUDDINGS YEARLY IN AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND AND OTHER MARKETS OF THE WORLD

A size for every family: 8 oz., 12 oz., 16 oz., 32 oz.

HAMILTON'S
SUNBURN CREAM



Play safe in the sun with
Hamilton's
SUNBURN CREAM
Available from all chemists

15 hairsets for 4'10
QUICKSET WITH CURLPET
Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.
Get a tube of concentrated Curlpet—squeeze Curlpet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used.
Get concentrated Curlpet for 4'10 from your chemist or store.
QUICKSET WITH CURLPET
CN6




Stops odour instantly
SNO-MIST
POWDER-SPRAY
DEODORANT

THE
BEST COOKS
use
FAULDING
essences



CORNS
End corn pain with Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS.
They soothe, cushion, protect. Medicated discs included remove corns. 3/- at Chemists, Stores, Shoe Dealers, Scholl Depots.
Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS



They moved forward in a body to exploit their victory.

Automatically, they made for the crew quarters. It was significant that, in the first instance, they made no attempts to invade the passenger accommodation, or to attack the officers. A Cairo newspaper next day printed a story headed "Mutiny On British Liner," but mutiny implies some clear-cut intention to depose the command, and here there was none.

There was no concerted plan to do anything except to damage property and create confusion—violence was directed almost entirely against anybody who attempted to hinder them in this primary object. And, illogically, they set out to destroy the very parts of the accommodation which they and their friends occupied, simply because they knew them best. The upper decks were foreign ground, vaguely frightening by reason of their unfamiliarity.

For this reason it was some little time before the gravity of the situation percolated up to the bridge. It was hard to believe that anything very serious was going on when one looked down and saw the passengers lounging around the swimming-pool, or the deck stewards, immaculate and respectful as usual, laying out chairs and fixing up the nets for quoit-tennis.

The captain, busy discussing mutual acquaintances with the agent over a glass of gin-and-tonic, received impatiently a garbled piece of news about the master-at-arms having got the worst of a fight with an Irishman from the engine-room. The master-at-arms, he felt, should know better than to allow himself to be drawn into brawls with seamen—he had never had much confidence in the man anyway. He passed the message on to the first officer.

The first officer was stowing cargo, and in any case resented having work thrown on to him which should by rights have been dealt with by the commander. He decided to finish what he was doing and then investigate the matter. The master-at-arms himself had lost all interest in any further developments of the situation. He was lying flat on his back in the ship's hospital, a handkerchief held to his nose, while the dispenser applied icebags to the back of his neck.

Meanwhile, the greasers were carrying all before them. Shouting and singing, they invaded the mess decks; they chased out the stewards, smashed crockery, and overturned the tables. In the galley they swept the pots and pans on the floor and wrote ugly words and revolutionary slogans on the walls in gravy. They terrorised the chef and pelted the assistant tourist steward with petit-fours and cocktail savories. And the rest of the crew, partly from fear of the greasers, partly because of their own resentment against the captain, stood by and waited to see what would happen.

It was through the assistant tourist steward that news first reached the purser's office. He burst in, trembling and red-faced, with a confused and sensational account of his misadventures. Occasionally, to add substance to his story, he would point to the butter stains on his coat or pick a morsel of caviare out of the inside of his collar. But such proof was no longer necessary. Sounds were beginning to arise from the lower decks—sounds which indicated even to the passengers something more than mere revelry. Very soon, unless something were done, the rioters

Printed by Congress Printing Limited for the Publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

from page 82

would exhaust the possibilities of the crew quarters and invade the accommodation.

The deck-space outside the purser's office was crowded with passengers; they were already beginning to accumulate in increasing numbers at the rumor that something exciting was happening. If once they became involved in the fracas any possibility of passing it off as a mild, unimportant disturbance would be lost for ever.

David wondered what to do. It was strange that no action

I don't profess to understand what's behind it all—"

He paused for so long that he gave the impression of asking for advice. David said tentatively:

"I think, sir—from what I've heard—"

But Slade ignored him. He had not been inviting comment, merely taking time to arrange his thoughts. He went on, "—but that's neither here nor



"You didn't kiss me goodbye!"

had already been taken from the bridge. Was it conceivable that the captain knew nothing about it? He played with the idea of going below to see for himself, but decided it would be foolish. By all accounts, the point had been reached where the appearance of a single officer would be quite powerless to restore order and might only lead to further violence. Some organised show of force was obviously long overdue. He left Ackerman in the office and ran up to the bridge.

He arrived there just as the news was breaking from several other different sources. Hume, who had been sleeping soundly following a heavy lunch, had been finally awakened by a telephone call from the chief steward, who was now besieged behind the locked doors of his cabin. Outside were three men, old enemies of his, dividing their time between

there at the present moment. It's a question of deciding on suitable action. Plainly we shall have to make some more substantial show of authority than we have done so far."

His tone was disapproving. This, it implied, was what came of leaving things to subordinates. Just this once, because he had been busy with the agent, he had left things to Bateman, and what was the result? The only answer was to do everything oneself.

"Perhaps," he said to Hume, "you would ask the bo'sun to get hold of a few reliable men."

Hume looked dubious. "I don't think we can deal with it that way. My information is that there are upwards of fifty men down there, fighting drunk."

"Really?" Slade gave him a sceptical glance. "I wonder who counted them . . . in my experience such reports are invariably misleading."

"Well—even if there are half that number—"

"More like it, I should think."

"We still haven't the means to control them."

"I disagree. But even so, we shall have to try. What else are you suggesting?"

Hume gave a small shrug of the shoulders. "The police."

"The police!" Slade looked at him with distaste. "Mr. Hume, this isn't Liverpool."

"I'm quite aware of that, sir."

A new spirit seemed to enter Slade. David vaguely remembered that he had been stationed for part of the war in the Canal Zone. "Are you seriously proposing that we should hand over British sailors to the Egyptian police?"

"If they want to carry on like this," said Hume doggedly, "it's their own funeral. They've asked for it and I don't see why they shouldn't get it."

"Yes," said Slade, "I suppose you would think like that." Now he made no attempt to conceal his contempt for Hume, not only for his views but for the man himself. Hume flushed. David could see the conflict within him reflected in his face. On the one side, a tradition of obedience, a terror of antagonising authority. On the other, his own temper and instinct to hit back, fortified by an awareness that there was

an even higher authority than Slade to be considered.

This was a situation which could hardly end well and might conceivably end very badly indeed. Leadenhall Street would be looking for a human sacrifice. In which case it might be a distinct advantage to have expressed disagreement with the policy to be followed. He came down on the side of boldness.

"That's my view," he said aggressively. "I've told you what I think should be done and Howard here is a witness to that. I can't do any more. All I can say is that if we don't get some police here double quick I won't take the responsibility."

SLADE stood up. The expression on his face had not changed. The dry wrinkled skin, the pouches under the pale crocodile eyes, the slightly drooping mouth—they were as expressionless as ever. And yet somehow his attitude conveyed an atmosphere of abnormal tension, of menace. It took David a few moments to realise why.

Usually, when you were talking to Slade, he appeared to be looking either slightly to the right or slightly to the left of you—it was one of the reasons why it was so difficult to feel a sense of complete contact with him. But now he looked directly ahead, as if anxious to imprint something

permanently on his memory. It was by the fixity of his gaze that he managed to convey hatred for Hume.

"And who the hell asked to take the responsibility?" he inquired softly.

There was an appalling, baffling silence. From one of the captains David knew, such a remark, though always offensive, might have been unexpected. Coming from Slade it was staggering. Hume flushed a dark red with rage and humiliation. He opened his mouth to say something, but he was forestalled by the telephone bell. The captain picked up the receiver and listened impassively. Then he said, "All right. Carry on you are doing. Someone will be down in a moment."

He put down the receiver and turned to David. "There appears to be some sort of trouble in the galley," he said. "I like you to go and investigate that. They've got a fire-brigade team working."

"Very well, sir," Slade picked up his cap. "Meanwhile, I'll go and see about dealing with this called riot. Mr. Hume?"

"Sir?" Hume glared at him tight-lipped.

"You take over on the bridge while I'm below."

"Yes, sir. Anything particular you want me to do on the bridge, sir?"

Slade looked at him with an expression of mild surprise. "Why, take the ship out, of course. We're due to sail twenty minutes."

To be concluded

No brush can clean around this dangerous HIDDEN "S" BEND

HARPIC kills dangerous germs which lurk and breed round the hidden "S" bend.

Keep your toilet clean and bright with a little HARPIC every night



NEW PLEASANT WAY TO REALLY CLEAN YOUR TOILET

Simply sprinkle in Harpic at night and flush in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly, killing germs around that hidden "S" bend, leaving the entire lavatory bowl sparkling hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Harpic can be used with perfect safety for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls. Ask for Harpic at your store.

HARPIC REGD.

Safe for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls

CLEANS ROUND THE "S" BEND • DISINFECTS • DEODORISES

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS
F3684.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make small girl's summer dress. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years for lengths 18, 20, 22, and 27in. Requires 1½ to 1¾ yds. 36in. material and 5yds. bias binding. Price 2/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian orders to Box 68-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



F4549.—Smartly tailored shorts and separate sleeveless shirt. The shirt can be worn over the shorts, as illustrated, or tucked in. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Shorts 1½ yds. 36in. material; blouse 1½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.



F4735.—Pretty waist-peticoat finished with a lace-and-ribbon trim. Sizes 24 to 30in. waist. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material, 2yds. 1½in. beading, 2yds. ribbon, and 7yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 3/-.



F4756.—Attractively styled sun-dress designed for the larger figure. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.



F4755.—Two sketches illustrate a two-way pattern for a one-piece summer dress; the pattern includes a slim and a full skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Sketch A, 6yds. 36in. material; Sketch B, 3yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F4713.—Flattering lines for a matron's one-piece summer dress. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 613.—WAIST APRON.
 Prettyly styled apron is obtainable cut out ready to make in floral cotton. The color choice includes blue, pink, green, and lemon all printed on a white ground. Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 9/3. Postage and registration 9d. extra.

No. 614.—HANDKERCHIEFS.
 The handkerchiefs are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with three different flower motifs. The material is linen; the color choice includes white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The lace edge is not supplied. Size 11 by 4½in. 1/11 each, postage 4d. extra. Set of three 5/9, postage 8d. extra.

No. 615.—INFANT'S SUNSUIT.
 The suit is obtainable cut out ready to make in check cotton gingham. The color choice includes blue and white, red and white, lemon and white, and green and white. Size infant's 16/9, postage 1/- extra.

No. 616.—COATHANGER COVERS.
 The covers are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider in sheer linen. The color choice includes blue, lemon, pink and green. The lace edging is not supplied. Price 4/9 each, postage 6d. extra. Set of three 14/-, postage 1/- extra.

No. 617.—DRESS AND MATCHING JACKET.
 Smart twosome obtainable cut out ready to make in no-iron printed cotton. The color choice includes green and white, pale blue and white, grey and white, rose-pink and white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 58½, 56 and 54in. bust, 59/11. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.



Better buy clothes with snappy, reliable

Grippers

the bother-free, laundry-proof, fabric-flat fasteners that hold fast, stay snug — and outlast the life of the garment.



Albion
 RAINCOATS

Komfi-Pantee
 PILCHERS

HOLEPROOF
 DENIMS

LOOK FOR THESE BRANDS

on modern garments which close with "Grippers," not bothersome buttons.

"Grippers" are manufactured by CARR FASTENER COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED, specialists in the manufacture of fasteners and fittings for all trades, including the well-known "Dot" line of fasteners.

G82.1

DECEMBER

ON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					7
2	3	4	5	6	
9	10	11	12	13	14
16	17	18	19	20	21
					27 28



Also available in grey paper wrap

Kotex So soft, so safe, so very personally yours

REGISTERED TRADE MARK



He's wearing a Two-Tone sports shirt by Bond's. At all men's stores in pink, green, red, blue, lemon. S.M. to O.S., only 14/6 each.

Christmas is for everyone who gets a **Dri-Glo** towel!

Some people have a real knack for giving just the "right" gift . . . and they're the people who give Dri-Glo towels. They know (and you'll agree) there's not a man, woman or child who doesn't appreciate a gay new Dri-Glo towel of his (or her) very own. Why not a Dri-Glo towel for every lucky one on your gift list?

Dri-Glo TOWELS



Give Dri-Glo's "Radiance" Gift Pack. It contains fashionable candy-stripe towel and face cloth — available in pink, gold, green or blue.

DRI-GLO TOWELS and DRI-GLO BABY NAPS are products of the famous

BOND'S

Industries Group.

Food is worth its salt it's worth its **SAXA**



Saxa Table Salt available in Carboys and Drums

BEAUTY in a **SURGICAL STOCKING**

SUPERFINE NYLONS bring relief from **VARICOSE VEINS**

Mould the leg to a lovelier line

Scholl 2-WAY STRETCH **NYLON** SURGICAL HOSIERY

Don't let varicose veins mar leg beauty. Don't let them cause you suffering. Scholl Superfine Surgical Nylons hide varicose veins; provide scientifically accurate support, wonderful comfort and relief... yet nobody knows you're wearing them. They're light, cool, feather-soft, ladder-proof. All fittings from Chemists, Surgical Suppliers, Stores, Scholl Depots.

ALSO SCHOLL 2-WAY STRETCH ARTIFICIAL YARN SURGICAL HOSIERY



Women who know — use

SNO-MIST

POWDER-SPRAY **DEODORANT**

Speedy relief from **BACKACHE**

Does every move you make cause agonising backache? Do legs throb even after a short walk? Then lose no time in trying Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause leg-pains, aching joints, disturbed nights, rheumatic pain, headaches, etc., because they are neglecting their essential job of cleansing and purifying the blood. Doan's is a famous stimulant-diuretic, promoting healthy kidney action, which has brought relief to sufferers all over the world. No need to put up with discomfort—get Doan's today!

TEENA by Linda Terry

DO YOU MIND IF I DON'T HELP WITH THE DISHES TONIGHT? I HAVE AN AWFUL LOT OF THINKING TO DO...



I HAVE TO START THINKING SERIOUSLY ABOUT GETTING MARRIED...IT'S SO HARD TO DECIDE WHICH ONE, YOU KNOW...



WELL—UH—DON'T YOU THINK YOU HAVE A LITTLE TIME FOR THAT, YET?



THERE'S NO TIME! A GIRL CAN'T PUT THIS OFF FOREVER. I THINK I'VE LOOKED AT JUST ABOUT ALL OF THEM AND I'M READY NOW TO MAKE MY FINAL SELECTION.



AND JUST WHO ARE YOU CONSIDERING, MAY WE ASK?



WHO? OH, THAT I CAN ALWAYS DECIDE...



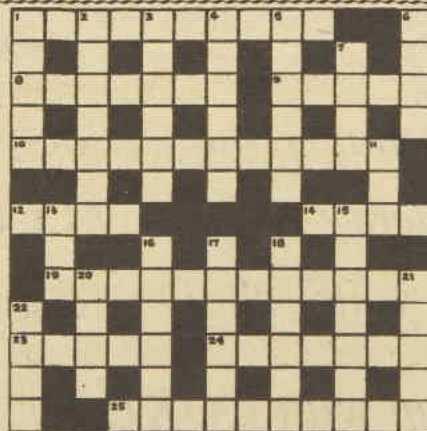
THE DIFFICULT THING IS TO MAKE UP MY MIND JUST WHICH SET OF SILVER I WANT...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. A family's money drawer is motionless (10).
8. Greek retribution (7).
9. Carved precious stone came to nothing (5).
10. A man sinned as Glassites may do (12).
12. Money-changing or the charge for it (4).
14. Brilliant actor who takes arts (4).
19. Killing for the market is not without laughter (12).
23. Vegetable organism in a carefully planned swindle (5).
24. Stupid as a sin in everything (7).
25. These large rooms are not necessarily for boring functions (5, 5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. This cavity is a transgression on us (5).
2. Turk who keeps a man in the broken soil (7).
3. Besides bread and cheese these are part of the bachelor's fare according to Dean Swift (6).
4. Dutch explorer, discoverer of Van Diemen's Land (6).
5. Milky resinous incrustation on convulsive twitching (6).
6. Punctuation mark to P.S. (4).
7. Prognostic of no human beings (4).
11. Lot of water in first-class cars (3).
13. Good for lighting and for frothy eloquence (3).
15. Common six in trial (7).
16. This may get you in a hole (6).
17. Enslave all at the end (6).
18. Pleasing taste for fifty in a shire (6).
20. This legendary king could have been real (4).
21. Dull British cavalry regiment (5).
22. Tool for cutting weeds with a potato (4).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Shining silken~soft hair loveliness with **RICHARD HUDNUT**

RICHARD HUDNUT
Egg-Creme Shampoo



Cleans your hair like magic—yet it's gentle, non-drying. It leaves no dulling "soapy" film. Hidden subtleties of tone—lustrous sheen—are revealed... and so easily by the almost magical action of the Richard Hudnut egg formula. Economical, too—5/6 and 9/6.

RICHARD HUDNUT
Egg-Creme Shampoo
for dry hair

Specially developed for those women with dry hair who find the average shampoo or soap makes their hair even drier. Thousands of women are already enjoying the amazing new lustre this wonderful new shampoo has restored to their hair. 5/6 and 9/6.



Give your hair
a real Christmas
gift this year!

for
**HEALTHY
ATTRACTIVE SKIN**
Cuticura
MEDICATED & TOILET
SOAP • OINTMENT • TALCUM
REFRESHING • SOOTHING • COOLING
PROTECTIVE • FRAGRANT

Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLD'S BEST CURRY

Here's to a 'Merry Christmas' with ice-cold Coca-Cola

*Coke and food
go together*



*Christmas Time is Party Time—
Be Sure to have plenty of ice-cold COCA-COLA handy—
for your family and guests.*

Stock up with COKE for Christmas



BUY A CASE
FROM YOUR
FAVOURITE STORE

SIGN OF GOOD TASTE



BOTTLED THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA BY LOCALLY OWNED AUSTRALIAN BOTTLING COMPANIES

under authorization of The Coca-Cola Export Corp. (Inc. U.S.A. Liability Limited) Sydney * "Coca-Cola" and its abbreviation "Coke" are registered trade marks of The Coca-Cola Company

CC 72

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 18, 1957